

# THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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The beach girl design on this cover, by artist Petrov, was cut from the actual fabric, then mounted. It was photographed in color in our studios by a new process.

P E T R O V.



# BABY MEANS a NEW BUDGET



"So I'm an expensive item, am I?"

"Must soon learn to count."

"Then I'll be able to work it out for myself."

## High Cost of Rearing and Educating a Child

With many countries concerned about falling birth-rates, babies are the topic of the moment. A baby in the home means added expense.

This aspect of the cost of babies is dealt with below in an extract from the book, "Income and Outcome," written by the English author-economist, Nigel Balchin.

THE arrival of a baby in the home where previously there was comparative peace and quiet is usually the signal for strange and violent things to happen to a previously well-arranged budget.

This is peculiarly perplexing, because, superficially, it is difficult to see why (or how) the baby should make very much difference.

Its clothes (of which it has an incredible number) are already provided for. Its food may be expensive; but, on the other hand, it may cost practically nothing.

It doesn't smoke, doesn't drink, doesn't need pocket money. In fact, the sudden increase in expenditure

doesn't appear to be connected with the baby at all. Rather, it is simply that everything has suddenly begun to cost rather more than usual.

The baby lies there, asleep or not asleep, as the case may be, outwardly not costing five shillings a week. But the parents find that every conceivable sort of bill quietly increases by 10 per cent.

### Points to Face

NOW in actual fact, of course, the explanation is really quite simple. That baby, although it may look like an introspective lobster, is actually a human being and the addition of a human being to your home cannot be treated as a detached cost. Instead, its costs are spread over the general family costs, and you can no more isolate them than you can isolate the exact cost of being married instead of single. A human being does not only have to be fed and



"Let's see, five and five make ten."

Fused by Anne Pincock

clothed, it also has to be warmed, cleaned, kept in health, provided with light and so on. In other words, it increases the general overhead costs.

Whether the arrival of a baby will involve an increase in rent depends, of course, on how "made to measure" the Smith family (shall we say) dwelling was beforehand. Certainly another room will now be very fully occupied indeed.

Gas and electricity are likely to increase by a certain definite percentage of their previous amount.

One has to face the fact that clothes for a small child tend to be a considerable item.

The important point is that never, at any time, can the cost of even the smallest child's clothes be left out of account. The amount, right from the start, is too great to be treated as a "casual expense," and it will increase rapidly.

Housekeeping is the section of the budget on which the main burden of the cost of a small child will naturally fall. The milk bill, the greengrocer's bill, and the chemist's bill, to take only three examples, will certainly show appalling increases.

From the budgetary point of view, one of the few really satisfactory things about having a child is that it positively saves money on one of the Deplorable Necessities—income tax.

On the other hand, this pleasing feature is offset by an inevitable increase in the other Deplorable Necessity—doctors' fees. However healthy a child may appear to be, there is nearly always something which isn't quite right.

### Educating Them

MOST of us have theories about the education of children, and most of the theories are nonsense. But the cost of our particular brand of nonsense can vary enormously. It is therefore desirable to believe that expensive preparatory schools, public schools, universities, travel on the Continent, and so on, are a vast mistake, and that the ideal education for a child is:—

(a) That provided free by the State, and

(b) Anything afterwards which the child can win by its unaided efforts. Unfortunately, however, although I have met many people who subscribed to this theory in principle, I have never met anyone who acted on it, unless circumstances made it unavoidable.

The Smiths' theory of education may

be extremely cheap or fantastically expensive. But in practice there are usually only two possibilities:—

(a) Very expensive.

(b) Very expensive indeed.

As a reasonable generalisation, Mr. and Mrs. Smith, we may say that, unless you favor the "free education" theory, and genuinely intend to act on it, it is foolish to think of a child's education as a thing which can be met out of income.

This attitude is completely unsound.

We all assume that in ten years' time we shall "have more money." It is quite a reasonable assumption. But it is not reasonable to assume that we shall have more to spare—certainly not £250 or £300 a year.

If there is one characteristic which is common to most young married people, Mr. Smith, it is the tendency to live right up to their income—even when that income is increasing fairly rapidly.

However one looks at it, the fact remains that when that heavy new expenditure is incurred it must mean a big drop in the standard of life of the parents if it is simply pushed suddenly into the budget.

### Brains or Not?

ON the other hand, it is equally unsound to make a good education dependent upon a child's ability to earn it in scholarships.

I suggest that the only sound way of budgeting for the cost of a child's education is to make up your mind what approximate scale of cost you think desirable, and thereafter to regard it as a certain, definite liability.

There is a general tendency to talk about being "able to afford" to have children. Mr. and Mrs. Smith, just as you used to talk about being "able to afford" to marry.

But whereas with marriage any man is conscious that the whole of his finances will have to be rearranged, fewer realise that the arrival of a child means an equally broad, though perhaps less drastic, rearrangement.

The railway companies make the rather superb gesture of ignoring the small child which sits on its mother's knee. This, they say, is too small a thing to be reckoned and charged for as a passenger.

But Mr. Smith would be well advised not to follow their example. The new passenger means a complete new budget.

## Let's Talk Of Interesting People



### N.S.W. Rhodes Scholar

MR. T. G. GLASHEEN, N.S.W. Rhodes Scholar for 1938, was educated at St. Ignatius' College, Riverview, and St. John's College, Sydney University. In addition to scholastic successes he has won renown on the cricket field, and opened for the Combined Universities against the M.C.C. team which visited Australia in 1936. Mr. Glasheen will study at New College, Oxford, and will later practise at the Bar in Sydney.



—Broothorn.

### Industrial Welfare

MISS NORMA MAINLAND, of Melbourne, is the first Australian to complete the Industrial Welfare Course at the London College of Nursing and Bedford College for Women. Only five women have done the course.

Subjects included in her industrial welfare course were health, factory legislation, economics, psychology and practical work among the factories in country towns, and gasmask drill as well.

After training at Alfred Hospital, Melbourne, Miss Mainland did private nursing till she left for England two years ago.



—Dickinson-Monteth.

### Off to U.S.A.

MR. ARVED KURTZ, prominent in musical circles in Australia, is well known because of his concert tours and broadcasts throughout the Commonwealth and New Zealand. He resigned recently from the staff of the Elder Conservatorium, Adelaide, and is bound for U.S.A. Mr. Kurtz, who is one of the world-famous Kurtz family, studied the violin in Russia, Berlin and Paris, and before coming to Australia two and a half years ago gave highly successful recitals in America and England.

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# GAYEST *Informal Party* AT PALACE

## England's Queen and Belgium's King Led 1400 Dancers at Magnificent Royal Ball

### Modern Orchestra Replaced Traditional Band

By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Representative in England

An intimate glimpse of social life at Buckingham Palace was obtained when the King and Queen entertained King Leopold of Belgium on his recent visit to England.

At the magnificent State Ball fourteen hundred guests danced to an all-British dance band—complete with saxophone—in the great ballroom of the Palace. The Queen and King Leopold led the dancing in the gayest, most informal Royal function held at the Palace.

A MILITARY band, reinforced with string instruments, has invariably played at Court entertainments at the Palace, and the decision of his Majesty to provide music played by a dance band is another example of his desire to move with the times in the entertainment of his guests.

The musicians chosen to break age-old precedent were

#### Tunes Approved By The Queen

THE tunes at the Ball—old and modern waltzes, fox-trots, and one-steps—were all approved by the Queen.

There was not a tango or a rumba; throughout the programme of twenty items there was no singing or crooning.

Viennese waltzes were the most popular dances, and the King and Queen proved themselves experts at twirling round to the strains of "The Blue Danube."

led by Dalton Marshall, a Hartlepool man, who is said to know more private ballrooms than anyone else in the business. The players wore evening dress.

In the white-and-gold ballroom he and twenty members of his band played under the soft light of the rose-crystal candelabra for three Kings—George VI, Leopold, and George of Greece.

The Earl of Cromer, the Lord Chamberlain, walking backwards, led the Royal procession into the ballroom.

King Leopold, wearing evening dress with full-length trousers instead of Court breeches, led in the Queen, followed by the King, who walked with Queen Mary.

The Queen wore a gown of silver moire lame, fashioned as a picture dress and trimmed with lace embroidered in diamante. Her tiara and necklace were of rubies and diamonds.

Queen Mary headed the other members of the Royal Family. The Duchess of Kent was not present, because of the death of her cousin, the Grand Duchess of Hesse, in the air crash.

#### King's Dress Order

NO uniforms were worn at the ball. Instead the King and all the men guests wore evening coats and breeches of the same material—relieved with glittering orders—with black silk stockings and pumps.

The King, it is understood, ordered this dress to be worn by the men to make for easier and more comfortable dancing than is possible in uniform and full Court dress.

When the King of the Belgians led Queen Elizabeth on his arm into the white-and-gold ballroom—King George VI just behind them—it was five past eleven.

The fourteen hundred guests had waited around the roped-off dancing area for half an hour.

The Belgian National Anthem was

played, then God Save the King. The ropes were removed.

The music changed—to the popular tune, "Shall We Dance?"

King Leopold and the Queen took the floor.

Twice they danced around alone. Then King George VI led out his sister, the Princess Royal.

For another twenty minutes the two Royal couples held the floor alone.

A few minutes later a precedent at Buckingham Palace was established when the Lord Chamberlain made it known that the other guests might dance.

Hitherto, part of the floor had been reserved for members of the Royal circle, while the general company stood around watching. Queen Mary, in a gown of silver lace, did not dance. The next dance was "Beginners' Luck."

This time King George VI and the Queen were partners. Next came "Your Broadway and My Broadway," and this time King George VI danced with Mrs. Neville Chamberlain.

It was not until the early hours of the morning that the gayest and most informal ball that the Palace has known for many years ended.

Before the Royalty came into the ballroom Lady Baldwin, wife of the former Prime Minister, was sitting with others at one side of the room.

As Mrs. Chamberlain, wife of the present Prime Minister, came towards her, she blew a kiss and then held out her hands.

Several old-fashioned waltzes were included in the programme.

#### State Banquet

PRIOR to the ball, King Leopold was the guest of Britain's Royal Family at a State banquet at Buckingham Palace.

Earlier he had been welcomed at Victoria Station by the King. . . . The two monarchs clasped hands in a hearty greeting.

Under a battery of floodlights the



KING LEOPOLD of Belgium, dressed for a social engagement during his visit to London.

two Kings stood talking with the Duke of Gloucester, who had escorted King Leopold from Dover. Both Kings spoke in English.

On arrival at the Palace King Leopold was greeted by the Queen in the Bow Room.

Little more than an hour after his arrival at Buckingham Palace, King Leopold drove out to Marlborough House to take tea with Queen Mary.

At the State banquet King Leopold



QUEEN ELIZABETH looked radiant as she attended the banquet that preceded the State Ball.

sat on the right of the King, with the Queen next to him. With them sat Queen Mary and twelve other members of the British Royal Family.

There were 100 guests. Dinner—a simple menu—was served on gold plate and the Garter china service.

The Queen wore a gown of blue brocade, embroidered with diamante, and a tiara and necklace.

The King was in the full dress uniform of an Admiral of the Fleet.

## DUCHESS of Windsor's STATUS

### Eighth Lady of Land, Says One Authority, Other Differs

By Beam Wireless from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Representative in England

Although it is reported that the Duke of Windsor is anxious to return to England, it is stated he will not do so until he is invited and the question of his wife's status is settled.

Two notable authorities are now in conflict on the matter of status. One maintains that the Duchess of Windsor is the junior of the 29 duchesses, and the other holds that she is the eighth lady in the land.

AS the situation now stands, it is said that only intervention by the King can decide the matter.

The conflicting authorities are "Burke's Peerage" and "Debrett's Peerage," two recognized publications on Royal ranks, the peerage and baronetage. In their long history this is the first time they have disagreed.

The former places the Duchess junior to other duchesses; the latter

holds that as a result of her husband's position she is preceded only by the Queen, Queen Mary, Princesses Elizabeth and Margaret, the Princess Royal, and the Duchesses of Gloucester and Kent.

BURKE states that the Windsors' marriage may be regarded as morganatic. As morganatic marriage does not confer the rank of the husband on the wife or issue of the marriage the Duchess is not affected by the letters patent whereby the Duke

has the title His Royal Highness and Royal rank.

She is merely, according to Burke, ranked twenty-ninth as the duchess whose title is most recent in the peerage.

While the argument continues, the Duke and Duchess of Windsor have spent Christmas at the Villa Louvet with their American friends, Mr. and Mrs. Herman Rogers.

#### Renounced Titles

WHEN he abdicated, King Edward renounced all titles and privileges. Having, at his accession, held the oldest dukedom title in England, the Duke of Cornwall, his is now the newest dukedom.

The number of dukedoms in England has always been small compared with the number of other titles.

Except in the reigns of the Stuart, Orange, and Hanoverian Kings, dukedoms have always been reserved for the relatives or near-relatives of the sovereign.

The greatest number of dukedoms existed in the reign of George I—fifty dukedoms held by forty individuals.

When George VI made his brother Duke of Windsor the numbers be-

came 33 dukedoms held by 39 individuals.

If the King's decision coincides with the ruling of Debrett, the Duchess of Windsor will take precedence after the Duchess of Kent and before the King's aunt and the young Duchess of Norfolk (wife of England's premier Duke), and all the duchesses that follow her in precedence.

IF, however, the King's decision agrees with Burke's opinion, she will follow all the other duchesses, including a number who, like herself, were commoners before marriage.

For instance, the Duchess of Leinster, who was Miss Rafaele Kennedy; the Duchess of Richmond and Gordon, who was a parson's daughter, Elizabeth Hodson; the second Duchess of Manchester, who was an American, Miss Kathleen Dawson; and the Duchess of Leeds, a Serbian named Irma de Malkharoun.

The position might even arise where an Australian girl has precedence over the Duchess of Windsor.

For instance, if Viscount Mandeville succeeded to his father's title, the Duke of Manchester, his wife, formerly Miss Nell Stead, of Melbourne, would rank nearer the top of the list of duchesses than the wife of England's former King.



# FAMOUS "QUINS" Just Adore SPINACH

Two hundred Scientists pronounce them perfect babies

By Air Mail from Our New York Office



Like Popeye the Sailor, the famous Dionne Quintuplets "eat up their spinach."

They have thrived on it so much that two hundred scientists have fallen in love with them, and pronounced them perfect children.

WITH scientific analysis in mind a great band of psychologists and biologists went from a conference in Toronto to Callander, Ont., the "Quins'" backwoods home. Then they forgot science.

Like average parents, they chuckled and beamed and gurgled, "Aren't they cute?" while they watched the five little girls make sand pies, sweep the cement walk, play shopkeeping in their outdoor playground. Then the scien-

tists pronounced them perfect children.

The detailed reports of these scientific investigations are an interesting review of the rearing of the Quins and contain valuable conclusions regarding baby welfare generally.

They have been obtained by The Australian Women's Weekly for publication as a series of delightful informative articles about the world's wonder children.

Now three and a half years old, the "Quins" rate second only to Niagara Falls as Canada's leading tourist attraction.

They have never gone outside their nursery and playground, but they have revolutionised the life of Callander.

The garage man makes more sell-

A NEW STUDY OF THE FAMOUS "QUINS." Scientists describe them as follows: Cecile, unpredictable; Marie, sympathetic; Emilie, independent; Annette, aggressive; Yvonne, motherly.

ing picture postcards of the nursery than he does selling petrol. Every house has a new coat of paint and a placard, "Bed and Breakfast," for the thousands of visitors must be catered for and accommodated.

Silver-haired old Dr. Allan Roy Dufoe, who brought the "Quins" into the world and has devoted himself to them ever since, told the scientists, "The scientific side is all very well, but the human side in managing the children is infinitely more important so far as I am concerned."

"The Dionne quintuplets will be trained according to Royal standards," he further declared.

"The five sisters will be educated to understand that they are unique."

"They will be brought up normally, but they will be taught, just as Royal children

are, to disregard the public stare."

## Spinach Babies!

THE quintuplets like spinach and they don't like sweets.

Although they are French-Canadian ladies, they speak English too—but not much, the sum of their knowledge of English being "Oh, boy," "Elo," and "Bye Bye."

These facts on the world's most famous babies were revealed by their nurse, Miss Yvonne Leroux, in an interview.

The Dionne quintuplets, said Miss Leroux, are quite, quite religious, calling down the blessing of God once a day upon those they love most—which consists of their mamma and papa, their doctor, their nurses, their policemen, their pet frogs and butterflies, the birds, and the flowers.

"They pray when they get up and when they go to bed," said their nurse. "After they pray they ask God to bless everybody."

The "Quins" are too individualistic to pray together, Miss Leroux revealed. "We tried at first to teach them to pray together," she said, "but it didn't work. It was just a jumble. So now they say their prayers one at a time."

## Parents' Attitude

THE parents, said Miss Leroux, are becoming reconciled to separation from the children, but the breach between them and Dr. Dufoe has never been healed and they still do not speak to each other.

The children are never spanked. When they become naughty they are placed "in solitary" until they promise to behave.

## Dr. Cronin's Praise for Medical Profession

By Air Mail from Our London Office.

DR. A. J. CRONIN, author of The Australian Women's Weekly serial, "The Citadel," in which he attacks aspects of the medical profession, stated in a London address that he honestly believed the medical profession was the finest profession in the world.

"I believe," he added, "it is a profession of self-sacrifice and humanity, and I will put my three sons into it gladly."

"But that does not prevent me from realising that in the last few years this profession has become the victim of a paralyzing inertia, and of that curse of the age—commercialism."

Miss Leroux revealed the rest of the now-famous story about putting Emilie back to bed time after time until she learned that she was not to get up.

The first night Emilie got up 59 times—and was put back to bed without a word. The second night Emilie got up 40 times. The third night Emilie got up 29 times. The fourth night . . . Nurse Leroux smiled. "We tied her pyjama legs together."

## COURT Presentations Not SO EASY NOW

Move to Check Costly Practice of "Buying" Privilege to Meet Royalty

From MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Representative in England

Australian girls who have hopes of "being presented at Court" in London will have to hunt out and study carefully the "family tree" in future, as the Lord Chamberlain's department has decided to examine more closely the names of people brought before them to be presented to the King and Queen.

Advertisements in London papers on behalf of titled women "willing to sponsor a girl for the season"—on payment of a suitable fee which may run into thousands of pounds—are partly responsible.

THE practice has become so common that the Lord Chamberlain's department has determined to prevent introductions on a commercial basis; so rich young girls who think they can "buy" the privilege of being presented will be doomed to disappointment.

Even for the "very best people," being presented is quite a costly business. Rules are laid down for Court dress, and these must be obeyed to the last detail.

Gown, shoes, coat, feather head-dress, etc., must be impeccable, and the candidate for presentation spends weeks beforehand learning the intricacies of a Court curtsy from an experienced teacher.

A car, with two footmen, has to be provided for conveyance to and from the Palace; a visit to an expensive photographer follows; and a celebration party or two wind up an eventful day.

Quite apart from the expenses of the actual day, there is a "season" to contend with: card parties, cocktail parties and dances to be given and received—which means new clothes, hairdressing, taxis, etc., all extra expenditure.

The privilege of being presented has to be paid for, but in future it will be paid for only by the "right" people.

The new regulations, just issued by the Lord Chamberlain, state that "a lady attending may present one lady, in addition to her daughter or daughter-in-law. In the event of a lady presenting two daughters or daughters-in-law, no further presentation may be undertaken."



*"You have an enemy—a beautiful blonde*

**IT'S YOURSELF!"**

"I see a tall, handsome, dark man. He thought a great deal of you at first—but he has been estranged."

"I see merry parties—but you do not seem to be present."

"I see a trip for you—but you are going alone."

"I see an enemy. She is a lovely blonde. It's you, yourself, my dear!"

The most dangerous enemy a woman ever has is herself. For it is her own failings which defeat her—faults which she does not see, and so cannot correct.

It's common experience to meet a girl who seems to have everything—beauty, brains, personality. And yet one personal fault holds her back—a fault with which the social and business worlds have no patience. The annoying odour of perspiration on person and clothing.

She may think her daily bath protects her. Yet, all soap and water can do is to cleanse for the moment. They cannot protect in the hours to come.

The smartest, busiest women choose one unfailing way to be safe at all times. The daily Mum habit! So quick and easy to use it takes only half a

minute to use Mum. Just smooth a quick fingertipful under each arm—that's all there is to it! No waiting for it to dry; no rinsing off.

Harmless to clothing. Use Mum any time, before dressing or afterwards. For it's harmless to clothing.

Soothing to skin. You'll like this about Mum, too—you can use it even on a sensitive skin right after shaving your underarms. It soothes and cools.

Keeps all day. Use Mum in the morning and just forget your underarms. You're safe for all day!

Does not prevent natural perspiration. This is important! You can always count on Mum to prevent every trace of unpleasant body odour and yet it doesn't interfere with natural perspiration.



At all Chemists and better class Stores . . . Price 1/6, Double Size 2/6

**MUM TAKES THE ODOUR OUT OF PERSPIRATION**



# UNDER the MOON

A Complete  
Short Story

*Galloping Larry, the dashing, suave Knight of the Road, matches his wits with those of a couple of the new-fangled Bow Street Runners.*

By . . . Van  
Harrison



*In the room upstairs the friar was forced at sword-point to marry the girl to Sir Richard.*

**T**HE landlord of the Warrenby Arms was worried. His plump face had lost its usual expression of geniality; his anxious beady eyes constantly consulted a huge silver "turnip" watch which pudgy fingers kept drawing by its massive fob from a pocket of the most rotund waistcoat in the county.

Either in deference to, or affected by, their host's obvious uneasiness, the half-dozen rustics in the bar sipped their beer in mournful silence.

Master James Hogg, keeper of the Warrenby Arms Inn and Coaching House, was notoriously quick-tempered and, behind his own bar-counter, in such surly mood, was quite as likely to snap the head off his best customer as reply to the most innocent remark.

The depressing atmosphere was at last partially dispelled by Big Harry, the ploughman. Big Harry was a jovial soul, and the strain of such funeral drinking eventually overcame his awe of Master Hogg's caustic tongue.

"She be main late to-night, mairster," he commented diffidently.

To the general relief, no explosion followed this daring conversational effort. On the contrary, Master Hogg seemed to welcome the opening.

"You're right, Harry," he emphatically agreed. "She be an hour late, and, being the Lunnun-York stage wi' Bob Jenkins at the ribbons, that means summat! Aye, that it do!"

"Mayhap she've lost a wheel or one o' y'r nags cast a shoe," suggested a little man in a smock-frock from the shelter of a quart mug.

**T**HE landlord regarded the speaker contemptuously. "And mayhap she ha' been lifted on to a witch's broomstick," he retorted with heavy sarcasm. After a pause to permit appreciative laughter, he continued: "It be my belief that Galloping Larry rides to-night."

Though he spoke as one who propounds an original solution, each man of his audience had long ago come to the same conclusion.

On a fine dry night and good stretch of road, the flying seven-day London to York coach would not be an hour late on this early stage, the Warrenby Arms at Warrenby Wick, for anything less than highway robbery.

And, as everyone knew, the most daring highwayman in England operated at the London end of the Great North Road; that elusive, rakehell, insouciant rogue, Galloping Larry.

"You say true, mairster, true—as

ever was," said

the ploughman.

"Fair 'mazing it

do be how that

fly-by-night takes

toll o' this North

Road, month in

an' month out, an'

never gets copped."

"They was a-saying

over to Bedford a week

agone," put in the

little man in the smock,

"as how Lunnun be at last

a-taking notice of he, and

were sending the new Run-

ners from Bow Street to

lay un by 'theels."

"And a rare run will Gal-

loping Larry give them smart

Runners," opined Big Harry.

"Them fellers be lost as babes

once they be away from houses and

streets. Aye, a fine fiddler's dance

will they trip along the high toby

after he!"

But the landlord felt it due to his

position to make a stand for law and

order.

"That be no way to talk, Harry,"

he said severely. "The Bow Street

Runners be doing their best to clear

the Queen's highway o' such gal-

loos-ripe villains as Galloping

Larry, and it be every honest man's

duty to help them in word and deed.

"Why, dang it! four fresh horses

are a-kicking my stables to bits this

very minute; the mistress be tearing

an' ranting over the spoiled dinner

which, anyway, the passengers 'ud

have no time to eat now, and—"

A clattering of hoofs on the

cobble-stones outside made him

break off and waddle towards the

window.

"Now who be this in such a

hurry?" he muttered.

An angry voice bellowing for the

outlet immediately apprised him.

"Lawks!" whistled Master Hogg,

hurriedly pulling off his black apron

and hastening to the door. "There

be only one gentleman in t' county

wi' such a power o' cussing! 'Tis Sir

Richard, and in a right old muck of

a temper!"

Before his plump hand could lift

the latch the door swung open and a

tail, lean man swaggered in.

Sir Richard Warrenby was the

local tyrant. He owned, as he ex-

pressed it, "every rathole and cobb-

A headstrong and overbearing man was Sir Richard, combining the tongue and morals of a Flanders trooper with the hauteur of an emperor; a heavy drinker, hard rider, and headlong gambler.

Married by force, too, a raving beauty that French girl with her short hair and bare arms. James Hogg remembered the night he brought the girl there, while his best man forced a friar to marry them at the sword point. These thoughts flashed through his mind as Sir Richard spoke.

**"D**AMME, Hogg," he cried, emphasizing his words by banging the counter with his heavy riding whip, "your house is becoming a demmed sleepy hovel!"

"Three times did I have to call for the outler, and three times did I lay this lash across his demmed idle shoulders for keeping a gentleman waiting. It won't do, me man, it won't do!"

"If it please you, Sir Richard—" "It don't please me, Hogg, and if you'd keep my patronage you must change y'r business methods. Now, where's that rascal Bloom?"

"Eh? Who, Sir Richard?"

"Bloom, sirrah! One Nathan

Bloom, who awaits me in this sty of yours."

"There be nobody o' that name

here, Sir Richard."

The baronet's cruel, intolerant eyes

narrowed.

"Oho! so the dog ha' not come,

eh!" he said softly. "Damme if I do not whip him the length o' Lombard Street when next I am in London."

"Were you expecting this gentleman, your friend, by the London coach, Sir Richard?"

"Would I expect the old barrel-paunch to walk from town? And lookee, Hogg, he be neither friend o' mine nor yet gentleman."

"He's a demmed whilkery-vilaged old scoundrel, who ha' done a business affair for me and was to ha' reported its issue here to-night. You are sure he was not on the coach?"

"The coach has not yet arrived, y'r honor."

"Not arrived!" cried Sir Richard in surprise. "Not arrived, and more than an hour overdue! Od's blood an' death! Ha' ye heard word concerning it?"

"Naught, Sir Richard, but I fear me—"

"Aye, you fear what?"

"That Galloping Larry be on the road."

Sir Richard ripped forth a volley of oaths.

"The devil you say! An that be so, and my agent Bloom is on the coach, then will that foul cut-throat robber ha' made a rare haul."

"Five thousand guineas, damme! May the foul fiend fly away with and eviscerate that demmed knave!"

**S**UDDENLY Big

Harry cocked an ear towards the window. Paint and far away sounded the roll of wheels and clatter of hard-driven horses.

"That be her," whispered the ploughman, "and, lawks! she be flying—"

Rapidly louder grew the drumming, and clear through the still night came the sounding of the guard's horn.

"They're coming down the hill,"

said Sir Richard, and stamped to the door, closely followed by the landlord and his customers. The coach was already in sight, the swaying lamps flickering between the trees as it rolled swiftly down the hill from the moor.

With jingling of harness, rasp of sliding hoofs, grind of brakes, and hoarse yelling of the driver, it slowed to a halt in the patch of light from the open inn door.

The outler gripped the reins of the leaders, the coachman rose stiffly to his feet and stretched himself, and several heavy-wrapped bundles on the roof moved from hunched positions to be revealed as passengers.

"Ho, Bob!" shouted the innkeeper. "What ha' happened that ye be so late?"

The coachman swung down from the box-seat before answering angrily:

"Enough an' plenty ha' happened, Jimmy. Artfulness, robbery, an' attempted murder on the Queen's highway! We met Galloping Larry in the dark o' Marsden Bank covert."

"Whoa, Bob me lad!" he yelled, waving a pistol in each of 'is hands. "Pull up an' pay toll to Galloping Larry!"

"Tim the guard, 'e lets drive with 'is blunderbuss an' gets a pistol-ball in 'is shoulder for 'is pains. Then that Larry 'e tells the passengers to get down in the road, an' 'aving cleaned 'em, 'e slashes through the traces an' drives the nags away 'cross country. It's 'a'en us more'n an hour to catch an' rope 'em back to t' coach."

Sir Richard Warrenby, who had been standing in the shadows, now broke in:

"Did the rogue get your strong-box?"

The driver turned and saw the local magnate for the first time.

Please turn to Page 16



# The CITADEL

By  
A. J. Cronin

## What has gone before:

**D**R. ANDREW MANSOON, a young, ambitious Scotsman, begins his medical career in Bloemely, a mining town in South Wales, later getting his experience in Aberlawn, where, during five years working hard among the miners, he gains high medical degrees.

CHRISTINE, his wife, a former schoolteacher, intelligent and cultured, although socially unambitious, is a big factor towards his success.

They leave Aberlawn, and because of his high degrees Andrew does a special work for the Coal Mines Board, but disagrees with the views of the committee, and resigns. After a wide search for a practice he purchases one situated in a poor quarter of London, where for a time the Mansons experience financial difficulties. A former colleague,

FREDDIE HAMPTON, successful but unscrupulous, has Andrew meet his medical friends, and the young doctor's outlook alters. A casual patient in a large emporium is responsible for Andrew meeting

FRANCES LAWRENCE, who makes a friend of the young doctor. His practice begins an electrifying expansion through his social contacts, he purchases a smart car, and receives an appointment at the Victoria Chest Hospital. In spite of his success, Christine is desperately unhappy, and begs Andrew to recapture his former lost ideals.

Meanwhile Frances persuades him to set up a practice in fashionable Welbeck Street. He and Christine are rapidly drifting apart, and she suggests a visit to friends in Newquay. Andrew willingly agrees, and during her absence the friendship between him and Frances develops. NOW READ ON.

**H**is lips were warm and dry. In a minute she said:

"That was very sweet. And very badly done."

"I can do better," he mumbled, staring in front of him, not moving. He was awkward, without conviction, ashamed and nervous.

Then, defiantly, he kissed Frances again.

"I thought possibly you were taking another twelve months to make up your mind." Her eyes held that high affectionate amusement. "And now, don't you think we should go, doctor? These night airs—aren't they rather treacherous to the puritanical mind?"

He helped her to her feet and she retained his hand, holding it lightly as they walked to the car. He flung a shilling to the baroque retainer, started the engine for London. As he drove her silence was eloquently happy.

They were at her house and his mind still struggled with the problem. He got out of the car and opened the door for her. They stood together on the pavement while she opened her bag and took out her latchkey.

"You'll come up, won't you? I'm afraid the servants are in bed."

He hesitated, stammered. "It's very late, isn't it?" She did not seem to hear him but went up the few flagstone steps with her key in her hand. As he followed, sneaking after her, he had a fading vision of Christine's figure

Illustrated  
by  
FISCHER

walking down the market, carrying her old string bag.

Three days later Andrew sat in his Welbeck Street consulting-room. It was a hot afternoon, and through the screen of his open window there came the pestering drone of traffic, borne upon the exhausted air. He was tired, overworked, fearful of Christine's return at the end of the week, expectant yet nervous of every telephone ring, sweating under the task of coping with six three-guinea patients in the space of one hour, and the knowledge that he must rush his surgery to take Frances out to supper. He glanced up impatiently as Nurse Sharp entered, more than usual acrimony on her patchy features.

"There's a man called to see you, a dreadful person."

He's not a patient and he says he's not a traveller. He's got no card. His name's Boland."

"Boland?" Andrew echoed blankly. Then his face cleared suddenly. "Not Con Boland? Let him in, nurse! Straight away."

"But you have a patient waiting. And in ten minutes Mrs. Roberts—" "Oh! never mind Mrs. Roberts!" he threw out irritably. "Do as I say."

Nurse Sharp flushed at his tone. It was on her tongue to tell him she was not used to being spoken to like that. She sniffed and went out with her head in the air. The next minute she showed Boland in.

"Why, Con!" said Andrew jumping up.

"Hello, hello, hello," shouted Con,

as he bounded forward with a broad and genial grin. It was the red-headed dentist himself, no different, as real and untidy in his overalls shiny blue suit and large brown boots as if he had that moment walked out of his wooden garage, a shade older perhaps, but with no less violence in the bearded brush of his red moustache, still undaunted, wild-haired, exclamatory. He pounded Andrew vehemently on

the back. "In the name of Heaven, Manson! It's great to see ye again. Ye're lookin' marvellous, marvellous. I'd have known ye in a million. Well! Well! To think of this now. It's a high-class place you have here and all."

He refused to relinquish Andrew's hand, but pumped it up and down, grinning away in sheer delight.

It was a rare tonic to see Con again on this devil-taking day. When Andrew at last freed himself he flung himself into his swing chair,

Swept away  
by the unexpectedness of this  
platform reception,  
Christine lost her wan  
expression and color  
flowed back nervously into  
her cheeks.

feeling himself human again, showing over the cigarettes to Con. Then Con, with one grubby thumb in an armhole, the other pressing the wet end of a freshly-lit cigarette, sketched the reason of his coming.

"I had a bit of a holiday due to me, Manson, my boy, and a couple of matters to attend to, so the wife just told me to pack off and hit it. Ye see, I've been workin' on a sort of a spring invention for tightening slack brakes. Off and on I've been devotin' the full candlepower of the old grey matter to th' idee. But devil take them, there's nobody'll look at the gadget! But never mind, never mind, we'll let it go. It's not important beside the other thing." Con cast his cigarette ash upon the carpet and his face took a more serious turn.

"Listen, Manson, my boy! It's Mary—you'll remember Mary surely, for I can tell you she remembers you! She's been poorly lately—not up to the mark at all. We've had her to Llewellyn and devil the bit of good he's doin' her." Con grew heated suddenly, his voice was thick. "Darn it all, Manson, he's got the sauce to say she's got a touch of TB—as if that wasn't all finished and done with in the Boland family when her Uncle Dan went to the sanatorium fifteen years ago. Now look here, Manson, will ye do something for old friendship's sake? We know ye're a big man now, sure ye're the talk of Aberlawn. Will ye take a look at Mary for us? Ye can't tell what confidence that girl has in you, we've got it ourselves—Mrs. B. and me—for that matter. That's why she says to me she says, 'You go to Doctor Manson when you're in the way of meetin' him. And if he'll see the daughter sure we'll send her up any time that's likely to be convenient.' Now what do you say, Manson? If you're too busy ye've only got to say so and I can easy sling my hook."

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# EYE of the BEHOLDER

*Proving that under the right light beauty may be even less than skin deep.*



JOHN HENRY kicked at a stone pillar and glared at Claire morosely. It would always be that way, he supposed.

"It's just silly," she went on, ignoring the glare. "All those studies—nails fixed so that they'll have 'interesting shadows. Who cares about shadows? If you've got to take pictures, people want to see something. Like dresses and shoes and all, or buildings. The Parliament buildings—"

The Parliament buildings! Did she think he wanted to be one of those mousy-looking guys who went around taking pictures of public buildings and politicians so they could sell prints—maybe to newspapers? Apparently, he concluded, apparently it was never going to be possible to find any understanding in her.

"We just don't speak," he began. "The same language," she agreed. "Right, as usual. And I want to tell you now, the one I do speak is plenty good enough for me. I'm fed up."

She was fed up! Thought she could get away with anything! For a moment he studied resentfully the cool blonde symmetry of her compact face and body. Her figure, so straight and smooth. Her hair, flat, glittering, like straw wrapped in cellophane. The Gammas had nominated her as their candidate for Centaur Queen. She had the choice of half a dozen leading fellows. She was the most beautiful girl in school, and she had the largest automobile and two fur coats.

He started to speak, but she went on angrily:

"What makes you think you're so marvellous, anyway? Monkeying around with a lot of silly cameras and stuff, not wanting to make anything of yourself—"

He interrupted her savagely: "I can see clearly the hopelessness of further discussion—"

"You need endure no further discussion from me," she said in a fury. With shaking fingers, she tugged at the little jewelled pin on her sweater and finally got it off. "Here," she said disdainfully. "And while we're on the subject I might as well tell you that I'm having Johnson take my pictures for the Centaur Queen contest. I'm not taking any chances."

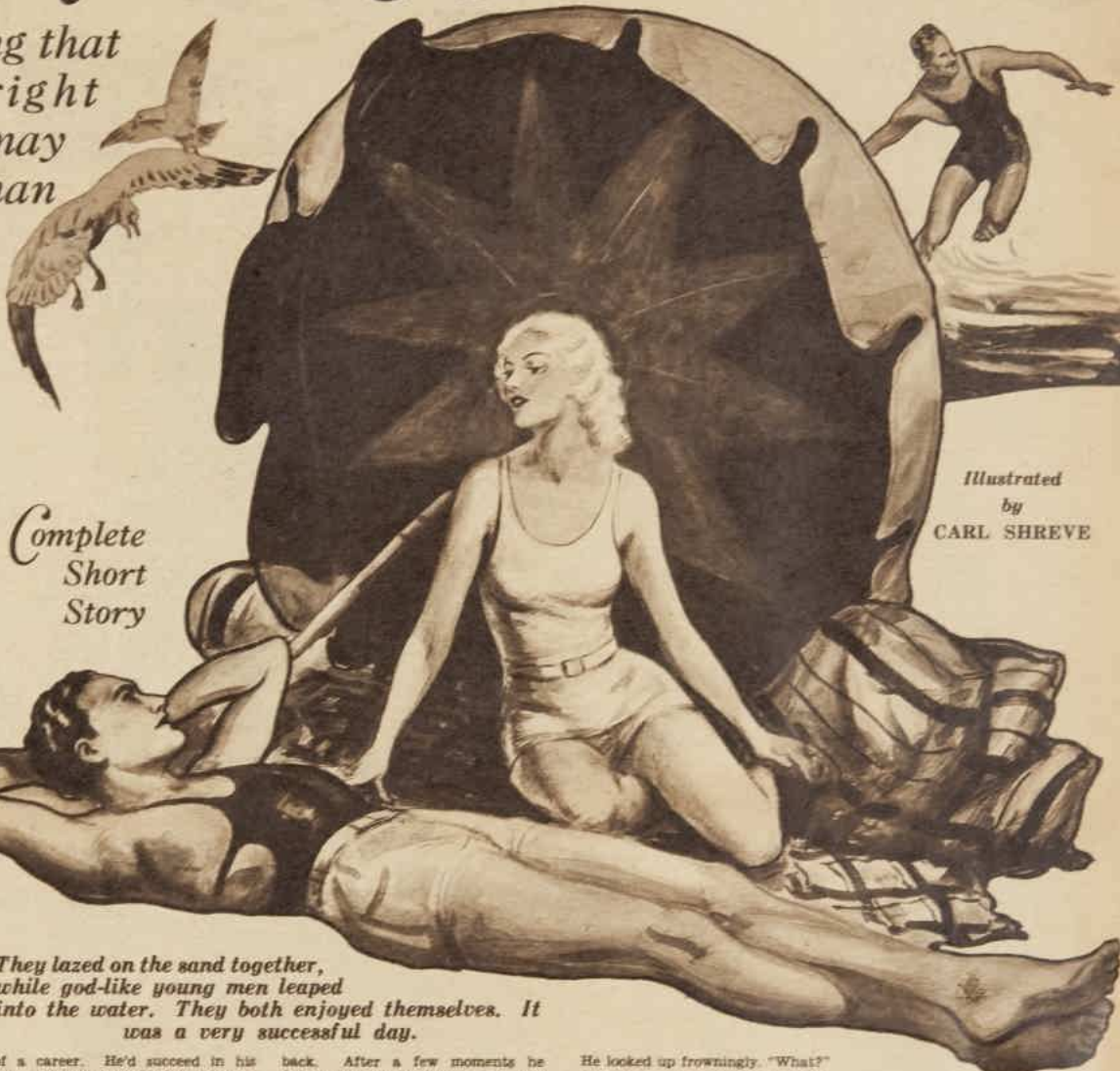
Numbly he held out his hand to take the pin. His pin—she was giving it back—and she was having Johnson take her pictures. He felt desperate, raging.

"Go ahead," he cried. "Go ahead. And if you do, I'll photograph the Pi Theta nominee—and beat you!"

But Claire only laughed scornfully and bounced off down the pavement. A cold hand moved up and down his spine; he was a little sick. He turned and walked blindly back towards the library.

They were through, then. Through! In a way, he'd seen it coming. She had no real sympathy for him, no real interest in his ambition. She was beautiful, beautiful as cold and heartless as—the Lorelei. Luring men on to their doom.

Well, she wouldn't lure him. And she needn't think she could. He'd show her. She'd be good and sorry before he got through. He'd succeed—in photography, too; not at some dumb office or bank, her idea



*Complete Short Story*

*Illustrated by CARL SHREVE*

*They lazed on the sand together, while god-like young men leaped into the water. They both enjoyed themselves. It was a very successful day.*

of a career. He'd succeed in his art—and he'd come back in his own high-powered roadster, he'd move grandly through the town, pointing out here and there to his friends—he would be nice to them—the gorgeous photographs with his signature, in the magazines lying on their own tables.

She'd feel pretty silly then. She'd want him to make a photograph of her, but he'd only smile, rather tiredly, and say he had practically given up portrait work; she'd better get—get Johnson.

JOHNSON. Good heavens! To think she was having Johnson do her pictures after all. He was the town photographer, of course, and practically the official man for the Centaur Queen photographs. Johnson had been taking pictures of glassy-eyed, miserably clean little boys, of over-fed infants in bathtubs, of rigid-looking bridal couples, for more years than he could remember. Johnson was still using wet- collodion plates, still parking his subjects mentally under a skylight. Johnson had once explained to him, kindly, how one should direct the light in a line with an imaginary pencil thrust in the corner of the subject's mouth and slanting up to touch the tip of the nose. John Henry had had all he could do to keep from laughing in Johnson's face.

Johnson didn't know anything about artistic photography. And Johnson was taking Claire's pictures.

He walked on past the library, setting his heels down with vicious emphasis. He plunged into the Chocolate Shop, circled haughtily a group of giggling seniors and sank down into an empty booth at the

back. After a few moments he flashed around in his pocket and found the stub of a pencil and a crumpled piece of paper. He'd draw something—caricatures of the soda-drinking nitwits at the next table.

He looked longingly at the smooth expanse of wall above the booth. Once he had offered to do Cobby some murals for nothing, but Cobby had grunted and said something about just paying out twenty-five bucks to have the joint painted, but maybe before he had it done next time.

He'd do a caricature of Cobby. Vindictively John Henry endowed him with an abundant paunch and a more than just number of stains on his shapeless white apron. It would be fun to photograph Cobby; shoot from below so his long stringy neck would look even longer, his

peanut head even smaller. He heard a gale of laughter and the slam of the front door.

He felt the back of his neck get hot, and bent lower over his drawing. Out of the corner of his eye he could see Claire, followed by Joe Pickett, the big pain, saunter breezily through the shop, calling out lustily to jovial greetings. "Anyone would think she owned the place," he told himself disgustedly. "A public spectacle." He ignored them pointedly. If there ever was a lad he couldn't stomach, it was Joe Pickett, with his Pentathlon medals and his whiny guitar.

They sat down in the next booth and made sprightly conversation. Soon Claire looked around the corner of the booth coyly. "John Henry," she cooed.

He looked up frowningly. "What?"

"You know what you said? About photographing the Pi Theta nominee?"

"About what?"

"You know you said you were going to photograph the Pi Theta nominee. You know—this morning. You were going to take some kind of a wonderful photograph." She paused a moment maliciously, then went on: "Well, I just thought maybe you'd like to know who she was—who you are going to win with."

John Henry gulped. Had he really said he'd photograph the Pi Theta nominee? Ye gods! They were the newest and least desirable sorority in school. They had a bunch of the most depressing women conceivable. He strove for a condescending smile. "Has she been named?" he managed at last.

"Yes, she has," Claire giggled nastily. "It's Betty Fraser." She leaned out a little farther and watched him gleefully.

Betty Fraser, Betty Fraser. He couldn't place her at all. Wait. There'd been a Fraser in Economic Geography last autumn. Could that be the one? If so—insignificant. Utterly insignificant. Gosh!

He swallowed once and cast about frantically for a poised and telling retort. He would say he'd decided not to photograph a contestant; Miss Fraser was very charming, of course, but— He would say he was planning to take a course in Art School this spring; needed every minute to make his preparations.

He looked at Claire. Joe Pickett had slid over on his side of the

table and was looking at him, too. Both their faces were identical expressions of idiotic victory. The perfect curve of Claire's lips, under their rose-colored lipstick, mocked him. He'd like to get a picture just like she was; supersensitive film and a green filter; over-corrected to the place where you wouldn't know she had any mouth at all.

SHE said: "Think you picked a winner? Maybe you better let Johnson do her, too. I bet you need all your time for your nails and things."

He flung his pencil down on the table. A voice from somewhere produced a scornful, confident laugh. "Certainly I picked a winner," he heard the voice say, and realised that it was his own. Discretion plucked at his sleeve, but he shook it off. "She won't need Johnson, not she. And I won't need to work on my dramatic studies now. She'll be enough."

Claire laughed incredulously and her face disappeared behind the booth. In a roaring daze he heard her chattering smugly with Joe. What had he done? He knew Claire—too well. He knew Joe. This choice item would be all over school—and town—by twilight.

So he was going to photograph the Pi Theta nominee, was he, and win? What a laugh! The boys at the fraternity house would never let him hear the last of it. His parents even—who regarded all college matters as the harmless aberrations of temporary lunatics—would think he'd been more than average cuckoo this time. He was sunk. Completely, thoroughly sunk.

*Please turn to Page 14*



# MARCH OF THE MODE by *René*



## Variety in Evening Glamor . . .

- WEAR A LOOSE SWAGGER JACKET of finger-tip length made of deep gold lame. It will be rich and dramatic worn over almost any evening gown.
- HERE'S AN OLD-FASHIONED SILHOUETTE—full topped sleeves, fitted, beltless waist and flaring skirt with generous hem measurement. Made in lavender taffeta embroidered with silver spots to match the gown beneath. This ensemble idea is extravagantly chic.
- THE INEVITABLE BOLERO made to match the frock. This one is made in very heavy dull black taffeta and bordered with wide bands of gold kid stitched and padded to make a geometrical pattern.
- GROWING MORE POPULAR than ever is the cotton evening ensemble made of fine quality linen or pique which launder perfectly. This ensemble is in fuchsia and green printed pique, and is worn with a matching jacket.



# SLIM WAISTS . . .

Folds . . . Pleats . . . Fuller Hemlines



• A FROCK of brown crepe which has a gathered tunic draped and arranged to hang over a sparkling belt of diamonds. Long, tight-fitting sleeves and high, collarless neckline.

## PARIS SNAPSHOTS

From MARY ST. CLAIRE, by Air Mail from London

NOW that day frocks, especially those in taffets and velvet, are short and full, appliqué designs are taking the place of stitching as the finish to the hem.

Musical designs are popular, and it is possible to have your favorite waltz, foxtrot or serenade applied in gold or silver leather to your gown. Gold clips like treble or bass clef signs are being used as brooches and belt buckles.

COSTUME jewellery grows more and more barbaric as the days shorten. Hand-beaten metal discs threaded together in graduated rows round the neck form almost a yoke, and, in bracelet form, jingle-jangle on the wrist as the arm swings to and fro.

Synthetic emeralds, rough-hewn in that careful-careless manner that only the real craftsman can master, swing on short chains from a beaten necklace that resembles a slave hand round the neck.

JEWELLED shoulder-straps for evening gowns are popular. Most of them consist of linked gold with turquoise, pearl, and lapis lazuli. If the stones are real, such straps cost about £100 a pair, but makers of imitation jewellery can produce them at about £5.

Matching bracelets, earrings, belts, and "dog collars" can be bought with these straps, and some jewellers are making elegant boxes containing complete sets.

HANDBAGS in black and navy-blue suit for business women are reaching portmanteau proportions, and they comfortably hold all things that most women want to carry.

There are pockets for letters, fashion clippings, odd bits of pattern materials, extra handkerchiefs, small parcels, powder compact, lipstick, vanishing cream, perfume, comb, cigarettes and matches—among other things.

JEWELLERS in the Rue de la Paix are showing wonderful diamond, sapphire and emerald hat-pins such as were worn by the Edwardians.

They have been designed to prevent the wide-brimmed, turned-off-the-face hats, which are the craze of the moment, from whirling away down the boulevards with every puff of wind.

To be absolutely certain of all-weather control over these hats, Madame is recommended either to have long hair or wear a hair-ribbon to which the hat can be pinned.

EMBROIDERED stockings are the latest novelty in the Rue de Rivoli. They may have anklets of hand-embroidered forget-me-nots, clocks of delphiniums and hollyhocks, or inset designs of flower, post-moony wild poppies, daisies, and cornflowers.

All the flowers are in their natural color and obviously discretion must be exercised in choosing designs to match the general color scheme of the ensemble.

• FIGUET, like many other designers, insists on slender waists and full hemlines. His glamorous evening gown of white satin is made with a stitched corselet into which is gathered the full drapery that forms the corsage. The neckline is especially flattering to lovely shoulders.

• AN AFTERNOON FROCK of heavy black silk is given distinction with an overbodice gathered into the center and caught with a brilliant clip. A sash of the same material finishes the waistline.

• SUNRAY TUCKING running from the shoulders to below the waist on a black afternoon dress contrasts strikingly with the full-tucked over-arms of sleeves, which are tucked into plain under-pieces. Sash is tied at back and gathered into a brilliant clip in front.



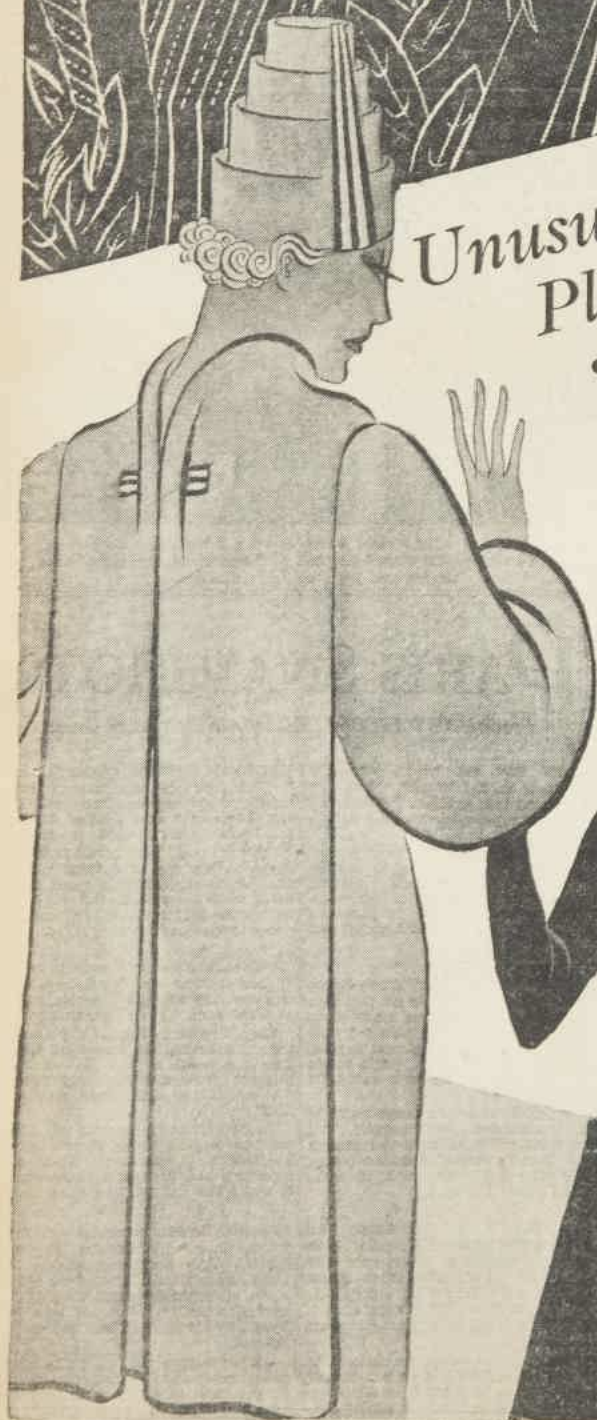
# The Fashion Parade

sketches by  
Petrov



## Unusual Ways With Pleats and Tucks

- TOP LEFT.—Diagonal tucks distinguish a black sheer frock.
- CENTRE.—Curved, tapering tucks form collar and cuffs on a slender-fitting gown.
- RIGHT.—Lame, smooth and rough-surfaced combined, gives an effect of radiating pleats in an evening frock.
- LEFT.—Two enormous box pleats give a swing-back line to this coat, which has a circular tucked hat to match.
- CENTRE BELOW.—Horizontal tucks give a double bolero effect to a Parisian afternoon frock.
- RIGHT BELOW.—Box pleats add amazing chic to a dinner blouse.



P E T R O V



# STEPS Is STEPS

Complete  
Short Story

By . . .

Elinor  
Mordaunt



Illustrated  
by  
FISCHER

**T**HEY had talked about it, Barbara and Jane that is, for Troddles was far too young to have any ideas about anything.

It had always seemed as if it might be great fun to have a stepmother.

Anything — anything to make a change from the Great Aunts.

Oh, yes, they had always rather counted upon a stepmother until "the Greats" put it to them—Great Aunt Susan and Great Aunt Cella, calling them into the dining-room one morning, saying to them—Great Aunt Susan of course, for it was always she who said the disagreeable things.

"There is something very painful that it is my duty to tell you. Something we both feel will be a great shock to you. But you must try to bear it."

Barbara's heart had stopped beating, was hard and heavy as a stone in her chest—Daddy was dead just when he had got back to them after all these years in India.

**A**UNT SUSAN went on: "Whatever your father may have done, you must remember that he is your father and not to be criticised, when I tell you, as he has asked me to do, that he is about to marry again. A young person of no family at all—a disgraceful affair! But let me tell you this, children, that a worthless stepmother—"

"How many steps?" put in Troddles suddenly and unexpectedly.

Out of sheer nervousness Barbara and Jane glanced at each other, giggled, and Aunt Susan pounced: "I fail to see that there's anything to joke about."

But Troddles stuck to his guns, his under lip out. His fat legs in their brief blue pants stumped up and down. He was playing with an idea, and went on: "Steps is stairs, John won't not call her stepmother. John call her stairmother."

Two large tears rolled out of his eyes, down his cheeks, and he licked them in. He had got himself to a place where he could not stop. "John'll stamp on her," he said, "steps is made to be stamped on. John'll stamp on 'er, make a 'ole in her."

To the little girls standing in the doorway — Barbara nine, Jane seven and a half, Barbara with her small, proud, pointed face, tight lips, prim, pink-faced, solid and secret—Aunt Susan said: "I hope I've made it clear to you that at the end of July your father is going to marry this actress person I speak of, put her in your darling mother's place."

Still they said nothing; stood there in a solid phalanx.

"Your darling mother's place—" Barbara remembered her mother, she was the only one who did. Her mother had lain upon sofas. She used to say, "Oh, you children, you'll drive me mad!" and put her fingers to her ears.

In those days Barbara had wanted to hug her, climb upon her knees. It had seemed as if there must be someone to hug, to cuddle one. Jane was small and stolid, doing all that nurse told her. Troddles had not come, was spoken of as "it."

Barbara's mother had said: "I can't bear it—I can't bear it—and I won't go back to India. Another baby! It's cruel—cruel. Poor little me!"

"If you three children choose to go and live with your father and that woman, you can take your choice. But you'll never come back to Redrowans," continued Great Aunt Susan.

No more than a month earlier Captain Brentford had got back from India, seen his children for the first time in something over three years, and everything had gone wrong—dreadfully wrong.

When he left them in the care of his late wife's aunts, for "Poor Little Me" had died at the boy's birth, there had been nowhere else to leave them. And Redrowans was a perfect home for children, with the fine country air, wide park and gardens.

For a while they had been in London with him. Barbara, his best pal, at that time close upon seven, was thin and pale, always had been, always would be. But he had no idea of that, agonised over the thought that she might die if she were kept in town. At the time he was ordered out to India with his regiment, Jane,

at five, was small, fat, and white; the boy no more than three months old.

Little wonder that the young man was distracted, gave in to the offer of his wife's aunts, little as he liked them. Less than ever when he took the three children down to Redrowans, said good-bye to them under Susan Leveritt's cold stare.

**A**LL the time he was away he was never to forget that parting—Barbara clinging to him like a live wire, her thin little arms biting into him. Jane solid and white, standing there with her fat legs wide apart, weeping—weeping—great tears dropping down.

The very day after his return Cap-

He saw Caroline with Troddles in her arms and the other two children about her.

to escape when his father lifted him up in his arms.

He did not in the least realise how his own shyness, mingled with the long years of never showing any sort of feeling, was paralyzing them all.

Aunt Susan knew it, though, knew what would happen when she said: "You'll like to have the children to yourself, John. Supposing you take your father round the garden, Barbara and Jane—and you, little John."

Troddles, however, did not want to go. All he wanted to do was to get

After he had given them the presents he had bought for them and was going away, Barbara had offered him her cheek to kiss. When he said, "Haven't you a hug for me, Jane?" Jane put two plump arms around his neck, with about as much life in them as a sausage, glancing sideways at Barbara as she did so.

**T**RODDLES had left his train, was astride his rocking-horse, rocking hard. He had said: "Oh, good-bye," and then, "gallopy—gallopy—gallopy, honey-worsey." His curly hair flying, his cheeks crimson, as if his father did not so much as exist for him.

At dinner that night Captain Brentford spoke of it to Caroline Brent: "The boy's a fine little fellow, but of course he has no sort of use for me. As for the girls—I could make nothing of them. They may be human, if they are they didn't let me find it out, that's all." He was utterly miserable. His first realisation of Caroline—seeing her on board the ship he came back in, playing with the children—had been: "By Jove, how they'd like her!" And now—now—

Please turn to Page 40

## She Loved Children

tain Brentford had come down to Redrowans as excited as a boy over the thought of seeing his children. And what had happened? From the very moment he entered the drawing-room he had been overcome with a dreadful shyness, making conversation with the aunts while waiting for the children who had been "sent for"! Who, when they came, offered him their cheeks—two shop-window dummies of little girls in their best clothes. The one sign of life came with young John's struggle

back to the nursery, with his trains spread out on the floor rushing forward to an awful accident, or so it seemed to him.

It was scarcely spring. The garden had been cold and grey, the crocuses all curled up for want of sunshine, exactly like the two prim little girls showing their father round it—kitchen garden, flower garden—no word of "The Wilderness" and "Long Walk," their own special paradise—making conversation with the greatest difficulty.



## An Editorial

JANUARY 8, 1938.

## HOLIDAYS AND THE NATION



DO Australians have too many holidays?

Every time there is a series of holidays the question crops up, and visitors to the country are apt to imagine that Australians give up altogether too much time to enjoying themselves.

While a casual survey may suggest that such is the case, a look beneath the surface makes it clear that holidays have a real national value.

Australians work hard: they also play hard. And the manner of their playing in the open air on the holidays which are so often condemned makes them a fine, healthy people.

*They get out on to the beaches, into the parks and the country, and, after reveling in the sunshine, return to their tasks physically and mentally equal to any demand that may be made on them.*

Did you ever stop to think what the effect would be if it were possible to transplant Australia's sunshine to Europe?

Do you think there would be any need for the regimentation of the people of any of the countries? Would there be all the international unrest that is upsetting the world?

Would not the men and women of the restive nations be more at peace with themselves and with the world?

There is little doubt that, if they were blessed with such abundant sunshine as Australia enjoys, they would develop a contentment with life that would dissipate much of the unrest in Europe to-day.

*There would be no need for fitness campaigns. There would be a healthy outlook on things generally, and the fostering of a spirit of goodwill towards neighbors such as is part and parcel of the Australian character.*

There may appear to be a large number of holidays in Australia. But so long as they are employed to build up a healthy, virile people there will never be justification for saying there are too many.

—THE EDITOR.

## POINTS OF VIEW

## Pity the Poor Digestion

NOW that Christmas is past with all its turkey and plum duff, wine, cake and mince pies, we may listen to the doctors who daily urge us to go light on diet this hot weather.

The greatest fallacy about diet is that we need lots of meat, bread, sweet foods and solid things to "keep our strength up." Ninety per cent. of sedentary workers eat far too much of these things, far too little of salads, fruits and fresh greens.

Modern dietitians agree that diet in which fruit and vegetables predominate over the concentrated foods is not only easier to keep cool on—it makes you feel better and more active.

## Man With Ideas

APPLAUSE for Dr. A. G. Butchers, head of the New Zealand Government Correspondence schools.

Many of the social and economic ills of to-day, says this experienced educator, are due to men's failure to recognise that women are their equals, and should be given an equal share in public affairs.

He urges:

Equal pay.

Independent wages for wives from a fund established by industry.

Special allowance to provide for the rearing and education of children.

Women in every occupation, including police, Parliament, and Cabinet.

Two members for each electorate—one a man, one a woman.

## Royalty Plays

THERE'S something charming in the cabled news that Queen Elizabeth defeated His Majesty the King at darts.

In the quest of the quaint, the dear old diversion of the public house has of late years invaded Mayfair drawing-rooms, but this is the first time it has been halloved by the Royal patronage.

Games are such an essential part of the English Way of Life that a King and Queen who could not step down from the heights and play would lack something of that human sympathy which is the honorable companion of regal dignity.

## Victory for Health

CONGRATULATIONS to South Australia, whose capital is to house Australia's first Institute of Medical and Veterinary Science.

Linked both with the University and the hospitals, it will become an important world centre for research into animal and human disease.

## LYRIC OF LIFE

## PLANE TREES

The plane trees all along my street  
Are full in leaf once more,  
Triumphant as they've ever been  
In summers gone before.  
The rapid months seem all too brief  
Since last these plane trees were  
In leaf . . .

So much has happened in the time,  
It seems I hardly know  
The silly person that I was  
A summer time ago.

—PHYLLIS DUNCAN-BROWN.

## Mechanising Our Lives

MELBOURNE is the first Australian city to make serious attempts to mechanise traffic control.

Years back the red and green light system was working efficiently there; Sydney has only recently started experimenting with it.

To be sure, Melbourne's straight streets and right angles make control an easier task than do Sydney's pleasant but puzzling patterns.

Now Melbourne has a special automatic control for pedestrians. If pedestrians can be persuaded to obey it without heavy fines—that will be an achievement and a tribute to Melbourne's civic sense.

Somehow we still have the old casual atti-



IN AUSTRALIA model aeroplanes are the toys and hobbies of boys, but in Germany girls are encouraged to take a definite interest in them. In fact, contests are arranged in the schools of Berlin, and the girls in the picture are shown taking part in a competition at Kopenick, arranged by Dr. Meinhansen, of the State School Advisory Board.

tude as long as we're on foot. In cars, being in control of a machine, most of us are ready subjects to be controlled by a machine.

Germans and Americans take eagerly to all forms of control and regimentation in these small affairs of life. The British are pretty obedient, too. We'll have to get less independent as we get more metropolitan.

## Foundlings' Friend

JOSEPH DARCY O'SLATTERY QUAIN, of Brisbane, was a man with good ideas.

Dying, he has left a legacy to establish a founding home, where no questions will be asked as to the creed, parentage or origins of any little prospective inmate.

He also specifically asked that a crib be left in the vestibule of the home for children who might be abandoned there during the night.

It is suggested that the authorities may not permit this. If they don't it's a shame and a piece of hypocrisy.

Crib or no crib, babies still are and still will be abandoned, sometimes from tragic need, sometimes from callousness.

The banning of a crib will do nothing to lessen the number of foundlings. It will only add to their hardships and risks of ill-health.

## IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . . By WEP



## There's Hope For a Hollywood Here

The first Australian motion picture made was soon after the first motion pictures were made anywhere.

Ever since, we've been listening eagerly to predictions of a splendid future for Australian films.

PATRIOTS, investors, aspiring film stars and plain picture-goers have been hoping for the great day to come.

They've had some sad disappointments.

Common sense and frankness force us to admit that most Australian pictures have been bad. Very bad. Unnecessarily bad.

If they had been well-conceived but badly carried out because of technical difficulties, our hopes would not have been tarnished in the least. Such things happen in all infant industries.

But, on the contrary, most Australian films have been pretty well done technically—some of them remarkably well. Their faults have lain in childish stories, penny novelette dialogue, barnstorming direction.

Australians are often accused of inferiority complex.

A section of Australian film producers—a large section—must be accused of superiority complex; of the foolish habit of looking down on the public; of adherence to the fallacious doctrine of "Give 'em muck!"

It's not that there aren't stories here—both written and unwritten. It's not that there aren't writers, actors, potential directors and brilliant technicians. We have as rich a source of all these sorts of talent as any other race.

What has been wrong has been the outlook of those on top—the idea that because we can't afford vast spectacles we can't produce good adult entertainment.

That has never been the universal outlook among film men, thank the gods.

And now the saner outlook, the good business outlook which implies the sound artistic outlook, too, is coming into its own.

## Real Advance

THE past year has seen notable changes in the spirit of Australian films. The films have not been world-beaters, but each has had something vital and progressive in it.

Let us consider just a few.

"It Isn't Done" had the hackneyed plot of a rough diamond from the bush breaking into English society.

But it had humor, polish, and a certain sophistication in treatment. And for the first time Australia produced a film in which the dominant element was not a stunt scene, but a character—in this case the charming comedian, Cecil Kellaway.

There was a real advance. The picture of character is to the old horse-opera as a television set is to a penny peep-show.

Then "Mystery Island" gave us our first talkie thriller of local origin. It was the first film made entirely on a remote location. It showed that Australian producers are no longer content to rig up something in the backyard and hope it will get by.

Then "Tall Timbers" showed an intelligent grasp of the vital significance of industry in modern life. The drama in this film was the drama of real life, even though it was somewhat melodramatised. It was competently produced and photographed, and didn't stint expense to get spectacle. It used fakery to effect—a good sign of sophistication, for the good fake beats the bad reality holow.

Finally we have "Lovers and Luggers" about to be released. Competent critics praise this as the first Australian film with genuine story suspense—the essence of entertainment. Lloyd Hughes is the imported star, but Australians Shirley Ann Richards and James Raglan show to advantage.

One can't see this film without feeling we are on the way to making our films something of an art and everything of an industry.

So, yearning stardom, burning patriots and yawning patrons, take heart! We'll have our own Hollywood yet.



# DISTRIBUTING The LOWER MILL



## Happy Family Gathering Starts To Sort Out Claimants

By  
**L. W. LOWER**  
Australia's Foremost Humorist

Illustrated by  
**WEP**

There's a lot of confusion over the distribution of the Lower millions.

*I think there must have been a lot of bigamy and polygamy in our family. After all, you can't have five grandfathers. Still, I've got cousins to burn.*

If a man wanted the loan of a couple of bob he wouldn't find a relation within hundreds of miles. But now that the Lower millions have to be distributed they're coming in droves.

And not only the Lowers. Strange off-shoots like the

McTavishes and the O'Briens are bobbing up all over the place. Some of the scenes at the family solicitor's office are disgraceful.

"What did you ever do for your great-grandmother?" demands one of the claimants. "The poor old thing would have died without a soul to

look after her if it hadn't been for me and your Aunt Julia."

"A pity she never made a will," mutters the solicitor. "It would have saved all this trouble."

"I believe there is a will. SOMEBODY knows where it is."

Suspicious glares all round. "Well, if it's not shortly taken out of Chancery it will be confiscated by the Government and returned to consolidated revenue."

"Speaking as head of the family..." "Oh, yeah! How long have you been head of the family? If you want to know, my brother Willy is head of the family."

"What are you talking about? He's not even in the family."

### More of Them

"EXCUSE me, sir," says the clerk, entering the office. "There's eighteen more claimants for the Lower millions waiting outside. One gentleman insists on having his share now because he's got a business appointment in ten minutes' time. He says he'll take it in notes."

"The nerve of him!"

"I'll go out and slap his face!" "There are some other people I could name who should have their faces slapped."

"You're not referring to me, are you? Because if you are I'll scratch your face off!"

"You touch her and you get this hatpin fair in the ribs. Come and sit near me, dearie."

"Sit near YOU, you scheming, oily, smouldering hypocrite!"

"Please! Please! Ladies!"

"Well, she's got no right to talk to me like that—the great, big hussy."

"Excuse me, sir, but there's another thirty-five just arrived. They say that if you don't see them immediately they'll burn the office down."

"Don't you let them in!" cries everybody, waving their handbags and umbrellas.

"The first one you let past that door, I'll smash her down with this paper-weight. Look at that hussy climbing over the partition! Push her back! Come and help me, some of you instead of sitting there like a lot of stuffed images!"

"That's right, grab her legs! Now all heave."

CRASH!

"Well, that's got rid of her."

### Curse of Money

"I THINK, ladies and gentlemen, that we will adjourn this discussion until a later date," says the lawyer. "If you will kindly leave your names and addresses with the clerk at the front desk you will be notified in due course."

"That's a fine way to do business!"

"What's it got to do with you, you hag? You shouldn't be here at all!"

"Please! Ladies! Nothing further can be done at present, so if you will all file out quietly you will be notified..."

"Ah, shut up!"

"I want my rights!"

"Ladies and gentlemen, it is my lunch hour. Nothing further can be done for the present. I don't wish to have to send for the police."

"No!" yelled a voice from the other side of the door. "But you'd better send for the Fire Brigade, you old wart. We'll teach you to lock us out of your office!"

"When I pass," says L. W. Lower, "people will just tear up my IOU's, stand a moment in silent grief, and pass on, muttering to themselves."

"Dear me! Now you'll have to go, I'm afraid." "All right. I'm going, for one. Look! The lawyer is ducking down the fire escape! After him!"

So we all went down the fire escape. There was a big crowd in the street, all Lowers, but the lawyer managed to get away under police escort.

I was having a cup of tea a short while later with a couple of my relations and we all agreed that the conduct of everybody else except us was a disgrace to the family.

There is no doubt about it, wealth is a curse. Especially when you can't get it.

Sordid money-grubbing never did appeal to me. On pay days I shudder when I handle the filthy stuff. Just

dress, that's what it is. It brings out one's worst instincts and lowers one to the level of the beasts of the field.

That's why I never have any money. I'm too sensitive.

All my best friends haven't got any money either.

There's going to be a terrific dearth now that the Christmas and New Year festivities are over. I, for one, shall be walking to work until about the end of February.

Still, there's one thing about being poor—you can die with dignity.

There will be no bickering at the graveside when I pass into the Great Beyond.

People will just tear up IOU's, stand a moment in silent grief, and pass on, muttering to themselves.

I don't see what else they can do.

## Give A Face Powder Party at your home



NO matter what colour face powder you use, it may be the wrong colour for you. A certain blonde may look far better by using a brunette powder, and a brunette by using a blonde powder. The only certain way to know is by trying one colour on one side of your face and another colour on the other side. Let us send you free a special box of powder and six packages of different colours and try them alone or with a few of your friends and see what a difference it makes.

Poudre Tokalon moussé de cream

powder is made in new and strikingly beautiful colours to suit every complexion. It is air-floated, invisible and waterproof. Daily newspapers said that two American girls in the Olympic swimming contest, who used waterproof "make up" had immaculate complexions even after immersion. Send 4d. in stamps to cover cost of postage, packing and other expenses and we will send you free a special box of Poudre Tokalon and six packages of different colours. Also Crème Tokalon for both day and night use. State colour of powder you usually use. Address: Commonwealth & Dominion Agencies Ltd. (Dept. 2297), 168/172, Day Street, Sydney, N.S.W. Poudre Tokalon is sold at 1/- and 2/- a box at all Chemists and Stores.

## Have You the FIGURE that Men Admire

SHE'S got that attractive, slim figure so much admired by the opposite sex. She's maintained her lovely line, and kept in perfect health, with the aid of her nightly Bile Beans.

Bile Beans are purely vegetable. They tone up the system, purify the blood and remove fat-forming residue daily.

So, if you want to gradually melt away those surplus pounds of fat and have radiant health, just remember to take a couple of Bile Beans at bedtime.



"I know how essential it is to have appearance and be able to wear my dresses and gowns to perfection. Taking Bile Beans regularly enables me to look and feel my best at all times and keeps my figure slim and attractive."—Miss D. Hill.

"Bile Beans have not only improved my figure, but have made me happy and energetic again. When special reducing preparations and dieting had no effect, nightly doses of Bile Beans safely and gradually removed 14lbs. of excess fat."—Mrs. M. Campbell.

TAKE **BILE BEANS**  
AND LOOK YOUR BEST ON THE BEACH

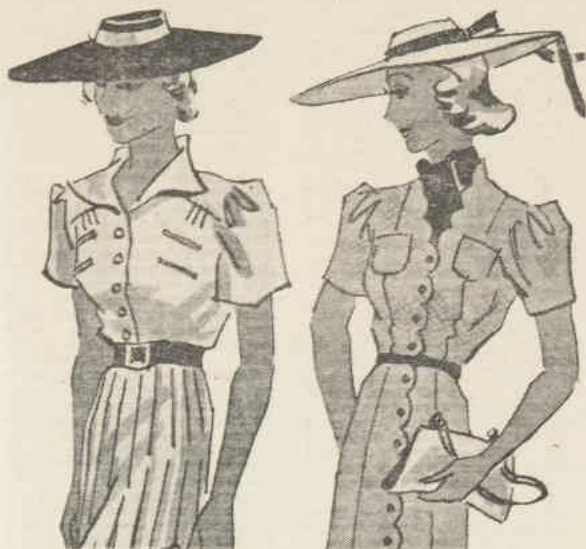






# Some NEW LAUGHS

"Most jokes were old and mellow when we were seventeen.  
When we are old and mellow they'll still be evergreen."



"Is it right that you are going to divorce Harold already?"  
"Don't be silly—I hardly know the man."



ACTOR (greeted by an ovation of eggs): A very good joke, my friends, but old, very old.

## MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead



GLADYS PARKER

"But, Mother, if I don't gaze in the mirror, how will I remember what I look like?"



"Why is she giving the party?"  
"To celebrate the tenth anniversary of her twenty-fifth birthday."



WIFE: Don't you know that stuff you are drinking is slow poison?  
HUSBAND: That's all right, I'm in no hurry.



## Your daughter's future lies in advertising

Woman's intelligence is wanted in the Advertising world. Advertising offers the greatest career of all for women—and it is refined, pleasant work.

The possibilities which open up to-day are such that there is no other walk of life which has such opportunities—the field is so wide, the work so absorbing, the earnings so large—and not enough people to fill the positions which offer.

Many people are under the impression that you have to be an artist to be able to draw. You don't! Though it may sometimes be an advantage, it is definitely not a necessity, and many most successful advertising men and women cannot draw.

Advertising is a profession—and it must be taught. You have to study and learn—but you can do it at home under the H. & R. method.

For forty years H. & R. courses have enabled ambitious Australians to reach the top of the tree. The H. & R. training is thorough, complete, and employers everywhere have confidence in it.

### Hemingway & Robertson

10A Bank House, Bank Place, Melbourne, C.I.; 10A Bank House, 18 Raffles St., Sydney; Offices in Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide, Perth, Hobart, Launceston, and Newcastle. H. & R. nearest Capital City to authorized address.

Give your daughter a career she will love—one that never fails—and have her trained by H. & R.

Write for our handbook, "The Guide to Careers in Distribution." It tells you all about H. & R. courses in Advertising and Advertising, Marketing and Selling, Practical Retail Selling, Modern Merchandising for men and women.

Also to see handbooks in this wonderful new career.

Personal—Individual Tuition. Open till 8 p.m. Fridays. Service Consultants' Main Country Centres.

#### POST TO-DAY

Dear Sirs,  
Please send me free copy of the new "GUIDE TO CAREERS IN DISTRIBUTION." I am interested in the subject marked below.

Marketing and Advertising.  
Practical Retail—Modern Merchandising.

Name ..... Age .....

Address .....

H&R 10/10/33

## Brainwaves

A Prize of £2/6 is paid for each joke used.

EDITOR: You must remember that poetry is a gift.  
The Poet: It is; you can't sell it nowadays.

SURGEON: Don't worry about your husband, Mrs. Smarrly. We'll have an entirely different man for you by the time he's over the operation.  
Wife: Yes; but supposing he finds out?

ORATOR: It's the man who smashes his way through who succeeds.  
Motatist: Have you ever tried it at a level crossing?

"WHY is the hotel page-boy called Buttons?" asked the inquisitive guest.  
"Because he's always off when you most need him," replied the stranger grimly.

POLICEMAN: Now then, come on! What's your name?  
Speed Fiend: Demetrius Aloysius Portescue.  
Policeman: None of that, now. It's your name I want, not your family motto.

"IS he economical?"  
"Why, he's postponed buying an atlas until world affairs are more settled."

AUNT: I hear you are engaged to Miss Goldbags.  
Nephew: Yes. She has half a million of her own.  
Aunt: I don't know that money is the best thing when one is seeking happiness.  
Nephew: It certainly makes the search easier.

## Could You take his PLACE



You can read a newspaper! That is all you have to be able to do to learn to become a really good Modern Pianist! Teddie Garratt's Personal Postal Course in Modern Pianism is so wonderfully easy and fascinating that your short qualification for success is "to read a newspaper." Hundreds of students throughout Australia and New Zealand have succeeded far beyond their expectations—Classical Pianists, Average Pianists and Absolute Beginners have and CAN learn Modern Pianism by using Teddie Garratt's Personal Postal Course.

What others have done, YOU can do—in the course below, this very minute—there is a Post to-night.

Your Success Is Positively Guaranteed, and No Drudgery! Remember "KEYBOARD KAPERS" from 2GB, 2UE, 2SM, 2CH, 2KO, 4BC, 4GB, 4MB, 5KA, and 6AM!

POST THIS COUPON NOW!

TEDDIE GARRATT, STUDIO W, NATIONAL BLDG., 234 FIFTY ST., SYDNEY.

I have a piano at my disposal, and can spare at least 30 minutes daily to practice on piano and the four handbells, now illustrated 44-page booklet, "The Science of Pianism," and your special 4-page-a-week and continuing musical novelty—for which I include 2/6 (P.N. or stamp). This payment does not place me under any obligation.

NAME .....

(Print in Block Letters)

ADDRESS .....



# EYE of the BEHOLDER

Continued from Page 14

"DON'T be silly," he told her. "You posed for them, didn't you? You're a very attractive girl," he added kindly.

She looked at him then, her eyes half-closed, shyly. As he returned her look, gradually the girl in the bulky tweed coat and the ugly hat faded out, and in her place he saw only the little pearly face, outlined with romantic mystery against shapeless dark masses.

He shook his head slightly. "Say," he began thoughtfully. "Say," his interest increasing, "you are that girl—the girl in the picture. That's what you really look like. The camera found it. It didn't make it at all."

He caught at her hand, led her out into the light. "Take off your hat. Now with your hair like that"—she was wearing it plain, as he had made her fix it for the pictures—"we'll make you exactly like the picture."

Betty blushed. "I—well, you see, I never took enough trouble. I mean I was careless about my—my looks. Then when the girls nominated me, I wanted to fix myself up . . ."

So that was why she had looked so peculiar the first time he had called on her. He understood now. Usually Betty was as nature made her. And although nature, in most cases, needs a helping hand, it must be a more skilful hand than Betty herself possessed. John Henry felt the soul of the creative genius leap joyfully to the task.

"Now look, Betty," he said. "You go buy you some clothes, see? One outfit—you'd be getting something for spring along about now anyway—and I'll help you. Don't take anything except on approval that I don't see." He paused and, head slightly on one side, studied her features. "Now maybe the right kind of lipstick—I'll have to do a little research—"

TWO weeks later they sent the photographs off. He had taken several more shots, and he now felt that the prints they had selected from the lot were just about the best photographs he had it in him to make.

Nobody had seen them except Betty. The editorial board had wanted to, but he had said no. He was doing a lot of the art work on the book, so they had to give in.

The judge of the contest this year was Lionel Parrish, famous illustrator. His immaculately groomed features appeared with lucrative regularity on the covers and inside pages of most of the better magazines. He had had three progressively more beautiful wives. He, if anyone, should know feminine charm.

Claire's photographs had been

completed several days before by the complacent Johnson, and with those of the other contestants adorned a show window near the downstairs entrance of his studio.

Claire had been shown (1) in blue chiffon, which photographed too light, dreamily gazing at a large bunch of roses—fancy using a diffusion disc nowadays; didn't he know that blurred wavy business was out of date? (2) In a flowered print, in which every flower looked larger than life and twice as natural, smiling archly straight at the camera; and (3) in a white sports outfit with carefully disarranged hair. In this last a casual effect had been achieved by the use of a tennis racquet, which Claire held like the second violinist in the symphony orchestra waiting for the oboes to get through.

MOREOVER, they had been obviously retouched. Retouching in these days!

John Henry studied them with condescension. There was no doubt of it; Johnson was a slave to realism. He was old-fashioned. There was no imagination, no emotion. He couldn't subordinate one element to emphasize another. They were simply photographs. Not, like his own, achievements; creations in light, form, design.

He telephoned Betty and took her to the picture show. He approved unreservedly the goldish beige sweater suit he had helped her choose. It actually fitted her, he told himself with a proud grin. It was a pleasure to associate with a sensible person, one who knew enough to appreciate good sound advice, who didn't know it all.

He helped her carefully into his flapper, and began to tell her about a dramatic study he was planning of two gin bottles and a banana, shooting from above. He promised to give her some lessons. She was thrilled beyond words. It was a very successful evening.

The next day he took her to the beach. They lay on the sand together, while god-like young men leaped into the water.

It was a nice background, and they both enjoyed themselves. It was a successful day.

Soon the day of the announcement arrived. At chapel, the editor-in-chief of the "Centaur" was to speak after the regular exercises. He would tell who had been elected queen, and the fortunate young woman would rise and walk to the platform, there to receive an official scroll and a small gold pin.

Each nominee sat with her own group. None was not supposed to make any preparation in the way of dressing up—no one knew who was the winner—but naturally they weren't wearing their oldest clothes. John Henry sat in the back of the room, wiping his hands frequently on his handkerchief. They kept getting damp.

UNDER the MOON

"THAT 'e did y' honor," he replied. "Took the key o' the boot from Tim while the pore covey was fair wallowing in 'is gore."

"Bloom!" roared Sir Richard. "Are ye there, Bloom?"

Answer came in a frightened squeak from the rear of the coach. "Indeed, Sir Richard, I was here, yes, sir—and Father of Mercy, I wish anywhere else I was, to be sure! Gentle air—"

"Did that high-toby ruffian get the money?" interrupted the baronet.

"Ay-ay, what a ruination!" wailed Bloom. "All those beautiful moneys in the strong-box was—"

"The devil take him!" swore Sir Richard viciously. "And you, Bloom, come within and tell me all. Ho there, Hogg! your best private room and bring wine—"

He half-supported, half-dragged the trembling old Jew to a small room at the back of the house and pushed him roughly into a chair. The landlord having left bottles and glasses, and retired to attend to his other guests, Sir Richard began:

"How much did you bring, Bloom?"

"Five thousand guineas, as you did request, good sir. Ay-ay-ay, to think it all gone—all gone! Oh! this night will be the death of me—"

"It will an you don't stop snivelling and whining, you old fool! Give heed to me. We must attempt

Betty looked around at him every little while, and he smiled at her warmly, hoping that he looked reassuring.

Claire was smirking and twisting around self-consciously in her chair. She had on a new blue flannel dress and looked odiously beautiful.

The editor-in-chief rose to his feet and swaggered to the centre of the platform. He swung into an elaborate speech about the many beautiful girls in their college and the difficulty in selecting nominees from so many. How much more difficult it was then for the judge, who was called upon to pick from the very cream, the very flower of the young womanhood of this great school.

John Henry shivered and wondered if anybody could possibly be listening. A boy sitting next to him snickered, and John Henry doggedly pulled his face to a mask of cold indifference.

"We are happy to announce as our Queen of Beauty and Grace for the 1935 Centaur, the Gamma nominee, Miss Claire Calhoun," the editor said and sat down amid thunderous applause.

Claire! Had John Henry heard what he had heard? How could—why, those pictures of Claire were childish, silly. It simply couldn't be. Through a bluish cloud of stunned misery, John Henry saw her rise, laughing, and make her triumphant way to the platform. Some power outside himself dragged his eyes to Betty. She was smiling tremulously. She caught his eye and gave him a little consoling nod.

POOR little kid it was pretty tough on her, too. He'd been so sure, so horribly sure. He couldn't bear it. He couldn't. Quickly, not even caring who noticed, he scrambled out of his seat and hurried up the aisle to the door.

He flung himself down on the old easy chair in his studio. What could that Parrish dope be thinking of? Wouldn't you think a real artist, a man who ought to know, would see that Betty had more . . . Of course, Claire was smoother, more obviously pretty, but his photographs had certainly made Betty a thousand times more attractive; had brought her out. Betty photographed swell—with a guy like him doing the shooting.

A guy like him! Yes, he was a guy, he was. Old art-for-art's-sake Bartlett. He'd get a long way in this work. Why, Johnson, if he used a metal head-rest for his subjects and that old crack about the birdie, could do better than he.

He was a real photographer, he was. An artist with ideals. He made dramatic studies, not just photographs. He ought to be making

photostatic copies of library records, that's what he ought to be doing. That was his speed.

Okay. He was a flop. Complete. He'd go on and graduate. He'd sell his studio camera and his other stuff. He'd get busy after school throwing bales of hay around in his father's feed store. He'd sink down, beaten, into the good old rut—and how he despised it! How he despised everything.

His mother knocked at the door. Lunch was ready. He growled at her. Food at a time like this, when his sensitive creative soul was sick!

After another hour, she knocked again. "I don't want any lunch, I tell you," he shouted.

It wasn't lunch. It was a special delivery letter.

His fingers pulled at it slowly.

DEAR Mr. Bart-

lett: I did not return the prints you entered in the contest, because it seems that I can be sold here—

—if you want to sell them, that is. I couldn't see them for a college year book—they would have stuck out like a sore thumb. Besides, I have a pretty good hunch that Miss Calhoun is probably one of the best-looking girls roaming at large today.

To go back to the prints—a friend of mine, Alvin P. Harrow, who is director of publicity for the Atlantic Seaboard Photographic Alliance, was looking through all the pictures one day and fell upon yours with glad cries, muttering such incoherencies as "symbolism, rhythm, value of light and dark." He seemed to think that the very fact that your girl looked more like the Spirit of Light invading a zinc mine than she did like a college student made your picture outstandingly interesting. Of course, all this excitement about photography leaves me cold anyway. But, after all, I'm an illustrator and no doubt prejudiced.

Anyway, he can afford to pay fifty smackers a print for them and he wants them, so don't take less if he tries to get you to. Incidentally, he thinks you may have a future in photography, if you can get somebody to ride herd on you and keep you from getting too wild.

He'll write you direct. They are getting up a big advertising campaign to work on the interest in photography, and he's planning to use your prints, along with a lot of others. Don't forget what I said about the price, and when you come to New York look me up. It wouldn't surprise me a bit if you were a promising young painter gone wrong. I'll be glad to meet you anyway.

Yours sincerely,

Lionel Parrish.

He read it through dazedly, then twice more. He dropped it on the table and stared blankly into space. Things like that don't happen, he told himself wildly, then let out a frantic whoop. "Hey, mother, look!"

Continued from Page 5

and so save finding yourself dangling as gallows-fruit alongside o' him."

The innkeeper's babby red face paled.

"As the Lord's my witness, Sir Richard," he quavered, "I know naught o' the man. Heaven forbid you should believe I do, good sir, when all my life have I been—"

"Enough! You ha' had your chance. An you speak truth, so much the better; an you are lying, then will the thief-takers deal wi' you as accessory. Begone—someone calls you!"

A deep voice, accompanied by heavy imperative blows, was resounding through the inn and Master Hogg scuttled away in answer.

In the passage lounged a tall man with a hawk nose, up-brushed moustachios, and very bright brown eyes.

"Here, Captain Coverdale, here I be, sir," panted Master Hogg. "At your service, sir."

"Ah, landlord," drawled the soldier, "I was about to deem ye dead or drunken and sack thy cellar in true Flanders fashion an' best traditions o' the Green Dragons, forsooth!"

"Instead o' which, it would seem ye are but negligent o' the comfort o' your guests."

"Nay, Captain. An it please y'r honor, the coach from London ha' been in but a little while and my house is full. You will need more wine, sir—?"

Please turn to Page 18

JOHN HENRY sat in a secluded booth in the Chocolate Shop, waiting for his date. He bent over a piece of paper and made a tentative layout for the mural Cobby had humbly asked him to put on the wall over the corner booth. The door of the shop opened and he heard people walking in. He leaned farther over his paper.

Steps grew nearer and he straightened and looked up. Claire sat down across the table.

"Hi, Claire," he said absently. "How's to go?" He resumed his drawing.

"Oh, John Henry," she said intently. "I think, honestly, you're the cleverest thing I ever . . . I want to congratulate you."

John Henry looked at her and smiled benevolently, but from a slight distance. Her hair lay in sculptured waves around her charming features. Her desirable pink mouth curved in a lovely smile, a smile that held submissive approval and something warmer. Her blue, perfectly chosen dress reflected the heavenly color of her large, melting eyes. She was exactly right in every particular and he could have her back.

He could have her back and on his own terms. She would ditch Joe and the other boys and turn to him, recognising that what she had scorned had been a big part of his strength. He could have her respect, her unquestioning admiration. That had been the one important factor missing from their relationship before, and it was missing no longer.

He studied her carefully and knew that she was perfect, finished, complete.

He heard timid steps come towards him. He looked up. Betty was walking through the shop. She smiled at him. She had found a new little way of holding her head high, with a sort of shy poise. Her hands looked graceful, fragile, with the pale pink nail polish he had advised. She looked at him with her eyes half-closed, as he had had her keep them for the picture.

Young man and ageless artist, he approved her. She was lovely, acquiescent and she knew that he was marvellous. But beyond that she was his own, his own creation. A fascinating, just discovered piece of fine clay, ready to the shaping hand of the master. Joyously he would go down the years, adding a touch here, a minute refinement there. She was a beautiful challenge, a superb stimulus.

What a girl! His eyes wandered over her fondly. She shifted a notebook under one arm and smiled at them tentatively. "Oh, John Henry, am I late?" she murmured.

He rose and seated her in the booth beside him, patting her gently on the arm. He turned to Claire. "Thanks for the kind words, Claire. It's swell you think so. Say, won't you have a soda with us?" He signalled to Cobby. "Two sodas, Cobby, and one of the special malteds." He smiled down into Betty's eyes, then explained to Claire: "I'm having Cobby make malteds for Betty according to my own formula. Two eggs and an extra pitcher of heavy cream. I want her to put on about five pounds more weight."

(Copyright)

## NEW PLASMIC

America's Most Talked Of

Skin Preparation

Actual Photo. Mrs. Mavis Breen-

wood, New South

Wales, before use of

Plasmic. Taken

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Absolutely removes almost instan-

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Also obtainable at many leading Chemists.

## HER KNEES SWELLED UP LIKE PUDDINGS

### To Go Upstairs was Agony

There is nothing in which rheumatism is a greater handicap than in doing ordinary household duties—kneeling, stooping, running up and down stairs. How to overcome that handicap, and banish rheumatic aches and pains for good, is the subject of the following letter:—

"I have been taking Kruschen Salts for three months, and am still taking the daily dose. When I started, I had rheumatism in both knees. They were very swollen—just like puddings. I could not rise from a chair without assistance. I could not kneel, and to go upstairs was agony. Now I can run upstairs and kneel as much as I like. My age is 37, I am 5 ft. 10 ins. in height, and weigh 13 stone, so you might guess my legs have a weight to carry. I have just bought another bottle of Kruschen. Since I have taken it, I can work like a horse."—(Mrs.) H.S.

Two of the ingredients of Kruschen Salts are the most effective solvents of uric acid known to medical science. Other ingredients of these Salts have a stimulating effect upon the kidneys, and assist them to expel the dissolved uratic accretions through the natural channel.

## Freckles

Tells How to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots and Have a Beautiful Complexion.

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as Kintho—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these unsightly spots. Simply get an ounce of Kintho from any chemist and apply a little of it at night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than an ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double-strength Kintho, as this is sold under guarantees of money back if it fails to remove your freckles.



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Each week £1 is paid for the best letter, and 2/6 for every other letter published here.

Pen names are not used, following the decision of readers given in the poll taken on this page.



# LET'S HEAR FROM YOU

Try your hand now at writing a letter in answer to one of those already given on this page, or on some new topic. Our address will be found at top of page 3 of this issue.

## NEVER DESPAIR

LIFE has a happy way of surprising us. We find ourselves in the thick of difficulties and the outlook, at times, seems impenetrably dark. We anticipate the worst; only to discover that beyond the darkness lies a radiant path of light. In ways that we least expect, the mists of despair are lifted, and we see ahead a solution of our problems.

The Spanish have a proverb that enshrines a beautiful truth: "There is always a tomorrow."

We should all endeavor to cultivate a cheerful, hopeful attitude. We gain nothing by worry. In fact, despondency and gloom depress the system and often lead to disease.

But why should we despair? Life's problems are not insurmountable. Disappointments may come; loss may be incurred; disaster may intrude; and death may lay its chilling hand upon our friends. But faith and hope will see beyond it all, and discern in the deepest darkness the promise of the dawn.

£1 for this letter to A. S. Jorgensen, P.O., Tenterfield, N.S.W.

## CITY HEALTH

FEELING the need of a little refreshment, I entered a city cafe.

On leaving I was able to look into the washing-up facilities and was shocked to see a sink of milky water, just hot enough to breed germs and not to kill them, for the girl could comfortably keep her hands in it.

It is impossible to keep free from all contact with disease, but in the face of such carelessness it is no wonder even in our land of sunshine that there is so much sickness.

How can health authorities or anybody else expect to eradicate diseases when so many of us are constantly eating and drinking from vessels used by persons already infected?

I think it is time we refused to attend eating houses unless we are assured that the utensils used by every person are sterilised. Sterilising is not an expensive or troublesome task, and can easily and cheaply be installed by any proprietor who is anxious to safeguard his guests.

Zeni Manners, Curramatta, N.S.W.

## "YOUNG" MOTHERS

ONE noticeable feature to-day is the attractiveness of mothers of all ages.

In these days the claims of youth are to the fore in every phase of life, and particularly are they catered for by the colorful advertising of the businesses dealing in all things pertaining to the beautification of the human body. Rightly so, for this color scheme has gradually filtered itself into the minds of all, with the result that there is attractiveness everywhere among the people, and mothers look just as nice as their daughters.

This is a good thing for the young people, and it is one factor towards the maintaining of a companionship between mothers and daughters which is to their mutual benefit. Sons, also, are proud of an attractive mother.

Thus their spirits are kept young—contact with young people is the surest way of keeping a youthful outlook, which is essentially a bright and hopeful one.

Likewise, youth must surely profit by the companionship of a mother who is a real pal.

Mrs. J. M. Taylor, 75 Carlingford Rd., Epping, N.S.W.

## Modern Girls Not All "Gold-diggers"!

MRS. McCANN'S statement that most modern girls are gold-diggers (18/12/37) is too sweeping to pass unchallenged.

Very few girls of my acquaintance allow their men friends to spend too much on them.

The majority of modern girls like to show their equality and independence by paying their share towards entertainments and outings.

Miss Clarice E. Scott, 11 Rose St., Bowral, N.S.W.

## Recount Expenditure

YES, Mrs. McCann, I have found that what all girls want is a good time. They shamelessly go out with men in whom they are not particularly interested, merely for the outing, and if a great deal of money is spent on them one hears them eagerly recounting to their girl friends just how much, in detail, it all cost.

And a man without a car, or means to provide such locomotion, is simply not worth considering!

P. Welch, Cowie St., Perth.

## Marry Later On

I DO not agree with Mrs. P. C. McCann. As far as I can see, the boys of to-day want a "good time," just as much as the girls.

Young men in good positions will tell you frankly they don't want to settle down. They mean to have a good time first, and if they see a girl is inclined to be "serious" it worries them.

I think young people to-day take up their responsibilities a little later than we did.

E. W. Smith, 44 Bethel St., Bentleigh SE14, Vic.

## Not Much Chance

PERHAPS girls are gold-diggers, but in my opinion they have to dig hard and deep before they get anything.

It seems to be a fairly general rule for young people to meet inside the place of amusement nowadays.

The generous young man sees the girl safely home afterwards.

Girls haven't much chance of gold-digging.

Mrs. M. Richards, 72 Ross St., Richmond EL, Melbourne.

## From a Modern Girl

I THINK when Mrs. McCann states that "most of the girls to-day are nothing but gold-diggers" she is taking a little too much for granted.

I am a young girl with modern ideas about most things, but there is nothing of the "gold-digger" about myself or my girl friends. We quite naturally like to have good fun, but at the same time none of us entertains that attitude towards men that you suggest of being interested only for what we can get.

How is it that your "steady business man" ever marries, if there is not someone who thinks him worthwhile?

Margaret McLeod, Maidstone, Manning Rd., Double Bay, N.S.W.

## There Are Others!

THE majority of girls to-day are, as you say, Mrs. McCann, and I cannot blame you for judging the few



Still some of the old school left!

by the many. But please let me assure you that there still remain at least a few of the "old type" who become friendly with a man for his own sake, and because they enjoy his company.

Indeed, the young steady men you described in your letter are as rare as the girls who enjoy their companionship. So that just about even things up.

Miss I. Burnell, 28 Vincent St., Coburg West, Vic.

## Are Women or Men More Sympathetic?

I CANNOT agree with Miss B. Gray (18/12/37) that men are naturally more sympathetic than women.

Most women have that innate "mother love" which prompts them to listen to, and to endeavor to assuage, the woes and troubles of others.

Men, on the other hand, may listen to the tales of woe, but are apt to endeavor to dispel the trouble by remarking, "Oh! it will be all right by and by."

For true sympathy give me a woman—preferably one's mother or one's wife.

H. F. Barker, 3 Ferrett St., Ipswich, Qld.

## Few Sympathetic People

I THINK that the majority of men love to pour out their troubles to a woman, and expect a very sympathetic hearing, but should she wish to do the same they lose interest and think she is just "grizzling."

These days it is rather difficult to find anyone, man or woman, who has

## More Playgrounds For Children

IT makes sad reading and is a poor reflection on civilization to learn of the number of young and innocent children who are injured and killed annually in city street accidents.

One step which might easily be taken to help solve this problem is to create play areas for children in crowded industrial districts. Attractively arranged, these would dispel all temptation to play in the streets, which the kiddies have come to consider their playgrounds. Slippery dips, saws, tables and benches, and shady trees, would be inexpensive additions.

It would be an excellent thing if suburban councils purchased land while there is still some to be bought. This item is one of national importance, as it aims at saving young lives and giving them freedom and care-free hours which, after all, are the birthright of every child.

Alan Mack, 59 Bland St., Ashfield N.S.W.

the time or inclination to listen to and sympathise with anyone else's troubles.

H. Jenkin, Marley St., Sale, Vic.

## Opposites Agree

OF course man is more sympathetic than woman to the woman in distress. But does Miss Gray realise that it is also true that a woman is more sympathetic towards a member of the opposite sex in trouble than is another man?

In most instances it is much easier for a woman to speak openly to a man, and for a man to pour out his troubles to a woman, from whom he knows he will receive sympathy and understanding. Could he receive the same from a man? Or a woman from a woman?

You cannot give man all the praise for sympathising.

Miss Molly Dean, Cadell St., Wentworth, N.S.W.

## Flatters Vanity

NO, Miss Gray, men are not the sympathetic sex! It is flattering to their vanity to be made a confidant, by a woman, and their tender pat on the shoulder is very appealing and comforting. They get keen satisfaction when they behold the impression they have made.

They will continue to pour out words of counsel and kindness even when they are thinking how to strangle yawns of boredom.

Certainly all are not quite alike, but for kindly understanding, sympathy, and help, there is none to beat the woman "who has drunk deep of life's experience" and profited thereby.

Mrs. A. Spiden, Rhyndana Rd., Yerongh, Brisbane.

IN reply to Miss N. Watson (18/12/37) who thinks that country people are preferable to city folk, I think that country residents are, on the whole, happier and more contented.

In the bustle of the city people



Is this the happiest life?

have little time to interest themselves in others, while in the country life is more communal.

Miss Ida Burnell, 28 Vincent Street, Coburg West, Vic.

## Can't Generalise

THE great difference is not whether one lives in town or country.

It is the income which decides how we live generally. We read of country people living in rough shacks, others in palatial dwellings.

Some country folk no doubt travel, but we sometimes read of them seeing a train for the first time. And there are good and bad manners alike in town and country.

So why generalise?

Mrs. F. E. Thomason, 73 Leinster Street, Paddington, N.S.W.

## City People Happiest

MISS WATSON must be speaking of the richer class of country people. Children of wealthy squatters certainly have splendid homes, and dress much better than the average city dweller.

But most country residents definitely do not dress as well or travel as widely as Miss Watson suggests. Nor have they the opportunity for meeting so many congenial people, or of reading and extending their experiences as those in the city.

Miriam Holdsworth, Palmerston St., Perth.

# FLATULENCE

## FIRST DANGER SIGN OF INDIGESTION

When food lies undigested in the stomach the first signs of trouble is flatulence or wind. Sour gases form which distend the stomach and cause heart palpitation and flinching of blood to neck and throat. Let these distressing symptoms warn you of graver danger ahead. The "slight" symptoms of indigestion to-day, if neglected, will become the chronic dyspepsia of to-morrow.

At the very first sign of flatulence or pain after meals, go to your chemist and get a supply of De Witt's Antacid Powder, the very finest remedy for digestive disorders you can possibly have. One dose gives immediate relief, and even such serious stomach trouble as gastritis will be ended if you will only persevere with this wonderful remedy.

De Witt's Antacid Powder cures indigestion, griping pains, acidity, because:

1. On entering the stomach it neutralizes the excess acid and renders it harmless to the inflamed stomach. The pain and flatulence is relieved and there is an immediate feeling of well-being.
2. It spreads a soothing and protective coating of colloidal magnesia over the inflamed stomach walls, keeping the biting gastric acid from the inflammation, and so the stomach regains its proper state of health while allowing the ordinary processes of digestion to go on.
3. Another ingredient actually digests a portion of your food, taking a further load off the weak stomach.
4. It tones up the stomach. It ends acidity—thus there is no need for you to keep on taking medicine. You enjoy your food, are ready for maximum and happily comfortable afterwards.

Stop living in pain and the danger caused by Indigestion. Go to your Chemist to-day. Ask for and see that you get—

# DE WITT'S ANTACID POWDER

The most economical and successful indigestion Remedy Of all Chemists and Storekeepers, in sky-blue canister, price 2/6.



# UNDER the MOON

Continued  
from  
Page 16

"ASSUREDLY! The few bottles ye brought me at noon ha' left their thirst behind them. Stay, landlord; who be the bellowing bull whose roaring awoke me a minute or so ago?"

Master Hogg cast a nervous glance over his shoulder in the direction of Sir Richard Warrenby's room.

"Oh, sir!" he whispered fearfully, "that was Sir Richard Warrenby, who be in a rare tantrum, having just lost five thousand guineas."

"Ah, at cards?" inquired the captain with interest.

"No, y'r honor, ta'en from the London coach by the highwayman Galloping Larry."

"Sdeath! Then, as one gentleman to another, should I condole with the unfortunate Sir Richard—especially as I am melancholy w' drinking alone. Convey my compliments to him and request that he does me the honor of sharing a bottle."

"I durstn go near him, sir, unless he calls."

"No? Then, damme, I must e'en introduce myself."

Still holding the naked sword, and disregarding Master Hogg's protests, the half-drunken soldier swaggered along the passage, rapped at the door and entered.

Sir Richard, deep in conversation with his agent Bloom, looked up with a scowl at the careless, dishevelled intruder.

"This is a private room, sir," he said pointedly.

The captain bowed and smiled.

"So I gather, sir, so I gather; but, having heard o' your recent misfortune, and as we are the only two gentlemen in this den o' yokels, I ventured my company in hope you would drink with me."

"I, sir, am Captain Ludovic Coverdale of the Green Dragons, aide-de-camp to His Grace of Marlborough, and but yesterday arrived from Bavaria."

Seldom did Sir Richard refuse such an invitation from one of his own class, and, after the events of the evening and sycophantic beatings of Hogg and Bloom, he welcomed the opportunity of getting drunk like a gentleman with a gentleman.

"I am Sir Richard Warrenby, of The Rookery, nearby," he responded. "Your servant, Captain Coverdale. Leave us, Bloom. Take a room here, and I will speak with you again in the morning. Ho, there, landlord—wine!"

The captain seated himself, twisted his ferocious mustachios, crossed long legs, and sighed happily.

By midnight the two were fast friends, and the pile of empty bottles beneath the table testified the pleasure they found in each other's company. When Master Hogg looked in at one in the morning, both were fast asleep in their chairs.

Possibly influenced by wine and goodfellowship, Sir Richard had invited Captain Ludovic to spend his leave with him; the gallant captain had accepted, on condition that he was allowed to aid his new-found friend in recovering the stolen money.

And both had gravely sworn confusion and hempen death to that elusive, rascally, insolent rogue, Galloping Larry.

In these circumstances the actions of Captain Coverdale in the small hours of the morning were remarkable. Having heard the landlord enter and leave the room, bolt the

front door, and go upstairs to bed, he raised his head from his arms on the table and keenly scrutinised his sleeping companion.

He then went through the sleeping man's pockets, replacing the various articles after a swift glance at each. Not until he came to the shirt pocket of the riding coat did he evince any interest, when discovery of a bundle of papers drew a grunt of satisfaction and for some minutes he was engrossed in examination of the various documents and letters.

Captain Ludovic smiled, caressed his mustachios, put back the papers as he had found them, and returned to his chair well satisfied with his night's work.

The following afternoon, after imbibing freely to clear their heavy heads, the two gentlemen rode to Sir Richard's home, The Rookery. In sky-blue riding coat, white breeches, broad-brimmed hat, with mustachios freshly curled, and mounted on his big stallion, Nero, Captain Ludovic Coverdale cut as dashing a figure of a swashbuckler as ever trailed sword.

It was but a half-hour's ride to The Rookery, and as they rode up the elm-lined drive from the lodge and came in sight of the house they saw two horsemen dismounting at the foot of the front steps.

"Damme!" quoth Sir Richard, whose aching head was generating a vile temper, "who are those bumpkins?"

They drew rein close to the two Runners.

"AFTERNOON to you sirs," greeted the bigger and obvious leader, who was a fleshy man with small flickering eyes, a nose that had been broken and badly set, and bulldog jaw. "An it please your honors, we be a-looking for the Justice o' these parts, Sir Richard Warrenby."

"I am he," said the baronet.

"Then our order be to put ourselves at your command, Sir Richard, for to take, dead or alive, that wag-abound cut-purse known as Galloping Larry. I am Bill Bridges, at your service, sir, an' this be my pal Ned Trumper."

After which introductory speech, Messrs. Bridges and Trumper touched their foreheads with grimy forefingers and leered self-consciously as they executed clumsy bows.

"Come within," invited the baronet. "My stableman will see to the horses."

He led the way, and ushered the three into his study, a big room opening off the hall.

"You ha' maybe heard o' last night's fresh villainy?" he asked, when all were seated.

"Aye, sir; if so belike you mean 'bout the coach being stopped at Marston Bank."

"I do. My London agent Nathan Bloom was on that coach, and five thousand o' my guineas were taken off it by that damned Galloping Larry."

"E's an owdacious warmint," said Bridges with reluctant admiration, "a right desperate covey, and cunning as ever was."

Sir Richard scowled. "If he's the Prince of Darkness incarnate we

must secure him," he returned, "and, furthermore, Constable, I will double the public reward for his capture. Now, have you formed any plan to that end?"

Bill Bridges shot a questioning glance at the sprawling figure of Captain Coverdale.

"Begging yer pardon, genelman," he said with stolid decision, "but where high-toby cracks o' the quality o' Galloping Larry is concerned, the fewer as knows o' plans to lay un by the heels the less chance of he knowing too."

"Meaning no disrespect, sirs, but in this thief-taking lay we learns ter keep our mugs shut till the trap's sprung, if yer gather me meaning."

"Don't be a fool," snapped Sir Richard, who had observed the suspicious glance. "This gentleman is Captain Coverdale of the Green Dragons, and a friend of mine."

"Also," spoke up the captain languidly, "I can produce a dozen witnesses to prove I was in the Warrenby Arms house before and hours after the coach was robbed. I offer

evening to Elmbridge, leave your horses at the inn there, board the coach, and travel with it to Warrenby Wick.

"If the highwayman be out to-night 'twill be between Elmbridge and Warrenby, for that stretch be the dog's favorite hunting ground. "Being better acquainted w' the countryside hereabouts than any o' ye, I will patrol the road between the Moor and the Wick in case Larry dodges your balls and bolts."

Two hours before dark, in accordance with further advice from Sir Richard, the three cantered from The Rookery on their long ride to Elmbridge.

Captain Coverdale was in the lead, followed at a respectful half-dozen yards by Bridges and Trumper.

Sir Richard, who had to ride only to the edge of Warrenby Moor and therefore need not start for some hours, watched them out of sight from the library window.

As soon as they had turned from the drive into the main road the captain drew rein and allowed his companions to overtake him.

"Doubtless you ha' met w' much roguery in your business," he remarked affably.

"All sorts; an' the main o' that vicious bad you wouldn't believe, sir," replied Bridges.

TRUMPER growled affirmatively: "Ah! that we ave!"

"And, out o' such vast experience, what think ye o' to-night's venture?" went on the captain.

"We might take our bird, Cap'n," he said at length, "but a flying phantom of an 'lth-tobyman be that same Galloping Larry. No one knows even 'is true name, what belikes 'is face be, or—"

"In sooth," interrupted the captain, "he might be anyone, eh?"

"Aye, y'r honor, for sure 'e might."

"You ha' formed no suspicion as to whom?"

Bridges shook his head and glanced slyly at his questioner from under the brim of his hat.

"No; ave you, sir?" he returned.

"I have," came the unexpected answer. "In fact, more than a suspicion; I know the identity of the mysterious Galloping Larry."

"Yer don't say, sir!" spluttered the startled Trumper.

"Oo?" demanded Bridges, more practically.

"In the first place," began Captain Coverdale with exasperating deliberation, "I am not entirely what I seem. Mayhap you ha' knowledge o' Master Edward Lloyd o' Lombard Street?"

The constables nodded. Who, in London, had not heard of the famous coffee-house, meeting place of merchants and seamen, where all manner of insurances were bargained over, paid for, and signed?

"I am agent for Lloyd's," continued the captain, "and am instructed to catch this highwayman, Galloping Larry, whose robberies ha' proved so damned expensive to our corporation."

"To that end I put up at the Warrenby Arms Inn, and, to allay suspicion, represented myself as on leave from the Duke of Marlborough's army in Bavaria.

Under the weight of disapproval of a baronet and captain, Bridges was crushed.

"Your pardon, genelman both," he apologised. "In course, anyone wiv 'alf an eye could see you, sir, couldn't now be a ditch-rider. But a covey gets next to so much artfulness, and the wind carries that many plots a' plans, that yer gets so yer durstn speak above a whisper to yerself."

"We was thinking, Ned an' me, as 'tw the best lay—seeing nobody knows this Larry by sight—d be to follow each coach across Warrenby Moor and—"

"Bah!" interrupted Sir Richard. "You might follow every coach from now to Doomsday without seeing even the shadow o' that cunning fly-by-night."

"If three men, however, travelled on the coach with pistols ready, and another lay in wait on the road outside Warrenby Wick to block his escape an' he were not shot down from the roof o' the coach—"

"Now that be a clever thought," approved Bill Bridges.

"A proper slap-up piece of artfulness," added Ned Trumper admiringly.

Captain Coverdale yawned. "Then let us decide on 't," he said. "What, exactly, is your proposition, Sir Richard?"

"Three of us—say you, Captain, and the two constables—ride this



WHITE SILE PIQUE, imprinted with gay colored flowers, fashions this dress worn by Maureen O'Sullivan. The leather belt and zipper front are the main features.

"I HOPED, o' course, to hear word or see sign o' this plaguy thief, and, by rare good fortune, was in the inn all yesterday afternoon and evening—"

"Ah! when the Lunnon coach came in—"

"Precisely. I was afterwards in conversation w' the wounded guard, the driver, an' several passengers. Later, I foisted my company on Sir Richard Warrenby and, during the course of a somewhat convivial evening, received and accepted his invitation to stay at The Rookery."

The constables were intent, but puzzled, and as the drawing tones dropped and ceased Trumper interposed:

"Well, there be nor spoke nor fire in that, sir."

Captain Ludovic pulled up his horse, fished in a pocket, and produced some minute particles of black cloth.

"Examine those, an you please," he invited, dropping them into the extended palm of Bridges. Both had reined their mounts to a standstill, and both stared blankly at the exhibits on Bridges' dirty hand.

"Nobbut bits o' black stuff," decided that worthy, after turning them over and peering at them from all angles.

"That's all," agreed the captain, "but many a dashing lad's been topped on less evidence than those 'bits o' black stuff."

"Hearken! Last night, while he lay in a drunken sleep, I took those pieces of cloth from Sir Richard Warrenby's right spur."

"Such scraps may only be hooked by a man's spur as he mounts or dismounts while wearing a long riding-cloak."

"Since the pieces are black, it follows the cloak was likewise. Furthermore, I made it my affair to discover that Sir Richard was not wearing a cloak when he arrived at the Warrenby Arms last night, nor did he ride away in one to-day."

"But every person on the coach agreed that Galloping Larry was wrapped in a black riding-cloak from neck to heels."

The Runners burst into laughter. "He allus do ride masked and cloaked, sir," affirmed Bridges, "but if yer mean as 'ow Sir Richard be Galloping Larry, and 'ud steal 'is own money—well, wiv all due respect, 'tis foolhardiness."

"Wait! The evidence of the torn cloth is, I admit, not overwhelming, although it would probably be difficult for Sir Richard to explain how such came on his right spur when yesterday he wore no black article of clothing. So the point be worth remembering in view of further evidence."

"AFTER taking those pieces off his spur, I examined sundry letters and documents in his pocket. All England knows how wild and reckless a gambler be Sir Richard, but it may surprise you to be told that he is no longer a wealthy man—that, in sooth, The Rookery is mortgaged to the last blade of grass, and its owner up to the neck in debt to moneylenders."

The men from Bow Street were grave enough now. The assured way in which the captain marshalled his facts, his easy speech and certain manner were positive, compelling, and convincing.

Please turn to Page 20

## Your own girl friend would never know

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AND DOESN'T IT LEAVE THE DISHES SPARKLING!

Marvellous for DISHES as well as CLOTHES



A LEVER PRODUCT



# Farmer's White Sale

## 300 PAIRS SHEETS

Perfect-qualities, usually at 11/6

Perfect-quality plain-weave sheets at a handy saving price. A delightfully soft texture that will wear and wear. 54 x 90 ins. Make a lay-by at once. Only 1/- deposit in each 5/- spent keeps the bargain. Pair costs 7/11.

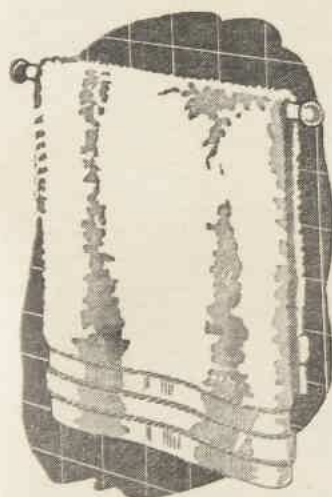
**7/11**

**1/7½ Pillow case, 1/3½**

Genuine "Osman" pillow cases—full size, 20 x 30 ins. A handy reduction on every one. Lay-by a dozen. Usual 1/7½. Now 1/3½ each.

**13/6 'Babnaps' dz. 9/11**

Infants' Terry Nursery squares. Re-ridged all round the edges. Registered trade-mark—"Babnaps." 24x24 ins. Dozen now 9/11.

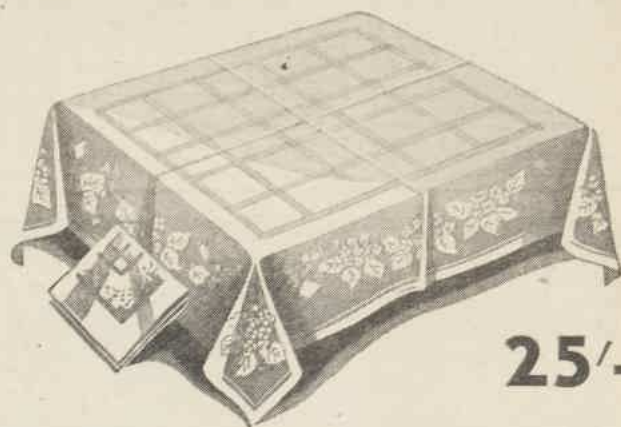


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**2/9**

A real White Sale special!

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*Towels—First Floor.*



**25/-**

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*Rugs are on the First Floor.*

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The "Moderne Miss"

**New brassiere**

A lovely tea rose lace and satin. Definitely uplift in style and very comfortable. American designed; lined with net. Sizes 32 to 36 inches. Priced at a mere 5/11

*Suspender Belts Section, Ground Floor.*



Amazing automatic

**Curl Rollers!**

The "Solo" automatic curl roller inserts bob pins in your hair, automatically, giving you a headful of curls in next to no time. Easy to handle and costs only 2/-

*Hair Accessories, Ground Floor.*



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Three-point suspension was discovered in recent overseas scientific research, and has been successfully interpreted in "Step-Elator" health shoes. They constantly support both the metatarsal and longitudinal arches. They're genuine pumps, too, thus conforming more easily than double-soled shoes.

Black glaze kid one-bar with covered Cuban heels, and genuine pump soles. Half, 2 to 7, **29/6**

Black glaze kid gusset court with suede and kid bow tab. Or lace style. Half, 2, 7, **29/6**

*Health Shoe Centre—Third Floor. Stocks for mail orders.*



"A YE, sir," hinted Trumper. "We be a-listening—"

"Among the letters," continued the drawing voice, "was one from Nathan Bloom of Lombard Street, which you may verify from the writer at your convenience."

"In it he wrote that he would bring the requested loan in cash on yesterday's coach, and bring also the promissory note for signature by Sir Richard."

"Let's love us!" blurted Trumper. "Then this 'ere Bloom ain't Sir Richard's agent—'e's just 'is money-lender, eh?"

"An' Sir Richard didn't steal 'is own money," added quicker-witted Bridges, "but, since the bill ain't signed, 'e stole the Jew's."

"Exactly," the captain agreed gently. "To save his client's face and never dreaming that client was Galloping Larry, Bloom let it be thought he was merely Sir Richard's business agent bringing his master's profits."

## UNDER the MOON

Continued from Page 18

Certes, the cunning baronet 'ud see to that—"

"Tare an' 'ounds! And allowing it true," cried Bridges, his bulldog jaw shoved pugnaciously forward, "why didn't yer tip us on afore letting us come on this wild-goose chase?"

"Yus, we could ha' had the darbies on un an hour back," said Trumper reprovingly.

"Could you?" The captain laughed. "You would have accused and arrested a baronet and justice on the strength of a few black threads an' a letter you've never seen? Proved a respected country gentleman and lord of the manor to be Galloping Larry the highwayman? I think you would—not!"

"Then what be the lay?" demanded Trumper.

"Aye, Cap'en, what be in y'r mind?" asked Bridges.

"Bow Street as well as Lloyd's will require definite proof, so we must e'en supply it. Ha'ye thought—supposing he be guilty—what Sir Richard did w' the money after taking it?"

"FROM the coach being held up to when he arrived at the Warrenby Arms allowed him no time to take those bags o' guineas to The Rookery."

"Also, did ye not note how eager he was to get us three out o' the way to Elmbridge to-night—even going so far as to declare he would be content to lose his money to make sure o' taking Galloping Larry—?"

"Which is himself, the brazen fox!" growled Bridges with a string of oaths. "Getting us clear miles out o' way, that he may go w' safety to

pick up the dibs whosoever 'e hid 'em last night—"

"Od seine it!" gasped Trumper, enlightened at last. "Oh! wot a pretty fit of a neck for a nice strong bit o' rope ha' that artful box o' tricks! Wot be yer counsel, Cap'en?"

"Simple enough," replied Captain Ludovic. "After dark will our worthy baronet ride to recover the spoil of his other self, the cut-purse highwayman."

"It be certain he will not delay, for he cannot be sure of our being so complainant in falling in w' his plans to-morrow after an empty excursion to-night."

"Though he deems himself above suspicion, yet must he be sure o' being alone and unremarked when he goes to pick up those guineas."

"An we take cover in the woods adjoining The Rookery drive we can watch his departure, follow unseen, an' catch him red-handed w' the stolen money. Thus, and thus only, will our case be proved to the hilt."

Later that evening Captain Ludovic Coverdale sat alone in the great library of The Rookery. In hiding with the constables he had watched Sir Richard ride from his home in the last of the twilight, and, previously persuaded by Bridges, had then left the thief-takers to capture the thief and returned to the house to await the upshot.

"We be noney old 'ounds, an' know the lines, y'r honor," had argued the Runner, "an' will foller 'im slikey an' silent as shadders."

At length the captain's straining ears caught the rattle of horses' hoofs, and rising he went to the window. Very shortly three mounted figures took form out of the tree-shadowed darkness and halted at the foot of the steps.

Captain Coverdale smiled grim satisfaction, and, not wishing to bring servants into the impending scene, went himself to open the door.

Coming up the steps were Bridges and Sir Richard Warrenby, the latter with arms secured behind him, and being roughly propelled by the triumphant constable.

Behind them came Trumper, bowed beneath the weight of a shapeless bundle.

"We got un, Cap'en!" called Bridges. "Took un red-anded a-luffin the dibs from under t' roots of an old 'oller tree just off the North Road."

"Come into the library," counselled the captain and held the door ajar while the odd procession entered.

Trumper dropped his burden on to the table, and grinned.

"All there, Cap'en," he said, "an' something else besides; something wot's as sweet a bit o' hanging evidence as ever I seen in me born days."

FROM under the money-bags he pulled a black riding-cloak velvet mask, broad-brimmed hat and two horse-pistols. "The duds o' Galloping Larry," he informed, "they was hid w' the dibs."

Sir Richard, lying on the settee where he had been pushed by Bridges, looked up, bitter eyes blazing out of a face drawn and grey.

"How you took me like a rabbit in a net I know not," he grated savagely. "but, though I confess I robbed yer-day's coach—"

"Ye confess!" shouted Trumper ironically. "Aye, do you confess! And for why? 'Cause ye were snafled w' the priggid old, that's why—"

"Let him speak," interrupted Captain Ludovic, with amused tolerance. "You were saying, Galloping Sir Larry—?"

"I am not Galloping Sir Larry, you fool!" cried the prisoner. "As I have admitted, I robbed the London coach last night, but only because I had purposely arranged that those accursed guineas should be on 't."

"Every brick o' this house, each tree o' the Warrenby estate, be pledged to the accursed Jew, and I meant to clear some o' the debt w' the demmed leeches' own money. But robbing Nathan Bloom be the extent o' my crime, for I am no more Galloping Larry than am I Lucifer."

Captain Coverdale rose from his chair, smiled that lazy sardonic smile, and walked leisurely to the table.

"Really, Sir Richard," he said gently, "you're not an overly plausible story, yet damme, I believe ye!"

The surprised baronet squirmed as far upright as bound arms and wrists would permit; the constables gazed at the imperturbable captain in blank amazement.

"Yes, I believe him," went on Captain Ludovic. "Twas by merest chance I was drinking at the War-

## Out of Reach

No matter how the heart may yearn  
Or how the hands beseech,  
They waste sweet time who  
lean to catch  
Moons out of reach.

Moons out of reach are color  
lamps,  
And color-lit within,  
And burst with suddenness of  
touch  
Like bubbles on a pin.

—Yvonne Webb.

renby Arms yer-day, but, from something I heard, I knew Galloping Larry had not held up that coach—"

"What heard ye?" asked Bridges. "The coachman said the highwayman shouted: 'Pull up an' pay toll to Galloping Larry!' and I happen to know that Larry be demnably averse to advertising his acts."

"How are ye sure o' that, Cap'en?"

"Because," Captain Ludovic paused, and stooped to fumble in the tops of his high riding boots, "I am Galloping Larry!"

"SO ye perceive, gentlemen—keep still. Bridges, or you will be very still for ever—ye perceive why I believe Sir Richard, I am in the position to know."

"Twas demmed diverting to hear, while drinking in a private room at an inn miles from Marsden Bank, how I had robbed the seven-day flyer, and it came to me that since I had the name I should have the game."

"Being devoid o' the local rustic awe and veneration accorded Sir Richard Warrenby, I suspected him from the moment I heard o' the coach being stopped."

"Y'see, his horse was blown when he arrived at the inn; he was so nervously eager to get inside and show himself that he thrashed the ostler for being slow."

"His boots, too, were muddled—which, being a dry night, proved he had been off the road and afoot for some purpose; and there was black cloth on one of his spurs."

"The rest, my gallant bravoos o' Bow Street, ye know from what the helpful gentleman from Lloyd's did tell ye—"

"Od's blood!" snarled Bridges. "But why all this play-acting?"

Captain Ludovic laughed, and indicated the bags on the table with a jerk of a pistol barrel.

"You forget, me bold Redbreast—the money, I could not know where my understudy had hidden it, so perforce enlisted aid o' the Bow Street Runners to recover it for me. Ye ha' done so admirably."

He stopped to smile cheerfully, before continuing in a voice of soft menace:

"Trumper, in the corner behind ye be some lengths o' rope which I thoughtfully provided for this occasion. Take enough to bind your friend, Bridges, fast to yon chair—an' pray be careful how ye move or, damme, shall I dispense w' the need o' binding ye!"

"Good!" approved the highwayman after testing the knots with one hand while keeping a pistol muzzle hard against Trumper's back with the other. "Now do you, Trumper, me man, oblige by handing me the rest o' the cord and sitting in this chair—"

In a few seconds Master Ned Trumper was secured likewise, and the captain regarded the three helpless men out of twinkling eyes.

"I ha' locked the door," he said, "and before ye arrived, Sir Richard, took the liberty o' telling your servants not to intrude in this room unless summoned, so ye should rest undisturbed till morning."

Again flashed that slow sardonic smile.

"Any last word afore I gag ye?" he inquired pleasantly.

"You'll swing yet, Larry," cried Bridges, "and may I be there to see ye kick!"

Through the big windows filtered pale light of the rising moon, forming white squares and black bars on walls, floor and furniture.

Across them moved a dancing shadow passing into the night.

There came the whisper of a mocking voice.

"An ye seek me, I ride, like the shadows, always under the moon!"

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glorious fun!"

Her youth and beauty  
will last . . . she uses

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to avoid  
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see for yourself

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USE LUX TOILET  
SOAP—IT KEEPS  
MY SKIN VERY  
SMOOTH AND  
CLEAR.



THE OFFICIAL SOAP IN HOLLYWOOD STUDIOS

6-30618



# Intimate Jottings

by Caroline.

## This Week I Liked—

Mrs. Ted Fowler's smart playsuit worn at Palm Beach—yellow with gay blue stripes and matching flowers in the hair.

The antique brooch and bangle of beaten gold in forget-me-not design worn by Mrs. Roy McMorran.

## Happy New Year

WHAT a razzle-dazzle New Year's Eve turned out to be. The city was thronged with merry-makers giving a final flip to the departing year and creating a festive impression for young Mr. 1938.

Round and about town I met the Bill Crossings, who were making off to a party at Joan Marks' home where Joan, Mrs. Wincott, wife of Squadron-Leader Wincott, and Mrs. Robbie Clarke were joint hostesses. The David McCallhies entertained a large party at their home, and the Hotel Australia and Romano's were both packed.

Among the very late home-comers were the city dwellers who went to Palm Beach for their Surf Club dance, and the midnight film fans.

The New Year was welcomed in Sydney by Mr. and Mrs. Frank Crane, of Scone. They are the guests of Mrs. Crane's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Rouse, at Kardinia, Darling Point.

## Gymkhana at Hillview

THERE will be great doings at Hillview, Sutton Forest, this Saturday, when the Gymkhana takes place. The Governor will open the day's doings, which are in aid of the historic old Church of England at Sutton Forest.

The children of the district, including Christopher and David Loder, Jill and Delicia Throsby from The Mill, Judith and Jan Dickson, and Rada Penfold Hyland, are overlooking their riding gear with an eagle eye and seeing that their mounts have extra rations of carrots to make their coats shiny in readiness for the ring events.

## To Represent University

BETTY COUPLAND WINN is a crack swimmer, and that is why she is off to Melbourne via Narooma and Goulburn next Monday. She will take part in the inter-Varsity swimming matches in Melbourne, and will do her best for our side in short sprints, relay races and backstroke.

She left Sydney on Saturday with her parents, Dr. and Mrs. R. Coupland Winn, and brother Murray, for a bout of deep-sea fishing off Narooma. Mrs. Winn tells me she has no great liking for the popular family sport, but I'm sure she gives them words of encouragement and praise at the correct moments.

## Return from Honeymoon

DR. AND MRS. TERENCE ABBOTT, who have been spending their honeymoon motoring along the North Coast, arrived back in town at the weekend. They are occupying the Albert Littlejohns' flat for several weeks, and then their own roof tree at Bellevue Hill will be in readiness for them.

Mrs. Littlejohn is at present the guest of her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Bill Cullen, at their station home, Wirrolgah, Castells.

## Our Celebrations

HAVING perused the colorful official programme of the Sesqui-Centenary, I am all agog for January 26, the date when the balloon goes up in Sydney Town. I like the sound of the water pageant on the harbor, the Government House garden party, Fleet Week, and the Pioneer Ball. They all take place during the first few days of the Celebrations.

Dame Maria Ogilvie Gordon, first of our distinguished guests to arrive from abroad, is already being feted, and was the guest of the National Council of Women at the Women's Club last week.

## Tennis Spectators

THE tennis giants, Gottfried Von Cramm, Donald Budge, our Johns, Crawford and Bromwich, and the handsome Gene Mako, attracted all the sportively inclined to the White City courts last week. A party, which included Ivie Price, Mrs. Fred Payne, Mr. and Mrs. Little, and Lord Ranfurly, motored from Canberra to watch the matches.

Also keenly interested was Henrietta Loder, who exchanged views on form with Catriona Maclean and Pamela Fuller, debutante daughter of the President of the New South Wales Lawn Tennis Association and Mrs. Brian Fuller.

Our new Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress on the first night of their term of office welcomed the New Year at the Legacy Club Ball at Grace Bros.



A GARDEN STUDY of Mrs. John Ralston, a popular Palm Beach hostess. Mrs. Ralston will be in residence at Merriwings, Palm Beach, for the rest of the summer.



## Across Bass Strait

QUITE a few Sydney-siders are enjoying their summer holidays in Tasmania. Among them are Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Littlejohn, who are staying at Hadley's Hotel, Hobart, Mr. and Miss Underwood, of Wollstonecraft, who are putting in their time motoring to the beauty resorts of the island, and Mr. and Mrs. H. Wooster.

Pauline Spencer Parsons, a Tasmanian girl well known in Sydney, left Hobart for the North-west Coast and figured among the competitors in the tennis tournament at Burnie during the holidays.

## Nice and Romantic

"LIFE on a yacht," says Mrs. J. M. Hardie, "is all very nice and romantic, but not quite as comfortable as it might be." So she is not living on board her husband's yacht at Palm Beach. She is staying at Jonah's, and pays daily visits to the boat for sunbathing and surfing.

Anchored off Palm Beach are the John Goodall couple, Sir Clifton and Lady Love, Audrey Wilkinson and her parents, and the Luscombe Newman family.

## Music in Summer

SURELY our severest critic will have a word of praise for Australia's music-mindedness. I have yet to hear of any other country commencing a musical season in the very middle of a hot summer, but that is just what we are doing.

The first artists to appear on the concert platform will be Lauri and Dorothy Kennedy, at the end of this month. They, by the way, spent a delightful Christmas holiday with John McCormack at his sumptuous home at Beverley Hills, Hollywood.

Other artists who will appear under A.B.C. management before Easter include the tenor, Dino Borgioli, already popular with Australian audiences, and Georg Szell, the famous conductor.

Mrs. Icelton-Smith and her daughters, Eleanor and Jeannie, who since their recent return from a two years' trip round the world have been staying at the Hotel Australia, have now taken a flat at Birtley Towers, Elizabeth Bay.

## Lakeside Holiday

WHEN the Garnet Halloran family left for Toronto, Lake Macquarie, they took with them an outboard motor to facilitate their comings and goings by watery routes. The twins, Victor and Jim, though young in years, are veterans in the aquatic sports department, and can sail a boat, swim, and so on with the greatest of ease.

The bungalow being occupied by the Hallorans is just near the local yachting club, so it is very doubtful whether the holiday will be a particularly quiet one.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Lambert, of New Guinea, who have had a flat at Elizabeth Bay, are going to the country to stay with Mrs. Lambert's sister-in-law, Mrs. L. Donaldson, of Bendee Station, Warialda. They will return to New Guinea in March.

## Clever Varsity Students

ARRIVING in Sydney in time for the first conference of the National Students' Union, commencing on January 19, are Helen Wighton, Fin Crisp and Geoffrey Bridgeland from Adelaide University.

Helen and Geoff preside at the Women and Men Students' Unions respectively, and Fin Crisp was recently chosen as South Australia's Rhodes scholar.

Helen has been on holiday bent at Robe in her home State, but will arrive here in good time for the conference.

## Have You Heard That—

Lady Braddon is having a lift installed in her home, Rohini, Edgecliff Road—a very are comfort in any private house in Sydney?

The recently married Stewart Jamiesons spent a day in town last week? They came from Bathurst in the morning and left for Melbourne the same night in time to catch the Viminale for Europe.



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## BETTY'S 'Racey' NARRATIVES

### I Didn't Begin The New Year Well At Randwick

By BETTY GEE

Tattersall's Cup Day always seems to me to be the danger spot of the New Year racing calendar.

I must make it one of my danger marks for 1938.

I can blame Tatts. for an unhappy start of a happy new year, for I didn't show a profit at Randwick.

I BEGAN the day well with Don Caesar, or rather it would have begun well had the judge let me have my whole bet. But the dead-heat with Troy cut in half my £8 to £1.

Dead-heats are terrible things.

Can two horses be so exactly level?

I think if I had been in the judge's box I would have managed to slip a margin between them be it ever so small.

And who could help being on Feminist when the tip went round that Mr. Herbert Thompson, her owner, thought she was a good thing for the Nursery?

I had £7 to £1, but she left her run just too late, and finished second to Roving Robin.

But I shall follow up Feminist. She's going to be a champion. You mark my words.

Everybody seemed to think Rosemead was a certainty for the Flying Welter, and when I saw Miss Pamela Barton making a modest bet on it I followed the lead with £6 to £2, and had the satisfaction of seeing it come to 2's to 1.

### Backed Bodley Head

Then Dickie came all hot and dithering with a tip from Jack Noud, the trainer, he said, for Bodley Head, and if I didn't at least save on it, I was mad.

To pacify the poor dear I let him put ten shillings (of his money) on for me, and, lo and behold, Bodley Head won.

Rosemead was struggling at the tail of the field like a foundered cow, and when he mustered speed the race was all over. I don't know whether Willie Cook thought it was a two-mile race or something.

Rosemead only got third, and I suppose I will have to start backing him in mile races.

But, wasn't it lucky I thought to have that savior on the winner, Bodley Head? It returned me £2/10/-, but Dickie took his 10/- out of it, the mean old thing.

I stuck to the Head Walter's tip, Prattle Prattle, for the Cup, and it cost me £2.

What aggravated me worse though, was that £1 was on the place tote, and he was beaten by a head for third place, which would have given me about £4 on the Tote.

Isn't it silly to be just pipped like that?

### Liked Salonaise

I ran into Mrs. R. S. Bernstein, who has a half interest in Jovial Son, and she said their stable was backing Salonaise. He won on Villiers Day, and their trainer, Quack Ryan, was confident he'd win again today.

Well, I make for the ring, hoping Quack was right, because I invest £2 on Salonaise.

He ran a good race, but not quite good enough, and finished fourth.

Oh, dear me, these fourths!

But worse was to come. The last race was stark, tragic disaster.

People said Cool Spell couldn't lose. Hadn't he won in a dog-trot the week before at Randwick, and wasn't he a better horse today?

But those old bookies knew different. I took £7 to £2, and they landed me by blowing the odds to 5 to 1.

Then I ran into Mrs. Jack Enwright, of Maitland, looking smart in her beige and flame. She is always patriotic to northern horses, and told me Valbeau was a sure winner, and I simply MUST save on the thing.

I did, at £5 to £1.

But they ran second and third to Forestage, and that left me with a taxi-fare home and not even a tip for the driver. I was that broke.

Perhaps I'll get square during the week, but it will have to be at long odds for small bets.

I'm down to pin-money.

At Ascot on Wednesday we may get a consolation out of Crunatus for the Jumpers' Flat and Peg's Pet in the Three and Four-Year-Old. The Head Walter's tip is Tringo.

I shall follow up Valbeau in the Moorefield Gold Cup on Saturday. It's worth £500, so it ought to be worth trying for.

The Head Walter goes for Tucker-box in the Moorefield Handicap. He



"I started the New Year," said Betty, "by giving my money to the books."

would. A nice new baker brings me Berani and says he'll win if he draws the second division of the Flying Welter.

## AT FIRST HARSH-SCOURERS SEEMED TO CLEAN EASILY

But they soon scratched the surface



## NOW SHE'S LEARNED THAT VIM KEEPS CLEANING EASY

REMOVES THE DIRT... BUT SAVES THE SURFACE

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## YOUR FEET!!

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SEBATONE BANISHES BANDRUFF

Eliminates a Clean, Healthy Body  
SEBATONE CARES FOR THE SKIN  
BY ALL CHEMISTS

## Sydney Girl's Grit Brings Success in London

From MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Representative in London.

Three years' struggle against almost overwhelming odds and bitter disappointments could not quench the determination of 17-year-old Australian Joan Rawlings to become a professional singer—and, at long last, a singer she has become. Her story reads like a modern fairy tale.

SIXTEEN years ago, Mrs. Rawlings, a penniless widow with three children, battled against poverty in a suburb of Sydney.

When Joan was eleven, she determined that her mother should have a comfortable old age, and as she had a sweet singing voice she entered contests in Australia, and won them, bringing in a little money to keep the home going.

Then her mother decided to return to England, the place of her birth, but she had only enough money to pay passages for two of her children. She left the eldest in the care of relatives, and obtaining a job as nurse to a patient on the ship, she brought the two younger girls to London.

Here they lived in one room until the mother found a position, and then Joan went back to school.

At 14, she entered for a "local talent" contest in a cinema at Tooting, where her voice and personality were noticed by Organist Harold Ramsey. He got her an audition at the B.B.C. They sent her to the

London School of Broadcasting for six months.

After a time she was cast in Ernest Longstaffe's revue, "Our First Broadcast," and her mother, who was then a stewardess on an Australian-bound liner, heard her at sea.

But engagements were long in coming after this initial success, and Joan took a job as a lift-girl. Next she became a switchboard-operator, a film "extra," and a waitress in a milk bar.

She was seen by Harold Ramsey again. He remembered her, and arranged for her to sing at the cinema.

From this she entered and won a contest at Covent Garden, and a contract with a music-hall circuit followed.

Now, with a new professional name of Marjorie Dale, a promising film test from Paramount, who talk of "grooming" her for Hollywood, Joan is feeling more sanguine about her future than ever before.

"The first thing I'm going to do when I earn enough money is to go to Australia, and sing to my own people," said Joan. "Then I'd like to provide homes for all the homeless animals and destitute people in London."



# THE MOVIE WORLD

January 8, 1938

The Australian Women's Weekly Special Film Supplement

Page One

## Calling Australia!

### Moviedom News As It Happens

By JOHN B. DAVIES and  
BARBARA BOURCHIER  
from New York and Hollywood

#### Claudette Colbert Is Kind

LEARNING that a girlhood friend by the name of Kathryn Reisler was none too well off in Florida, Claudette Colbert wired her to come to Hollywood—she'd find her a job.

Kathryn shipped her two youngsters to her Dad in New York and lit out for Hollywood, where, of all

#### Ginger Rogers Wants To Be Alone

When Ginger Rogers decided to have a home of her own, she built it in a secluded place, but located the tennis court where it can be seen from the street.

Now she finds that there's a tourist gallery every time she goes out for a game.

The mob is getting bigger and bigger, and with the "hello toots" element creeping in Ginger is going to build herself a nice high wall!

things, she discovered that her job was to be that of standing-in for Claudette.

Incidentally, when Claudette works in close-ups she always wears old and comfy bedroom slippers and is worried sick that a cameraman might shoot a picture of her in them some day.

#### Lubitsch Love Lesson

DIRECTOR ERNST LUBITSCH is the greatest actor in Hollywood. There is nothing more fascinating than watching him at work. He acts everybody's part to the finest detail.

He is now directing Claudette Colbert and Gary Cooper in "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife." Director Lubitsch stands behind the camera and speaks the lines together with the actors, gesticulating and grimacing the while.

If he is not satisfied with Gary's love-making, he takes Claudette over himself... and then romance sizzles!

#### Not Jealous of Garbo

MRS. EVANGELINE STOKOWSKI (wife of Leopold) writes her friends in Hollywood that she is very eager to meet Leopold's friend, Greta Garbo, and hopes that a meeting may be arranged when she returns from Reno.

She will be back in the film city just as soon as her divorce from her musician husband is granted.



#### Smugglers, Lovers, and George Arliss

SMUGGLING by George Arliss and smuggling by John Loder and Margaret Lockwood are themes of "Dr. Syn." This British adventure film is set in the period round 1800. Above left: Graham Moffat, the boy who wants to be a hangman. Right: John Loder, Margaret Lockwood. Below left: Arliss, who is a preacher as well as a smuggler, with Roy Emerson. Right: Meinhard Maur, a menace.

#### Dog's Kiss Disinfected

CAME a time in the script of "Penrod and His Twin Brother"

when a trained dog by the name of Rex was supposed to kiss Billy Mauch. The scene was supposed to be one of joyous reunion.

To protect Billy, the dog's mouth and throat were sprayed with an antiseptic before the kissing scene.

But Rex wasn't accustomed to having his kisses disinfected, and resented the treatment, so he refused to do his job.

He sulked for a while, and after a couple of hours had passed in expensive delay he changed his mind.

But only because ice-cream was smeared on the Mauch kid's cheek.

#### Norma Shearer No Cat

NORMA SHEARER has again proved herself a good-natured person. When she appeared at the premiere of "The Hurricane," she came face to face with Zorina, the new Goldwyn actress, who was resplendent in a gown identically the same as her own. Norma, not the least annoyed, extended her hand.

"I think we should not consider this a bad moment, but we should be friends," she laughed.

The great lady of the screen was not disturbed because a mere newcomer wore a similar dress.

#### Barrymore Booms

AFTER a long absence from the screen, John Barrymore is being

rushed from one picture to another. Mrs. Barrymore, formerly Elaine Barrie, has been signed to a long contract by the same studio—and they insist it's only because she shows considerable acting ability.

Barrymore's latest assignment is a fat role in the next Marlene Dietrich picture, "French Without Tears," which will be directed by Mitchell Leisen (maker of "Easy Living") and will go into production early in 1938.

This is the last picture on Marlene's Paramount contract, and it's rumored she will not sign again with that studio.



# LESS LIMELIGHT For LAUGHTON

## But Won't Go to Hollywood

**I**N the days of his greatest success, whenever Charles Laughton entered a restaurant there was a hum of comment. Invariably, his cynical remark was, "I wonder how long they'll keep that up."

During the past year he has found out the answer. For to-day he evokes far less public interest than formerly.

**B**UT he doesn't care. He doesn't want personal fame, although he confesses to some degree of pride when critics eulogise his performances.

Since appearing with his wife in Barrie's "Peter Pan" last Christmas, Laughton has done little or no work on stage or screen.

He has refused all offers during the past two years to return to Hollywood.

As a business man, he says, he objects strenuously to paying two income taxes.

As an artist and an actor, he dislikes the factory atmosphere of Hollywood film production.

The only Hollywood executive for whom he really enjoyed working was

By

JUDY BAILEY

from London

the late Irving Thalberg, who allowed him complete freedom of expression.

Now that Thalberg is dead, it is unlikely that Laughton will return to Hollywood, unless Ernst Lubitsch, whose work he admires, can tempt him back with a particularly juicy offer.

Laughton recently organised his own film production company in association with Eric Pommer, the famous German producer and director.

Their first film is nearly finished, but details are being kept a dead secret.

### With Merle Oberon

**L**AUGHTON is also committed to one or two films for Alexander Korda, and may be seen in "I, Claudius," with Merle Oberon.

You may remember that this film was partly finished when Merle met with an accident a year ago. It has been abandoned, but Korda may make an effort to salvage the wreck.

"I don't want to be merely a great actor; I want to be the greatest actor in the world."

That grandiose confession is the secret of Charles Laughton's success.

In a man of lesser achievement you would probably say, "How conceited." But in Laughton's case you would be wrong.

Laughton does not want to be the greatest actor in the world for the money he could command, or the fame he would win.

His ambition is a burning personal one. Money and fame are just incidentals.

His life story has been well publicised. The son of an obscure hotel-keeper in England, he fought as a young man with the 7th Northampton-shires during the war.

He worked for more than four years in his father's hotel after the war.

Finally, when his younger brother took over his position, he entered the



● **CRUELTY IS NOT** apparent in the fat face of Charles Laughton as he appears at home (above). But cruelty has been a marked trait of some of his film roles, such as Mr. Barrett in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" (right).



● **AS REMBRANDT**, the Dutch artist, Laughton makes a picture here that strongly resembles one of the many self-portraits which Rembrandt painted.



the part of Mr. Barrett, he knew that he could not turn down so fine a role.

That was typical of Laughton. Fame, money, public adulation mean little to him; the art of acting means a lot.

In private life, there is no trace of the Laughton of the screen, that sadistic, slightly insane and wholly unpleasant person.

He has a small but faithful body of friends, and he adores his wife, Elsa Lanchester.

The Laughtons are fond of retiring, when occasion allows them, to their small country house near London.

Here, in company with a few intelligent friends, they live in an atmosphere of wit and frivolity.

Laughton has an impish sense of humor, allied to real learning.

### Domestic Clowning

**W**HEN he relaxes, that long upper lip ceases to stiffen, and his eyes are a kindly blue instead of a glittering black as they appear on the screen.

In private life it is Mrs. Laughton who takes the stage.

Though a fine actress, she has not won the fame enjoyed by her husband. But as a conversationalist she is brilliant.

She is one of the darlings of intellectual London. She tosses off epigrams and wisecracks like you and I toss around peanuts.

The Laughtons are a very devoted couple, partly perhaps because the demands of their work keep them apart more often than they are together.

When they are in the mood, they clown outrageously. If you happened to strike them at such a moment, you would wonder how on earth these two lunatics could have made such a reputation.

But study them closely—Laughton in particular. You will discover that he is always acting.

He cannot tell you of a person he has met without acting that person. He cannot describe a scene or a place without putting himself perfectly into the setting. He is a great actor, not because he wants fame or money, but simply because there is some vital impulse inside of him that urges him to it. He can't help it.

Royal Academy of Dramatic Art in London.

That was eleven years ago, and since then he has earned more distinction than most actors achieve in a lifetime.

He has been starred on stage and screen.

He has won the Motion Picture Academy prize for the best acting of the year—a unique performance, for it was a British picture, the immortal "Private Life of Henry VIII," that won him this distinction.

He has played Shakespeare at the Old Vic, the stronghold of British drama.

He has even played by special invitation in Paris at the Comedie Francaise, the first British actor in many years to be so honored.

He is a psychological actor. That is to say, he immerses himself in a part.

When he accepts a role he studies it minutely from every angle.

When he made "Rembrandt" he spent over five weeks in Amsterdam

sensing the atmosphere of the place. He spent hours sitting beside a canal, or brooding in Rembrandt's old house, wondering what influence the environment had on the great painter.

Before leaving for Hollywood to make "Mutiny On the Bounty," he spent weeks in the British Museum reading everything he could find about Bligh.

It was he who discovered the plans of the Bounty, and found the address of the firm which made Bligh's own uniforms.

In this film he carried realism so far as to reduce over two stone in order to resemble Bligh more closely.

### Nastiness of Nero

**H**IS faithful characterisation makes him a difficult person to work with—and even more difficult to live with—when he is attempting an unusual role.

His charming and impish wife, Elsa Lanchester, says that life gets very difficult when her husband plays a role like Nero in "The Sign of the Cross."

Mrs. Laughton, who ought to know, says that Charles, when not immersed in the throes of characterisation, is one of the most even-tempered and pleasant men you could hope to meet, and intimate friends bear this out.

Laughton is first and foremost an

actor. He will never play a part that he does not like or thinks will not give him opportunity to learn something fresh in his art.

Four years ago, at the height of his screen success, he suddenly deserted Hollywood, returned to London, and appeared in Shakespearean plays at the Old Vic Theatre.

People applauded him for a noble gesture.

When it was learned that Laughton was earning only £20 a week for this work admiration was almost unbounded.

Then, when a few months later he suddenly returned to Hollywood to play in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," those who had praised him shook their heads sadly and talked of the insidious power of money.

What they did not realise was that Laughton was not making a sentimental gesture.

He had decided that he knew nothing of Shakespeare, and that as an actor he should be a polished Shakespearean performer.

When Irving Thalberg offered him



# MEN Who MAKE the STARS

## Directors Teach Them to Act

By ESTHER JAYNE  
from Hollywood

**M**ERVYN LE ROY, ace director, believes that the scenario is 60 per cent. of a good film, acting 20 per cent., and directing 20 per cent., with production as a nebulous factor which holds the whole together.

*His opinion carries heavy weight. But the observation of many other people suggests that writing, acting and directing share the responsibility of a good picture equally.*

I HAVE seen good direction lift a mediocre story and undistinguished players into the realm of stimulating entertainment.

And I have seen stupid direction make mincemeat of the finest stories and make the ablest actors seem like amateurs.

On Hollywood's payroll the producers are at the top.

They hire directors, assign them to pictures, tell them how much to spend. They are partly responsible for the directors' work.

But the directors are, in Hollywood's scheme, far above the stars in importance.

For they must show the stars what is to be done, how lines are to be spoken, how eyes are to be controlled in difficult expressions, and the thousand-and-one little things that can make or break a star.

### Le Roy Ex-Newsboy

WHEN we watch Robert Taylor make love to Garbo, and we congratulate ourselves upon recognizing a bit of rare acting, when we feel like rushing to our writing-desks and dashing off a fan-letter to a star, we are often paying more tribute to the genius of the director than to the talent of the player.

For it was probably the director who thought of the sequence that "got" us.

He told the actor what to do and taught him how to do it.

Take Mervyn Le Roy, the gentleman who is inclined to underestimate the importance of his job in relation to the finished picture.

Le Roy is Hollywood's latest "Boy Wonder," for recently this brilliant director was promoted to be a producer of his own pictures at Warners. And he's only 36!

That an unusually large proportion of Director Le Roy's heart stories have social themes (beginning way back with "I am a Fugitive From the Chain Gang" and leading up through the years to his recent thriller, "They Won't Forget") may be due to his own career.

This career includes a vault from class to class as acrobatic as any ever made in Hollywood.

Son of a Jewish coffee dealer in San Francisco who was ruined by the earthquake, Mervyn Le Roy left school at 10 to become a newsboy.

He was such a typical newsboy on the street that a play producer hired him to portray a newsboy on the stage, and his stage career finally led him to the studios of Hollywood as a cowboy!

Backed by Jack Warner (one of the Warner Brothers) because he refused to fall off a horse for a scene in a Western, young Le Roy returned to the films as a "gag-man" for First National.

Soon he enlarged his scope: from writing gags for short sequences he grew to writing continuities for whole pictures.

Then he became a director. The next step in the rise of this Boy Wonder was his marriage to Doris Warner, daughter of Harry Warner and niece of the man who had first fired him as an actor.



### GALLERY OF STARS

**Cary Grant**  
(Columbia)

His latest film is "The Awful Truth"

And now he's a producer-director.

A wearer of gay sports clothes, Mervyn Le Roy talks the broadest American jargon and wears high heels to make himself look taller than his 5 feet 3 inches.

He coaxes his cast with pep-talks between shots, works closely with his writers, and refuses to wear glasses for fear they will spoil his eyes for Sunday tennis.

In direct contrast to Mervyn Le Roy as an individual is the most famous and experienced director in Hollywood, Cecil Blount DeMille, aged 56 years.

His career reached its apex when he spent two million dollars making "The King of Kings" and when he made a profit of two million dollars with "The Ten Commandments." By that time Lasky was in Famous Players Pictures, and Sam Goldfish had taken a new name from an old partnership with a man named Selwyn . . . Goldfish-Selwyn; hence Goldwyn.

Cecil B. DeMille is famous for his lavish extravaganzas, his bath-tub scenes, and his mob scenes.

He seldom made a picture with a cast of fewer than 10,000.

When talkies came to Hollywood, with the dramatic scope of films widened, the spectacle became less satisfying.

But still DeMille persists.

The DeMille technique is as peculiar as his bath-tub complex. He is almost the only director left who still uses a megaphone.

Red-faced and dictatorial, he wears riding breeches and puttees and on a silver chain he

carries his "finder," a glass similar to the lens of the camera, so he can "be" the camera.

Visitors are welcome to his sets, and he enjoys giving tirades for their benefit.

Frank Capra's name on a theatre marquee means more than that of any other Hollywood director.

A chunky Italian with short fingers and saucer eyes, he has a fine sense of human comedy and an aptitude for "gags" that dates back to the days when he was a "gag-man" for Hal Roach's "Our Gang."

### Made Gable Comedian

CAPRA considers that no good actor can become a has-been, and he asks his cast for advice before making a scene, but seldom follows it.

Frank Capra is best known for discovering Clark Gable's ability for comedy, in "It Happened One Night."

Of Gable he says: "As soon as he walked into the studio I knew he was a comedian. It was written all over his face." Capra is still boyish-looking at 40.

Howard Hawks is a specialist in action stories with a technical background.

Lean, tall, with grey hair and a young face, he inherited a fortune which he lost in silent films, gaining enough experience to make another fortune from talking films.

Patient, diligent and tactful, he calls his actors by their first names, but they call him Mr. Hawks.

He plays good golf, drives a huge green car, and loses weight every time he makes a picture.

Mrs. Howard Hawks is Norma Shearer's sister Athole.

W. S. ("Woody") Van Dyke made "White Shadows in the South Seas," "Trader Horn," and "Eskimo," and was pigeon-holed as a "location-director."

He disliked this intensely. But he proved his versatility when he made a smash hit out of the sophisticated "Thin Man," and out of the romantic musical, "Naughty Marietta."

He rarely makes more than two "takes" of a scene (many directors make a dozen).

He is a reserve captain in the Marine Corps and most of his friends are military officers.

Military manoeuvres are his hobby, and he maps out his pictures like a general planning a campaign.

Parties in his house, which is filled with trophies from Africa, the South Seas, and Alaska, are among Hollywood's most successful. He speaks courteously in clipped military accents.

And he tries to get Myrna Loy for his pictures. He is chiefly responsible for her stardom.



# BLONDE WIG for MONA BARRIE



1.—MONA BARRIE, Australian actress, is measured in Hollywood for a blonde wig by a lead wire bent to fit her head. Then a wig-lock is made the exact shape of her head.



2.—FROM EUROPE, hair of all types and shades is imported by Max Factor, Hollywood beauty expert, to be used in wigs for screen work, especially for costume films.



3.—WIG-BLOCKS for all stars are kept in stock by Factor, so he can make new wigs for them without measuring them again. The mark across the top of each block shows the hair line. Along this mark a hairnet is tacked, to which the wig is attached.



## WOMEN!

Relieve Pain  
Regularly  
with

Genuine

**VINCENT'S**  
APC

POWDERS  
TABLETS

FOR SAFETY'S SAKE SAY 'VINCENT'S'



4.—80,000 HAIRS are knotted separately into a lace or net tacked on the wig-block. It takes a week to complete this work.



5.—STYLING is the next stage. The hair is trimmed to the right length, brushed, and dressed. It is treated with chemicals to help it keep the right shape. For one picture, "The Good Earth," 700 wigs were made.



6.—DRYING IN AN OVEN is the last part of the process. Mona Barrie's wig is shown here as it enters the oven after styling.



7.—EXQUISITELY FINISHED, the wig has made Mona Barrie into one of the bogus blondes who are common on the screen.



# HERE'S Hot News FROM All the STUDIOS!

From John B. Davies, New York; Barbara Bouchier, Hollywood; and Judy Bailey, London.

STARDOM in 1938 has been predicted for Mary Marline, Hollywood's most important film journalist, motion picture editor of International News Service, and writer of a daily movie column appearing in the great chain of Hearst papers throughout America. Mary's recent life in Hollywood seems to have been a series of nervous breakdowns, flu, bumps, attacks of flu and bronchitis, and she is now down with an attack of neuritis poisoning.

For several days Mary has been very ill and she is only just beginning to recover. The attack has left her very limp, and when she feels a little stronger she will probably go away for a few days change of air.



## THE LION'S ROAR

(A column of gossip devoted to the finest motion pictures).

And then, just when you think the screen has reached the fullest of its powers, new wonders come.

Since the film began, there is none to equal Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's superb production of "MARIE WALEWSKA," starring Greta Garbo and Charles Boyer.

It is the costliest film ever made and stirring beyond words in its drama.

This is the story of Napoleon's most intense love... his overpowering love for Marie, Countess Walewska, and of her immortal passion for him.

Never before has the screen brought such spectacular scope to new... such thrilling action and significant drama.

Never before has Garbo been seen in so unrestrained a performance... to see her as Marie Walewska is to love her...

Never before has an actor been able to make Napoleon live as he does... here one becomes intimately acquainted with the violent personality of the world's greatest conqueror.

It is reasonable to expect that the actors who have always shined in playing Napoleon will now shadow their hopes, knowing that none will ever be able to rival the characterization of Charles Boyer.

"Marie Walewska," a Clarence Brown production, opened at the Sydney St. James on Boxing Day in its Grand Australian presentation... an historic event for Sydney and the entire continent... always regarded this magnificent picture as the absolute peak of the screen's powers to entertain.

When you see "Marie Walewska" you will be completely carried away by the brilliance of its presentation. I urge you not to miss this incomparable entertainment experience when Garbo and Boyer together come to your favorite theatre! For this is, beyond all doubt, the greatest picture ever made!

LEO, of M-G-M.

CYRIL RITCHARD is happy because in the George Formby film he gives exhibitions of dancing on ice.

In previous contracts he has had a clause which prohibited him from skating during the terms of his contracts.

He spent the summer on the Riviera, where he and Madge Elliott had a charming bungalow.

Madge will again be in pantomime and again it will be "Cinderella," along with Stanley Lupino and Greta Payne.

PRODUCTION on the screen version of Rudyard Kipling's famed story, "The Light That Failed," will begin early next year at the Paramount studios.

It is particularly interesting in view of the fact that the script of the picture was taken to England and read by Kipling before his death.

He corrected and approved the script and it bears many marginal notes and comments in his own hand.

British Ray Milland will have the leading role in the film and production will start as soon as Milland finishes the technicolor aviation drama, "Men With Wings."

THE Taylor fan worship during his stay in England was not confined to the ordinary folk.

The Denham studios, where he was working, took on the character of a Mayfair social setting.

I saw the Marquis and Marchioness of Milford Haven, Thelma, Lady Furness, her twin sister, Mrs. Gloria Vanderbilt, and other socialites lunching there, and some of them carried autograph albums.

MOST movie fans probably know of Hollywood's legion of stunt men—daredevils who make a living by doing spectacular stunts for the screen. Every one of Hollywood's 95 stunt men was signed by the same studio for the same scene in the same picture.

When other studios called Central Casting with requests for stunt men, they were informed there simply weren't any available as Warners had hired them all for a battle scene in "Robin Hood."

Weapons used in the mass fight will be swords, knives, clubs, and spears.

Shortly after his marriage to Betty Grable, Jackie Coogan made his bride the beneficiary of a life insurance policy amounting to half a million dollars.

The former child star, who amassed a great fortune in silent pictures and is now one of the world's richest boys, has had the policy for some time and it is said to be the second largest ever taken out in the United States.

MERLE OBERON is busy packing, as she leaves for Hollywood in a few days to play opposite Gary Cooper. David Niven is also to play in the same film.

"When I really fall in love," Merle told me, "I shall have made my choice between films and the man I love. You see, I am still playing in films."

After making two pictures in Hollywood she will return to Denham to complete British contracts.

CYLEN ALYN, of Sydney, has had a busy year of it. Her last 1937 picture is "Simply Terrific," in which she plays the part of a girl striving to marry wealth. Claud Hulbert is the wealth.

Harry Lester, former middleweight champion of New Zealand, has been taking the part of an "extra" in the same film.

WHEN director J. Walter Ruben wanted to buy an expensive engagement ring for his fiancée, Virginia Bruce, she politely suggested she'd rather he would spend the money on a new car—which he did. It seems a good idea, girls.

NORMA TALMADGE, rushed to the hospital for an emergency appendicitis operation, is recuperating nicely. Now happily married to George Jessel, her former husband, Joseph Schenck, is still her close friend. He visits her often at the hospital.

## DOTS... and DASHES

● M.-G.-M. hiring Paul Mantz, flying companion of the late Amelia Earhart, as technical adviser on "Test Pilot," the aviation drama starring Clark Gable, Spencer Tracy, and Myrna Loy. ● Jeanette MacDonald receiving studio permission to make a long concert tour throughout the U.S. next year. ● Clark Gable informed by the publicity department that four hundred and twelve babies have been named after him in the past two years. ● Ronald Sinclair, small New Zealand actor, making regular visits to the Beverly Hills Police Department pistol range for shooting practice. ● Joan Crawford starting a new fashion craze by carrying large envelope handbags made from the same material as her dresses. ● Simone Simon seen here and there with Alexander Korda.

WORLD-RENOVED make-up expert, Max Factor, thinks Australian girls have beautiful skins.

He said so the other evening, when he threw a cocktail party, at which famous stars vied with each other to get a word with the maestro on whom their fortunes so largely depend.

"It may not be good for my business," Max said laughingly, "but I must admit that Australian girls need very little make-up."

Max's most recent invention is a cosmetic that is almost unnoticeable.

THE title of Annabella's first Hollywood picture, in which she co-stars with William Powell, has been changed to "The Baroness and the Butler," the studio feeling that the original title, "Jean," might bring back memories for Powell, and might indicate an attempt to "cash in" on his ill-fated romance with Jean Harlow.

Actually the title referred to the name of the play's leading man, but that name, too, has been changed—to Johann.



At present you think your washing's all right—but until you use PERSIL it can't be white

If you've had much washing experience you probably think you can't improve on your present results. That's what many women have thought until they tried Persil. And Persil will open your eyes to what real whiteness is. It's easy to see why. Persil oxygen-charged soap-suds are so much more

cleansing—more thorough in removing dirt and stains—than anything else. Persil is different from anything you've tried before. And Persil whiteness is the only true standard of whiteness in washing. Try it and see! Use Persil alone for the whole family wash—no other soaps or extras needed.



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THE AMAZING OXYGEN WASHER

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# PRIVATE VIEWS

## ★★★ 100 MEN AND A GIRL

Deanna Durbin, Leopold Stokowski. (Universal.)

(Week's Best Release)

SAM GOLDWYN proved long ago that sturdy entertainment is provided by the spectacle of 100 girls and a man.

To reverse the formula and submit 100 men and a girl was a brave experiment. But it has come off. Because 14-year-old Deanna Durbin, who plays the lone girl, is the most important new personality to emerge on the screen in the past year.

The hundred men are an orchestra of unemployed musicians, among them Deanna's father, a wistful trombonist played by Adolphe Menjou.

The exploits of Deanna on behalf of these musicians would appear grotesquely improbable if carried out by anyone else. But her ardor, her earnestness and her voice make credible these extravagant feats.

She employs much of her energy in trying to persuade the famed Leopold Stokowski to act as guest conductor for her orchestra and thus ensure its success.

Considering the flamboyant style of his music, Stokowski is a surprisingly mild and modest person, with an agreeable screen manner.

Deanna Durbin is one of the few actresses with authentic power to stir emotion in an audience.

As the film proceeds, her desperate eagerness to help her orchestra becomes distinctly moving.

Her singing is as good as her acting. As well as some light popular stuff, she beautifully sings arias by Mozart and Verdi.

An important thing about the film is its effective introduction of classical music. Thanks to advances in recording technique, the playing of Stokowski's perfectly-drilled orchestra comes

across with a brilliance that has not been touched in any previous film.

Comedy is mostly in the hands of those fine and reliable fool-players, Alice Brady, Eugene Pallette, and Mischa Auer, and it has quality.

The role of pathetic papa does not give any chance to Adolphe Menjou's superlative comic gift, but he does the job well.

The whole show is a welcome excursion away from the familiar movie trade routes.

The story is unusual. Also it is rather preposterous, yet the film gets away with it by the force of fine music and the unique appeal of its adolescent star.—State; showing.

## ★★ NIGHT MUST FALL

Robert Montgomery, Rosalind Russell. (M.-G.-M.)

THERE'S only one word for it—grimy!

This is the sound comment of the housekeeper in this picture when a headless corpse is dug up.

And grimy is also the word for the whole film, which is remarkable for two reasons.

One is that although a murder story it is not a mystery.

All the time we know who the murderer is. But we don't know whom he is going to kill next, and before finding out we endure first-class suspense.

The other exceptional feature is

## Shows Still Running

★★★ *Maytime*: Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy; operetta—Liberty, 17th week.

★★ *Souls At Sea*: Gary Cooper, George Raft; sea drama—Prince Edward, 3rd week.

★★ *Stella Dallas*: Barbara Stanwyck, John Boles; family drama—Embassy, 2nd week.

★★ *Marie Walewska*: Greta Garbo, Charles Boyer; historical drama—St. James, 2nd week.

## Look in the Mirror



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## OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM

★★★ Three stars—excellent.

★★ Two stars—good films.

★ One star—average films.

No stars... no good.

Griestliest point in this house of horror is a hatbox which contains a Thing.

The work of the supporting cast is all very good. Dame May Whitty, as the selfish old woman who is charmed by homicidal Montgomery, and Rosalind Russell as her sombre niece are both outstanding.

Rosalind Russell responds to the poisonous fascination of the killer just enough to heighten the grisliness of the situation without seeming unnatural.

The atmosphere of a peaceful English village is well built up, as a contrasting backdrop for the creepy foreground.

See it if you like a blood-curdling New Year—Lyceum; showing.

## ★★ THE PERFECT SPECIMEN

Errol Flynn, Joan Blondell. (Warner Brothers.)

IT is always pleasing to find one of the glamor grandees off duty and looking a bit silly.

In his first comedy part, Errol Flynn is still a heart's desire, but a somewhat eccentric one.

His grandmother has given him a complex training, on her secluded estate, to make him a perfect specimen of manhood.

His imperfections—pomposity and complacency—are highly developed by this process, and Flynn offers an amusing characterisation.

His roadside adventures with Joan Blondell furnish good fun of the sort that was first popularized by "It Happened One Night."

Together with her showing in "Stand-In," Joan Blondell's work here has put her name into bigger type than it used to have.

She is a high-spirited and sympathetic laugh-girl.

During their travels she and Flynn run across two good comedians. One is that engaging tough, Allen Jenkins, this time a truck-driver.

Flynn once represented Ireland as a boxer at the Olympic Games, and during this episode among the truck-drivers he gets plenty of chances to show that he can use his fists.

Ruth Herbert, a ridiculous poet, is another entertaining incident in their travels.

Edward Everett Horton's harassed foolery is much the same in any film. He has some good moments



BURLY VICTOR McLAGLEN, as a sergeant of the Indian Army, teaches Shirley Temple to form fours in "Wee Willie Winkie."

here as a downtrodden secretary, though his line is getting fairly worn.

Dick Foran has taken a holiday from horse-opera to portray a minor romantic opposite Beverly Roberts.

Altogether, a light show that will not let you down.—Plaza; showing.

## ★★ WEE WILLIE WINKIE

Shirley Temple, Victor McLaglen. (Fox.)

CAN it be that after all the peace of the world depends not on the League of Nations, or Mr. Chamberlain, or Stalin, or Mussolini, but on Shirley Temple?

In this film, Shirley stops a war on the north-west frontier of India by melting the heart of a fierce chieftain.

No doubt 20th Century-Fox will soon show us their little wonder-blondie conciliating the Japanese and Chinese, or settling the Spanish civil war.

As the granddaughter of a British Colonel, Shirley becomes the pet of the regiment, and especially of Sergeant Victor McLaglen, who names her Private Willie Winkie.

Absurdity abounds in this plot, and the culminating stroke of diplomacy by Shirley is wildly nonsensical.

Yet the picture is so well made that it gives definite entertainment.

Apart from the activities of Private Temple, the life at the military outpost in the film is presented in a persuasively realistic way.

With the Temple theme are blended a romantic interest—between Shirley's mother, June Lang, and Michael Whalen—and some military adventure.

McLaglen's portrait of a Scotch sergeant is a racy bit of work. When Shirley sings "Auld Lang Syne" by his deathbed, lumps may rise to the throats of her fans.

The latter will find the star much less of a baby than before, but a more clever actress.

The formidable body of patrons who are fanatically anti-Temple will find that in other respects the show is good enough to soothe them.—Regent.

## ★ MOUNTAIN MUSIC

Bob Burns, Martha Raye. (Paramount.)

"PAPPY'S gonna kiss her—I seen him spit out his baccy."

The indolent and inbred rusties who talk like this and are famous in America as "hill-billies" are the subject of this mildly funny burlesque.

The murderous family feuds of these sub-humans, for years a stock joke of American magazines, provide most of the amusement.

When Bob Burns runs away from his wedding his brother is accused of killing him.

But Bob is still alive and enraptured by Martha Raye, the lady whose mouth is second in size to that of Joe E. Brown.

Martha strains too hard for her laughs, but Bob Burns gets them with less effort.

Rhythm fans will be interested in

## Had Painful Boils

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## SCREEN ODDITIES

By Captain Fawcett

**WILLIAM POWELL**  
WHEN ANSWERING THE TELEPHONE  
USES AN ITALIAN DIALECT  
UNTIL HE LEARNS WHO IT IS  
AND WHETHER OR NOT HE  
WANTS TO TALK TO THEM.

**KAY FRANCES**  
IN SPITE OF THE FACT  
THAT SHE IS ONE OF THE  
TALLEST GIRLS IN PICTURES,  
WEARS ONE OF THE  
SMALLEST SHOES, SIZE 4.

**JEANETTE MAC DONALD'S**  
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BEFORE HER MARRIAGE,  
NOW THEY SPELL  
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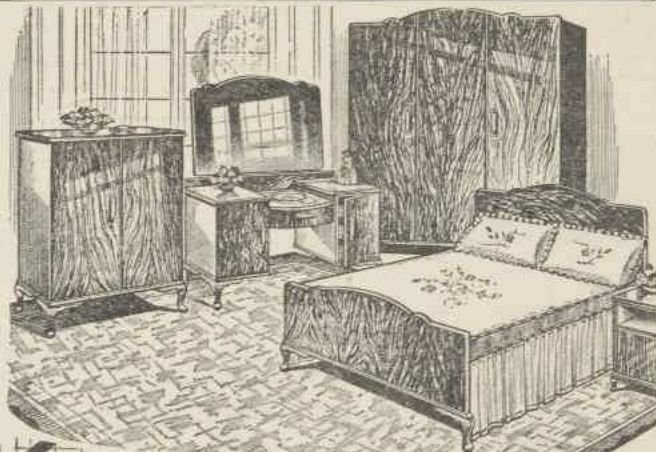
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## FAMOUS "ESCAPE" STORIES to Be Radio PLAYS

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"There seems to be some peculiar magic in the word 'escape,'" says William Power, the brilliant young radio dramatist, who has just completed a series of radio dramas entitled "Famous Escapes," which are soon to be heard from 2GB.

The mere word itself has the power to banish our drab environment and lead us into a land of adventure and romance, he contends.

LOOK at all the books that use the word in their titles. There are 'Ways of Escape,' 'The Escapers' Club,' 'Escapers All,' 'Escape Me Never,' to mention but four, and all of them have been good sellers, if not best sellers.

"The truth is that when we read books, listen to music, go to the pictures or the theatre, we are seeking an escape from dull Suburbia or from business worries, or even from ourselves and our own limitations.

"For that very reason I believe that most radio listeners, as they hear the various episodes that go to make up the series, will imagine themselves in the place of the hero, will plot and plan along with him, and when finally they have made the escape will feel all the better for the experience."

### Popular Idea

THE idea came to Mr. Power whilst reading the famous memoirs of Casanova.

He had been asked to write a series of romantic dramas with historical backgrounds, and was casting around for an idea which would link them into a series.

"I wanted each episode to be absolutely complete in itself," said Mr. Power. "As I read Casanova, I remarked that by far the most popular portion of the book was the famous escape over the roofs of Venice, and that in spite of the many romantic love incidents in the life of the man who is undoubtedly the 'World's Greatest Lover.'"

"It gave me an idea. Why not write a whole series of 'Famous Escapes'?" From escapes out of prison, Mr. Power began to extend the ground of his research.

Having been a lawyer before he became a radio dramatist, Mr. Power added to his list those equally dramatic escapes from the rigor of the law, brought about by fate or by the cleverness of lawyers.

There was for instance the case of "The Man They Couldn't Hang." His name was John Lee, and though three attempts were made to hang him each one failed.

Then there was the greatest legal fight of the ages, the Escape of Dreyfus. It was a fight in which such men as Emile Zola, the novelist and master of realism, the young Anatole France, and the young Clemenceau (later to become the Tiger of France) pitted their strength against the whole military clique of France—and won.

"I soon discovered," continued William Power, "that all the heroes of famous escapes were not men. Quite a number of the escapes were women."

"Take the case of Mary Queen of Scots, who escaped from Loch Leven, an escape which, alas, was to bring her beautiful but unwise head to the block at the command of Queen Elizabeth.

### Famous Women

"OR the escape of Catherine the Great, the little German Princess who married a weakling Emperor of Russia, and escaped the death that was planned for her as a hated foreigner by meeting plot with counterplot, cunning with greater cunning, and making herself ruler in place of her husband.

"In other famous escapes, women have played an important part. Bonnie Prince Charlie would never have escaped but for the lovely Flora MacDonald, celebrated in Scottish song and story.

"So you see," concluded Mr. Power,

### Our Radio Sessions From Station 2GB

Featured by Dorothea Vautier.

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THURSDAY, January 6—11.45 a.m.: Serial. 2.45 p.m.: People in the Limelight.

FRIDAY, January 7—11.45 a.m.: Serial. 2.45 p.m.: Musical Cocktail.

SATURDAY, January 8—7.45 p.m.: The Music Box. 9.30 p.m.: Feature Programme. Selections from Gilbert and Sullivan.

SUNDAY, January 9—4.30 p.m.: Celebrity Singer Recital. Elizabeth Schumann. 6.10 p.m.: San Francisco Symphony Orchestra and Charles Kullman (tenor).

MONDAY, January 10—11.45 a.m.: Serial. 2.45 p.m.: Review of The Australian Women's Weekly.

TUESDAY, January 11—11.45 a.m.: Serial. 2.45 p.m.: The Homemaker, Mrs. Eve Gye.

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WM. POWER, whose series of plays dramatising famous escapes of fact and fiction will soon be heard from Station 2GB.

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# Crazy New Dance In Swingtime



IT'S called the "Big Apple," it comes from the United States, it's a mad rag-tag in which everything is permitted, from whistling to kicking your partner on the chin. So get busy!



"PRAISE ALLAH." At this stage, the dancers truck into a circle, throw their arms in the air, and shout, "Praise Allah."

A COUPLE demonstrating one of the fancy steps of the "Big Apple," which is raging through American night clubs.

## Take a Twirl, Little Girl, and Then Praise Allah

By ARTHUR (BERT) BERTRAM, Noted International Dance Authority and Member National Council, Dancing Masters of America

America's latest dance fad, called the "Big Apple," is perhaps the first totally American folk dance ever developed.

It has been described as "a square dance in swingtime." In its make-up and in the abandon with which it is danced it is at times vaguely reminiscent of the Indian tribal dances.

IN the entire dance there is not one new dance step, as such. It is an amazing arrangement of various old steps, all of which were originated in a narrow section of the country around North and South Carolina and Georgia.

Most were invented by negroes. In fact, the idea of combining them to form the "Big Apple" came from a group of negro dancers in a night club.

### Group Dance

THE club, which was at one time a negro church, is called the "Big Apple," and it is from this that the dance gets its name.

The dance requires a group, usually made up of eight couples. A "caller" or leader shouts out the various component steps in order, the dancers following his directions.

As the dancers are on the ballroom floor in some fox-trot, the caller starts things off by shouting "Let's have a Big Apple!" Those who wish to participate then form a large ring, all holding hands.

When the leader shouts "Swing right!" all go to the right, still in circle, with step and hop-kick alternately left and right. On "Swing left!" all do same back to left.

On "Right foot in!" all point right foot to centre of circle, and on count "1-2-3" all tap foot three times, immediately going into Charleston.

On call "Swing low!" "Swing scuff!" and "Swing high!" the Charleston is changed as directed.

AFTER each following figure the dancers return to the "1-2-3" count and Charleston.

The usual figures are: "Truck right!" "Truck left!" and "Get your 8" and take a twirl! (in which the partners truck around each other); "Pause and peek!" distinguished by a bird-like motion of the neck; "Girls into centre!" and "Boys into centre!" "Susi-Q right and left;" and "Shine!" in which the dancers go one by one into the centre of the ring and improvise.

In some groups the dancers go into the "Posin", in which the music suddenly stops for several beats, the dancers being required to hold whatever position they are in at the time.

At the call "Praise Allah," all truck into the centre and as they meet all suddenly throw their arms in the air and shout "Praise Allah!" When all return to the circle and shout "Hallelulah!" the dance is over.

The necessary activity and resultant enthusiasm of the dancers have made this a favorite with the spectators. It gives those who dance it an opportunity of mingling with a larger group on the floor than is possible in any other modern ballroom dance.

It invariably ends with all concerned having a hilarious time. This dance is not at all recommended for the ultra-formal party.



ANOTHER fancy step performed at the direction of the dance leader.



WATCH YOUR CHIN, partner. Imagine this movement on a crowded ballroom floor. But anything goes in the "Big Apple," so beware.



NOTE the hilarious expression as this couple truck their way through another turn.



THIS IS the "Susi Q," a more or less sane aspect of the affair. But the more you improvise in this dance, the better it goes.



ANDREW'S expression had turned concerned. "Don't talk that way, Con. Can't you see how delighted I am to see you? And Mary, poor kid—do you know I'll do everything I can for her, everything."

Unmindful of Nurse Sharp's significant intrusings he squandered his precious time in conversation with Con until at last she could bear it no longer.

"You have five patients waiting now, Doctor Manson. And you're more than an hour behind your appointment times. I can't make any more excuses to them. I'm not used to treating patients this way."

Even then, he still clutched at Con and accompanied him to the front door, pressing hospitality upon him.

"I'm not going to let you rush back home, Con. How long are you up for? Three or four days—that's fine! Where are you staying? The Westland—out Bayswater way? That's no good. Why don't you come and stop with me instead; you're near us already. And we've got loads of room. Christine'll be back on Friday. She'll be delighted to see you, Con, delighted. We can talk over old times together."

On the following day Con brought his bag round to Chesborough Terrace. After the evening surgery they went together to the second house of the Palladium music hall.

Afterwards they had a steak and beer at the Cadere; then they returned, stirred up the fire in the front room and sat down to talk. They talked and smoked and drank further bottles of beer. Momentarily Andrew forgot the complexities of super-civilised existence. The straining tension of his practice, the prospect of his adoption by le Roy, the chance of promotion at the Victoria, the state of his investments, the soft-textured nicety of Frances Lawrence, the dread of an accusation in Christine's distant eyes—these all faded as Con belated.

"D'YOU mind the time we fought Jewelllyn? And Urquhart and the rest drew back on us—Urquhart's still goin' strong by the same token, sends his best regards—and, then we set to, the both of us, and finished the beer." But the next day came. And it brought inexorably the moment of reunion with Christine. Andrew dragged the unsuspecting Con to the end of the platform, irritably aware of the inadequacy of his self-possession, realising that Boland was his salvation. His heart was beating in painful expectation as the train steamed in.

He knew one shattering moment of anguish and remorse at the sight of Christine's small familiar face advancing among the crowd of

# THE CITADEL

Continued from Page 6

strangers, straining in expectation towards him. Then he lost everything in the effort to achieve cordial unconcern.

"Hello, Chris! Thought you were never coming! Yes, you may well look at him, it's Con all right. Himself and no other. And not a day older. He's staying with us, Chris—we'll tell you all about it in the car. I've got it outside. Did you have a good time? Oh, look here!—why are you carrying your case?"

Swept away by the unexpectedness of this platform reception—when she had feared she might not be met at all—Christine lost her wan expression, and color flowed back nervously into her cheeks. She also had been apprehensive, nervously keyed, longing for a new beginning. She felt almost hopeful now. Ensnared in the back of the car with Con she talked eagerly, stealing glances at Andrew's profile in the driving seat.

"Oh, it is good to be home." She took a long breath inside the front door of the house; then, quickly, wistfully, "You have missed me, Andrew?"

"I SHOULD think I have. We all have. Eh, Mrs. Bennett? Eh, Florrie? Con! What the devil are you doing with that luggage?"

He was out in a second, giving Con a hand, performing unnecessarily with suitcase. Then, before anything more could be done or said, he had to leave on his rounds. He insisted that they could expect him for tea. As he slumped into the seat of his car he growled:

"Thank Heaven that's over! She doesn't look a lot the better of the holiday. Oh, heaven!—I'm sure he didn't notice. And that's the main thing at present."

Though he was late in returning, his briskness, his cheerfulness were excessive. Con was enraptured with such spirits.

"In the name of Heaven! You've more go in ye than ever ye had in the old days, Marson, my boy."

Once or twice he felt Christine's eye upon him, half pleading for a sign, a look of understanding. He perceived that Mary's illness was distracting her—a conflicting anxiety. She explained, in an interval of conversation, that she had asked Con to wire Mary to come through at once, to-morrow if possible. She was worried about Mary. She hoped that something, or rather everything, would be done without delay.

It fell out better than Andrew had expected. Mary wired back that she would arrive on the following day before lunch, and Christine was fully occupied in preparing for her. The air and excitement in the house masked even his hollow heartiness.

But when Mary appeared he suddenly became himself again. It was evident at first sight that she was not well. Grown in these intervening years to a lanky girl of twenty, with a slight droop to her shoulders, she had that almost unnatural beauty of complexion which spoke an immediate warning to Andrew.

ON and on rushed the spate of his success, a burning dam sweeping him irresistibly forward in an ever-sounding, ever-swelling flood.

His association with Hampton and Ivory was now closer and more profitable than ever. Moreover, Freedman had asked him to deputise for him at the Plaza, while he flew to Le Touquet for seven days' golf, and by way of acknowledgment, to split the fees. Usually it was Hampton who acted as Freedman's locum, but lately Andrew suspected a rift between these two.

How flattering for Andrew to discover that he could walk straight into the bedroom of a paroxysmal film star, sit on her satin sheets, palpate her anatomy with sure hands, perhaps smoke a cigarette with her if he had time.

But even more flattering was the patronage of Joseph le Roy. Twice in the last month he had lunched with le Roy. He knew there were important ideas working in the other man's mind. At their last meeting le Roy had tentatively remarked:

"You know, doc, I've been feeling my way with you. It's a pretty large thing I'm going on to and I'll need a lot of clever medical advice. I don't want any more double-handed big luns—Old Rumhold isn't worth his own calories, we're going to pin the crepe on him right away!—and I don't want a lot of so-called experts goin' into a huddle and pulling

me round in circles. I want one level-headed medical adviser, and I'm beginning to think you're about it. You see, we've reached a wide section of the public with our products on a popular basis. But I honestly believe the time has come to expand our interests and go in for more scientific derivatives. Split up the milk components, electrify them, irradiate them, tabloid them. Cremona with Vitamin B, Cremonafax and lethechin for malnutrition, rickets, deficiency insomnia—you get me, doc. And, further, I believe if we tackle this on more orthodox professional lines we can enlist the help and sympathy of the whole medical profession, make every doctor, so to speak, a potential scientist."

"Now this means scientific advertising, doc, scientific approach and that's where I believe a young scientific doctor on the inside could help us all along the road. Now I want you to get me straight, this is all perfectly open and scientific. We are actually raising our own status. And when you consider the worthless extracts that doctors do recommend—like Marrobin C and Vegetog and Bonebran—why, I consider in elevating the general standard of health we are doing a great public service to the nation."

Andrew did not pause to consider that there was probably more vitamin in one fresh green pea than in several tins of Cremonafax. He was excited, not by the fee he would receive for acting on the board, but at the thought of le Roy's interest.

It was Frances who told him how he might profit by le Roy's spectacular market operations. And it was pleasant to drop in to tea with her, to feel that this charming sophisticated woman had a special glance for him, a swift provoking smile of intimacy! Association with her gave him sophistication, too, added assurance, a harder polish. Unconsciously he absorbed her philosophy. Under her guidance he was learning to cultivate the superficial niceties and let the deeper things go hang.

—C. H. Towne.

## UNCHANGABLE

Heart, everything must pass:  
The growing, blowing grass,  
The lilac and the rose;  
Ahl! whither, no one knows.  
But this we know full well—  
A Power invisible  
Bids the bright tulip's cup  
To fold and crumble up;  
Tells the white lily to fade,  
And birds in wood and glade  
To fly to the deeper shade.

—C. H. Towne.

ceive for acting on the board, but at the thought of le Roy's interest.

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IT was no longer an embarrassment to face Christine, he could come into his house quite naturally, following an hour spent with Frances. He did not stop to wonder at this astounding change. If he thought of it at all it was to argue that he did not love Mrs. Lawrence, that Christine knew nothing of it, that every man came to this particular impasse some time in his life. Why should he set himself up to be different?

By way of recompense he went out of his way to be nice to Christine, spoke to her with consideration, even discussed his plans with her. She was aware that he proposed to buy the Welbeck Street house next spring, that they would be leaving Chesborough Terrace whenever the arrangements were complete. She never argued with him now, never threw recriminations at his head, and if she had moods he never saw them.

She seemed altogether passive. Life moved too swiftly for him to pause long for reflection. The pace exhilarated him. He had a false sensation of strength. He felt vital, increasing in consequence, master of himself and of his destiny.

And then, out of high heaven, the bolt fell.

On the evening of the 5th of November the wife of a neighboring petty tradesman came to his consulting-room at Chesborough Terrace.

She was Mrs. Vidler, a small sparrow of a woman, middle-aged, but bright-eyed and spry, a regular Londoner who had all her life never been farther from Bow Bells than Margate. Andrew knew the Vid-

lers well. He had attended the little boy for some childish complaint when he first came to the district. In those early days, too, he had sent his shoes there to be mended for the Vidlers, respectable, hard-working tradespeople, kept a double shop at the head of Paddington Street named rather magnificently, Renovations Ltd.—one half devoted to boot repairs, and the other to the cleaning and pressing of wearing apparel. Harry Vidler himself might often be seen, a sturdy, pale-faced man, collarless and in his shirt sleeves, with a least between his knees or, though he kept a couple of helpers, using a damping-board, if work in the other department was urgent.

It was of Harry that Mrs. Vidler now spoke.

"Doctor," she said in her brisk way, "my husband isn't well. For weeks now he's been poorly. I've been at him and at him to come, but he wouldn't. Will you call to-morrow, doctor? I'll keep him in bed."

ANDREW promised he would call.

Next morning he found Vidler in bed, giving a history of internal pain and growing stoutness. His girth had increased extraordinarily in these last few months, and inevitably, like most patients who have enjoyed good health all their lives, he had several ways of accounting for it. He suggested that he had been taking a drop too much ale, or that perhaps his sedentary life was to blame.

But Andrew, after his investigation, was obliged to contradict these elucidations. He was convinced that the condition was cystic, and although not dangerous, it was one which demanded operative treatment. He did his best to reassure Vidler and his wife by explaining how a simple cyst such as this might develop internally and cause no end of inconvenience, which would all disappear when it was removed. He had no doubt at all in his mind as to the upshot of the operation and he proposed that Vidler should go into hospital at once.

Here, however, Mrs. Vidler held up her hands.

"No, sir, I won't have my Harry in a hospital!" She struggled to compose her agitation. "I've had a kind of feeling this was coming—the way he's been overworking in the business. But now it's as come, thank Heaven we're in a position as can deal with it. We're not well-off people, doctor, as you know, but we've got a little bit put by. And now's the time to use it. I won't have Harry go beggin' for subscribers' letters, and standin' in queues, and goin' into a public ward like he was a pauper."

"But, Mrs. Vidler, I can arrange

"No! You can get him in a private home, sir. There's plenty round about here. And you can get a private doctor to operate on him. I can promise you, sir, so long as I'm here no public hospital shall have Harry Vidler."

He saw that her mind was firmly made up. And indeed Vidler himself, since this unpleasant necessity had arisen, was of the same opinion as his wife. He wanted the best treatment that could be had.

THAT evening Andrew rang up Ivory. It was automatic now for him to turn to Ivory, the more so as, in this instance, he had to ask a favor.

"I'd like you to do something for me, Ivory. I've an abdominal here, that wants doing—decent hard-working people but not rich, you understand. There's nothing much in it for you, I'm afraid. But it would oblige me if you did it for—shall we say a third of the usual fee?"

Ivory was very gracious. Nothing would please him more than to do his friend Manson any service within his power. They discussed the case for several minutes and at the end of that discussion Andrew telephoned Mrs. Vidler.

"I've just been on to Mr. Charles Ivory, a West End surgeon who happens to be a particular friend of mine. He's coming to see your husband with me to-morrow, Mrs. Vidler, at eleven o'clock. That all right? And he says—are you there?—he says, Mrs. Vidler, that if the operation has to be undertaken he'll do it for thirty guineas. Considering that his usual fee would be a hundred guineas—perhaps more—I think we're not doing too badly."

"YES, doctor, yes."

Her tone was worried, yet she made the effort to sound relieved. "It's very kind of you, I'm sure. I think we can manage that somehow."

Next morning Ivory saw the case with Andrew and on the following day Harry Vidler moved into the Brunland Nursing Home in Brunland Square.

It was a clean, old-fashioned home not far from Chesborough Terrace, one of many in the district where the fees were moderate and the equipment scanty. Most of its patients were medical cases, hemiplegics, chronic cardiacs, bedridden old women with whom the main difficulty was the prevention of bedsores. Like every other home which Andrew had entered in London it had never been intended for its present purpose. There was no lift and the operating theatre had once been a conservatory. But Miss Buxton, the proprietress, was a qualified sister and a hard-working woman. Whatever its defects, the Brunland was spotlessly aseptic—even to the farthest corner of its shining linoleum floors.

The operation was fixed for Friday and, since Ivory could not come early, it was set for the unusually late hour of two o'clock.

Though Andrew was at Brunland Square first, Ivory arrived punctually. He drove up with the anaesthetist and stood watching while his chauffeur carried in his large bag of instruments—so that nothing might interfere with his subsequent delicacy of touch. And, though he plainly thought little of the home, his manner remained as suave as ever. Within the space of ten minutes he had reassured Mrs. Vidler, who waited in the front room, made the conquest of Miss Buxton and her nurses, then, gown and gloves in the little travesty of a theatre, he was imperturbably ready.

The patient walked in with determined cheerfulness, slipped off his dressing-gown, which one of the nurses then whipped away, and climbed upon the narrow table. Realising that he must go through with the ordeal, Vidler had come to face it with courage. Before the anaesthetist placed the mask over his face he smiled at Andrew.

"It'll be better after this is over." The next moment he had closed his eyes and was almost eagerly drinking in deep draughts of ether. Miss Buxton removed the bandages. The iodined area was exposed, unnaturally tumescent, a glistening mound. Ivory commenced the operation.

He began with some spectacular deep injections into the lumbar muscles.

"Combat shock," he threw out gravely to Andrew. "I always use it."

Please turn to Page 34

## LADIES! for Alluring Eyes use



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For tired eyes, Eye Strain, Eyes affected by the heat, Redness, Irritation and for all eye complaints.

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# Books

## Action, Romance and Beauty In Popular Fiction Three Worthwhile Books

Diversity of appeal, good light reading without the intrusion of the problem novel is the main requirement of the summer and holiday season.

Readers want to be amused, and the publishers have seen to it that the summer books measure up to requirements on the entertainment side. They have also attended to the matter of widely different settings.

THERE are plenty of good books to choose from at the moment, and perhaps the most interesting of them all from an Australian point of view is the latest novel of Philip Lindsay, "The Bells of Rye."

It is a rollicking, devil-may-care yarn in which the interest never flags. No sooner has the curtain descended on one colorful action scene than it rises on another.

Philip Lindsay, brilliant son of the great Norman Lindsay, has established a name for himself overseas as a writer of historical novels. Readers who seek entertainment will find in the fact that he dresses his historical novels in rather extravagant colors and situations. If there were holes in the days of old, Lindsay doesn't write about them. His men are fluent cursers, great fighters, and ready with fist or sword. His women are beautiful and virginal.

The scene of the story is set in the

English town of Rye in the 14th century.

It's a fascinating setting of pirates, freebooters and men who go down to the sea in ships.

Lindsay gives us a very wild picture of those days in which battle and sudden death were incidents to be passed over and forgotten as everyday occurrences.

Eleanor, the heroine, returns to Rye after some years in London.

She carries with her to some extent the refinements of the capital and almost at once comes in conflict with her lover, Richard Baddings.

The man refuses to become her slave, and soon the whole family is embroiled.

Playing the jealous sweetheart to perfection she attempts to foment gossip and ill will. She parts lovers and sows discord, but is unable to conquer her sweetheart's will.

Against this romantic background many exciting scenes are woven. The French attack on Rye is the best of these. . . . a well-drawn picture of battle and plunder.

Turning from Lindsay's book to Norah Hoult's "Com-

ing from the Fair," a vivid contrast is achieved.

The story is of pre-war Dublin, and is written with rare charm and delicacy. Characterisation is excellent, and the country scene authentic and satisfying.

Miss Hoult writes like a poet, but one who has never lost her grasp on realism.

Actually her book is a prose song of a city—the city of Dublin.

Her pen pictures are kind, but always accurate, and sentiment has not led her steps astray in her portraits of the people.

Cattle dealers and market days—and what amazing types there are among them—with their humorous bargaining and haggling are given to us in a highly amusing way. The rich wit of Ireland is there, unforced and spontaneous.

There are, too, the wild student boys; the writers who talk much more than they write, and the Bohemian world of Dublin, very much like that of London, Sydney or anywhere else except perhaps that the game is played a little more enthusiastically than anywhere else.

In the O'Neills the author has given us a gallery of Irish types which simply tingle with reality. A book of atmosphere so real and so sincere that it must take a high place among current Irish novels.

America and the hurricanes of Florida set the scene for "Big Blow," by Theodore Pratt. A novel of force and vitality.

As Somerset Maugham shows us in his play, "Rain," how the tropic wet season can disintegrate a little community, so the American author of "Big Blow," shows us the disastrous effect of a hurricane on the morale of a community, not the most pleasant even under ordinary circumstances.

Life in a small isolated Florida town is dealt with brilliantly, and there is a force and conviction in the writing which sweeps the story along to a dramatic conclusion.

When Wade Burnett comes to live in the little community of Chobee he realises he is a stranger in a strange land, among people who are new to him, and who consistently show a dislike of him.

He creates trouble for himself when he protects a girl called Celia from unwelcome attentions. He goes further into disgrace, and risks a lynching himself when he saves a negro from that fate.



PHILIP LINDSAY, whose latest historical novel, "The Bells of Rye," is a colorful action-romance of the 14th Century.

The violence aroused ends in the background of a hurricane, in which the fury of man and the elements are played against each other.

There is a freshness about the story which is very appealing and the author's portrayal of a little-known aspect of American life is vigorous and convincing.

"The Bells of Rye," Philip Lindsay (Nicholson & Watson); "Coming From the Fair," Norah Hoult (Helmshausen); "Big Blow," Theodore Pratt (Bell).

## WRITTEN IN THE STARS ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN President Astrological Research Society

### Capricornians Are Hard to Please So Should Marry Carefully

Although they will hotly dispute the assertion, the majority of Capricornian people (those born between December 22 and January 20) possess a different type of "love nature" to that endowed by any other sign of the zodiac.

In short, very few Capricornians can show their affections unreservedly and ardently.

EVEN on those few occasions when an excess of emotion creates a desire to be demonstrative than usual, Capricornians (one of the ruling characteristics of these people) seems to raise a warning signal against foolishness or the loss of dignity. As a result the Capricornian ardor dies a lingering and unchallenged death.

There are two characteristics the Capricornian can never lose or abuse. These are dignity and caution—a combination which brings to them the honor and esteem they greatly enjoy.

And to these basic qualities that characterize which is perhaps the most of all, ambition, and the will forced to realise that Capricornians are "individualists," and they prove a power in the land.

Capricornians find them rather cold and difficult to get on with, but always scrupulously fair, straightforward, and just.

But the best is good enough for Capricornians. While frankly admitting that they are hard to please, they usually continue their demands for perfection in other people. They are quick to find faults and weaknesses, but accept virtues as common.

It is easy to understand, therefore, why Capricornians are "fussy," and why they please in their love affairs. As a result, many become "pragmatics," choosing a vocation with care and forethought, and giving all their time,

energy, and enthusiasm to the fulfilment of an ambitious, vocational ideal.

It is extremely important, therefore, that people born under this sign exercise care when choosing either a marriage or business partner.

### The Daily Diary

TRY to utilize this information in your daily affairs. It will prove interesting.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Live quietly this week if you wish to avoid difficulties, upsets, and delays.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 21): Go after the things you want; do not procrastinate; ask favors and plan improvements, especially on January 10.

GEMINI (May 21 to June 21): Fair on January 4 and 5.

CANCER (June 21 to July 21): Take on new things on January 9 and 10; difficulties and upsets may need wisdom and patience.

LEO (July 21 to August 21): Fair on January 9 and 10.

VIRGO (August 21 to September 21): Be alive to your opportunities and start new ventures or make changes with a good heart. Be as optimistic, but don't forget that hard work helps, too. January 11 especially good.

LIBRA (September 21 to October 21): This is not the time for boldness or changes. Live cautiously and finish routine tasks. Be particularly careful on January 8 (night), 9, and 10. Try to avoid losses, partings, and opposition.

SCORPIO (October 21 to November 21): Quite fair for you on January 6, 7, and 8. Hard work can produce good results.

SAGITTARIUS (November 21 to December 21): Just fair on January 9 and 10.

CAPRICORN (December 21 to January 21): Be an opportunist. Set high goals and work hard to reach them on January 11, but live cautiously on January 9 and 10.

AQUARIUS (January 21 to February 19): Unpleasant, January 4 and 5. Fair.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): Good results possible from hard work on January 6 and 7; ask favors then.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them.—Editor, A.W.W.]

## BACKACHE & BLADDER Weakness NOW BANISHED—Quick New Way

"The intestinal tract is the most prolific source of disease" states Prof. K. Schneider, the famous German Doctor.

AN irritating, weakening, and embarrassing annoyance is the best way to describe backache and bladder weakness. Movement is painful, sleep at night is disturbed by constantly having to get up. You feel weak, depressed, you have no vitality, your back, legs and feet ache, you have frequent headaches. Urination is often smart and painful. But these troubles are now rapidly banished because science, at last discovered that the basic cause of backache, kidney and bladder weakness can be traced to the physical reason for self-poisoning—i.e., a clogged colon.



Clogged Colon

The colon, the most important part of the intestinal tract, has two functions. It must absorb essential minerals to nourish the body and maintain the alkaline reserve from passing food. It must see that all acid-forming waste matter is promptly ejected from the body. Demineralized modern foods give insufficient exercise to the colon walls, and they lose their power of normal movement. Soon the walls fail to extract the food minerals and fail to eject the acid-forming, decaying waste. The folds become clogged with putrefying matter. Virulent poisons and acids form and seep into the bloodstream. The entire system is attacked—acidosis develops. Every important organ in your body is threatened by autotoxins—i.e., self-poisoning.



Long Standing Case Relieved

"I have much pleasure in telling you what COLOSEPTIC has done for me. It has cured me of long standing weakness in kidney and bladder. I could not walk any distance with pleasure and my rest was disturbed at night. Now I can say in truth that COLOSEPTIC has done its work—I am cured. What joy to go out and walk without trouble now."

—Mr. E.A.S., Fuldham.

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A clogged colon is one of the prices we pay for civilisation. The modern devitalized, demineralized foods we eat make it more and more difficult to maintain the active functioning of the colon. Until your clogged colon is cleansed and revitalized, your system made alkaline, and the cause of autotoxins removed, you cannot hope for permanent relief from kidney acidity and bladder weakness. Science has, at last, discovered a new and effective remedy—COLOSEPTIC (Wayne's Improved Formula). It acts in Nature's way. It is entirely different from old-fashioned pills and tablets.



Unclogged Colon

### Coloseptic's Vitalizing Action

To strengthen your kidneys and bladder, restore vigor and vitality—get rid of backache and pains in the legs, you must remove the acid-developing encrustations which line your colon. Normal bowel movements cannot do this, the walls have become too sluggish, and opening medicines only purge the lower end of the colon. Look at the two illustrations and see how COLOSEPTIC cleans your colon. It tones up the walls, giving back the power of normal movement. It corrects acid conditions, and stimulates the action of the pores of the skin, the respiratory system, and the kidneys—the three other important organs which eliminate poisons from your system. Remove the cause of kidney and bladder weakness by taking COLOSEPTIC and enjoy perfect health, comfort and peace of mind ALWAYS.

At all Chemists, 2/9 . . . Economy Size, 5/6

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THEN the real work began. His medical incision was large and immediately, almost ludicrously, the trouble was revealed. The cyst bobbed through the opening like a fully-inflated wet rubber football. The justification of his diagnosis added, if anything, to Andrew's self-esteem. He reflected that Vidler would do nicely when detached from this uncomfortable accessory, and with an eye on his next case he surreptitiously looked at his watch.

Meanwhile Ivory, in his masterly manner, was playing with the football, impudently trying to get his hands round it to its point of attachment and impudently failing. Every time he attempted to control it the ball slithered away from him. If he tried once he tried twenty times.

Andrew glanced irritably at Ivory, thinking—what is the man doing? There was not much space in the abdomen in which to work but there

## THE CITADEL

Continued from Page 32

was space enough. He had seen Llewellyn, Denny, a dozen others at his old hospital, manipulate expertly, with far less latitude. It was a surgeon's job to fiddle through cramped positions. Suddenly he realised that this was the first abdominal operation Ivory had ever done for him. Insensibly, he dropped his watch back into his pocket, drew nearer, rather rigidly, to the table.

Ivory was still straining to get behind the cyst, still calm, incisive, unruffled. Miss Buxton and a young nurse stood trustfully by, not knowing very much about anything. The anaesthetist, an elderly grizzled man, was stroking the end of the stoppered bottle contemplatively with his thumb. The atmosphere of the bare little glass-roofed theatre was flat, supremely uneventful. There was no high sense of

tension or steam-heated drama, merely Ivory raising one shoulder, manoeuvring with his gloved hands, trying to get behind the smooth rubber ball. But for some reason a sense of coldness fell on Andrew.

He found himself frowning, watching tensely. What was he dreading? There was nothing to be afraid of, nothing. It was a straightforward operation. In a few minutes it would be finished.

Ivory, with a faint smile, as of satisfaction, gave up the attempt to find the cyst's point of attachment. The young nurse gazed at him humbly as he asked for a knife. Ivory took the knife in slow motion. Probably never in his career had he looked more exactly like the great surgeon of fiction.

Holding the knife, before Andrew knew what he was about, he made a generous puncture in the glistening wall of the cyst. After that everything happened at once.

The cyst burst, exploding a great clot of venous blood into the air, vomiting its contents into the abdominal cavity. One second there was a round tight sphere, the next a flaccid purse of tissue lay in a mess of gurgling blood. Frantically Miss Buxton felt in the drum for swabs. The anaesthetist sat up abruptly. The young nurse looked like fainting. Ivory said gravely:

"CLAMP, please."

A wave of horror swept over Andrew. He saw that Ivory, failing to reach the pedicle to ligature it, had blindly, wantonly, incised the cyst. And it was a haemorrhagic cyst.

"Swab, please," Ivory said in his impassive voice. He was fiddling about in the mess, trying to clamp the pedicle, swabbing out the blood-filled cavity, packing, failing to control the haemorrhage. Realisation broke on Andrew in a blinding flash. He thought: Good Heavens! He can't operate; he can't operate at all.

The anaesthetist, with his finger on the carotid, murmured in a gentle, apologetic voice: "I'm afraid—he seems to be going, Ivory."

Ivory, relinquishing the clamp, stuffed the belly cavity full of blooded gauze. He began to suture up his great incision. There was no swelling now. Vidler's stomach had a carved in, pallid, an empty look, the reason being that Vidler was dead.

"Yes, he's gone now," said the anaesthetist finally.

Ivory put in his last stitch, clipped it methodically, and turned to the instrument tray to lay down his scissors. Paralyzed, Andrew could not move. Miss Buxton, with a clay-colored face, was automatically packing the hot bottles outside the blanket. By great force of will she seemed to collect herself. She went outside. The porter, unaware of what had happened, brought in the stretcher. Another minute and Harry Vidler's body was being carried upstairs to his bedroom.

Ivory spoke at last. "Very unfortunate," he said in his collected voice as he stripped off his gown. "I imagine it was shock—don't you think so, Gray?"

Gray, the anaesthetist, mumbled an answer. He was busy packing up his apparatus.

STILL, Andrew could not speak. Amidst the dazed welter of his emotion he suddenly remembered Mrs. Vidler, waiting downstairs. It seemed as if Ivory read that thought. He said:

"Don't worry, Manson, I'll attend to the little woman. Come, I'll get it over for you now."

Instinctively, like a man unable to resist, Andrew found himself following Ivory down the stairs to the waiting-room. He was still stupor, weak with nausea, wholly incapable of telling Mrs. Vidler. It was Ivory who rose to the occasion, rose almost to the heights.

"My dear lady," he said, compassionate and upstanding, placing his hand gently on her shoulder. "I'm afraid—I'm afraid we have bad news for you."

She clasped her hands, in worn brown kid gloves, together. Terror and entreaty were mingled in her eyes.

"What?" "Your poor husband, Mrs. Vidler, in spite of everything which we could do for him—"

She collapsed into the chair, her face ashen, her gloved hands still working together.

"Harry!" she whispered in a heartrending voice. Then again, "Harry!"

"I can only assure you," Ivory went on, sadly, "on behalf of Dr. Manson, Dr. Gray, Miss Buxton and myself that no power on earth could have saved him. And even if he had survived the operation—"

He shrugged his shoulders significantly. She looked up at him, sensing his meaning, aware even at this frightful moment of his condescension, his goodness to her.

"That's the kindest thing you could have told me, doctor," she spoke through her tears.

"I'll send sister down to you. Do your best to bear up. And thank you, thank you for your courage."

HE went out of the room and once again Andrew went with him. At the end of the hall was the empty office, the door of which stood open. Feeling for his cigarette-case, Ivory walked into the office. There he lit a cigarette and took a long pull at it. His face was perhaps a trifle paler than usual, but his jaw was firm, his hand steady, his nerve absolutely unshaken.

"Well, that's over," he reflected coolly. "I'm sorry, Manson. I didn't dream that cyst was haemorrhagic. But these things happen in the best regulated circles, you know."

It was a small room with the only chair pushed underneath the desk. Andrew sank down on the leather-covered club fender that surrounded the fireplace. He stared feverishly at the aspidistra in the yellowish-green pot placed in the empty grate. He was sick, shattered, on the verge of a complete collapse. He could not escape the vision of Harry Vidler, walking unaided to the table—"I'll be better after this is over"—and then ten minutes later sagging on the stretcher, a mutilated, butchered corpse. He gritted his teeth together, covered his eyes with his hand.

"Of course," Ivory inspected the end of his cigarette. "He didn't die on the table. I finished before that—which makes it all right. No necessity for an inquest."

Andrew raised his head. He was trembling, infuriated by the consciousness of his own weakness in this awful situation which Ivory had sustained with such cold-blooded nerve. He said, in a kind of frenzy:

"For Heaven's sake stop talking. You know you killed him. You're not a surgeon. You never were—you never will be a surgeon. You're the worst butcher I've ever seen in all my life."

There was a silence. Ivory gave Andrew a pale, hard glance. "I don't recommend that line of talk, Manson."

"YOU don't." A painful hysterical sob shook Andrew. "I know you don't! But it's the truth. All the cases I've given you up till now have been child's play. But this—the first real case we've had—Oh, God! I should have known—I'm just as bad as you—"

"Pull yourself together, you hysterical fool. You'll be heard."

"What if I am?" Another weak burst of anger seized Andrew. He choked: "You know it's the truth as well as I do. You bungled so much—it was almost murder!"

For an instant it seemed as if Ivory would knock him senseless off the fender, a physical effort which, with his weight and strength, the older man could easily have accomplished. But with a great struggle he controlled himself. He said nothing, simply turned and walked out of the room. But there was an ugly look on his cold, hard face which spoke, icily, of unforgiving fury.

How long Andrew remained in the office his forehead pressed against the cold marble of the mantelpiece he did not know. But at last he realised dully that he had won which he must do. The dreadful shock of the calamity had drained him with the destructive violence of an explosive shell. It was as though he, also, were eviscerated and empty. Yet he still moved automatically, advancing as might a horror-movie soldier, compelled by machine-like habit to perform the duties expected of him.

In this fashion he managed, somehow, to drag round his remaining visits. Then, with a leaden head and an aching head he came home. It was late, nearly an o'clock. He was just in time for his surgery and evening consultations.

His front waiting-room was empty. His surgery packed to the doors. Heavily, like a dying man, he looked at them, his patients, gathered despite the fine summer evening, to pay tribute to his manner, his personality. Mostly women, a great many of them Laurie's girls, people who had been coming to him for weeks, encouraged by his smile, his tact, his suggestion that they persevere with their medicine—the gang, he thought numbly, the gang!

HE dropped into his surgery swing chair, began, with a mask-like face, the usual evening rite.

"How are you? Yes, I think you're looking a shade better! Yes, Pale has much more tone. The physics are doing you good. Hope it's not too nasty for you, my dear girl."

Out to the waiting Christmas, handing her the empty bottle, he ward along the passage to the consulting-room, stringing out the most interrogative platitudes there, the same bogus sympathy, then back along the passage, picking up the full bottle, back into the surgery again. So it went on, this infernal circus of his own damnation.

It was a sultry night. He suffered abominably but still he went on to torture himself and half in impatience because he could not stop. As he passed backwards and forwards in a daze of pain he kept asking himself: Where am I going? Where, in the name of Heaven, am I going?

At last, later than usual, at quarter to ten, it was finished. He looked at the outer door of the surgery, and through to the consulting-room where, according to routine, Christine waited, ready to call out the lists, to help him make up the books.

For the first time in many years he really looked at her, gazed deeply into her face as, with lowered eyes, she studied the list in her hand. Piercing even his numbness, the change in her shocked him. Her expression was still and fixed, her mouth drooped. Though she did not look at him there was a mortal sadness in her eyes.

Seated at the desk before the heavy ledger he felt a frightful straining in his side. But his body, that outer covering of deadness, allowed nothing of that inner throbbing to escape. Before he could speak she had begun to call out the list.

On and on he went, marking the book, a cross for a visit, a circle for a consultation, marking the total of his inquiry. When it was finished he asked, in a voice whose winnowing he only then observed:

"Well! How much to-day?"

Please turn to Page 36

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# Mandrake the Magician

THE STORY SO FAR:

**M. DUCHAMP:** Eminent Parisian chemist, receives anonymously through the post a block of metal to be analysed. When he takes it to his laboratory to examine it, its strange glow hypnotises him, and for a week he refuses to stir from his room or to see anyone.

**SUZETTE:** His lovely daughter, desperately worried at the change in her father, sends for

**DR. PETAIN:** Her fiance, and her father's physician. They

burst open the locked door of the laboratory, and find M. Duchamp dead on the floor. Dr. Petain, feeling there is something strange in the whole affair, sends for

**MANDRAKE:** Master magician, who, with

**LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, has just arrived in Paris. Mandrake comes immediately and asks to see the body. To their horror they find it has disappeared. They leave the room for a few minutes, and a gloved hand removes the block of metal. NOW READ ON.





# THE CITADEL

Continued from Page 34

HE did not, could not, answer. She left the room. He heard her go upstairs to her room, heard the quiet sound of her closing the door. He was alone; dry, stricken, bemused. Where am I going? Where in the name of Heaven am I going? Suddenly his eyes fell upon the tobacco sack, full of money, bulging with his cash takings for the day. Another wave of hysteria swept over him. He took up the bag and flung it into the corner of the room. It fell with a dull and senseless sound.

He jumped up. He was stifling, he could not breathe. Leaving the consulting-room he rushed into the little back yard of the house, a small well of darkness beneath the stars. Here he leaned weakly against the brick dividing wall. He began, violently, to retch.

He tossed restlessly in bed all through the night until, at six in the morning, he at last fell asleep. Awakening late he came down after nine o'clock, pale and heavy-eyed, to find that Christine had already breakfasted and gone. Normally this would not have upset him. Now, with a pang of anguish, it made him feel how far they were apart.

When Mrs. Bennett brought him his nicely-cooked bacon and egg he could not eat it; the muscles of his throat refused to work. He drank a cup of coffee, then, on an impulse, he mixed himself a stiff whisky and soda, drank that, too. He then prepared to face the day.

Though the machine still held him his movements were less automatic than before. A faint gleam, a haggard shaft of light had begun to penetrate his dazed uncertainty. He knew that he was on the verge of a great, a colossal breakdown. He knew also that if he once fell into that abyss he would never crawl out of it. Cautiously holding himself in, he opened the garage and took out his car. The effort made the sweat spring out on his palms.

HIS main purpose this morning was to reach the Victoria. He had made an appointment with Doctor Thoroughgood to see Mary Boland. That, at least, was an engagement he did not wish to miss. He drove slowly to the hospital. Actually he felt better in the car than when he walked—he was so used to driving it had become automatic, reflex.

He reached the hospital, parked his car, went up to the ward. With a nod to sister he passed along to Mary's bed, picking up her chart on the way. Then he sat down on the red blanket edge of the bed, aware of her welcoming smile, of the big bunch of roses beside her, but all the while studying her chart. The chart was not satisfactory.

"Good morning," she said. "Aren't my flowers beautiful? Christine brought them yesterday."

He looked at her. No flush, but a little thinner than when she came in.

"Yes, they're nice flowers. How do you feel, Mary?"

"Oh!—all right." Her eyes avoided his momentarily, then swept back full of warm confidence. "Anyway

## When A Doctor Gets Indigestion

By Dr. F. B. Scott, M.D., Paris

Did you realise that doctors are more liable to indigestion and stomach trouble than anyone else? Of course, when you come to think of it, the reason is obvious, the doctor, being at the beck and call of hundreds of patients, finds it impossible to get regular meals. In common with most doctors, I find that the best way to prevent or to relieve digestive trouble is to take a good antacid after meals. My personal preference is "Bismarck" Magnesia. If ever I get stomach pain or flatulence, a dose of "Bismarck" Magnesia will always put me right, because it instantly neutralises the excess acid which is usually the cause of the trouble. In all cases of indigestion, wind, or pain after meals, I strongly recommend "Bismarck" Magnesia.

Note: "Bismarck" Magnesia referred to above by Dr. Scott is available at all chemists. The package bears the trade mark "Bismarck".

## Drink habit soon banished

A woman who cured her husband, writes: "I shall always be grateful for the wonderful happiness EUCRASY has brought to my home after the misery of drink." It can be given SECRETELY or taken VOLUNTARILY. Not costly. Call or write for a FREE SAMPLE. Booklet and Testimonials. Established 40 years.

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I know it won't be for long. You'll soon have me better."

The trust in her words, and above all in her gaze, sent a great throb of pain through him. He thought, if anything goes wrong here it will be the final smash.

At that moment Doctor Thoroughgood arrived to make his round of the ward. As he came in, he saw Andrew, and at once advanced towards him.

"Morning, Manson," he said pleasantly. "Why? What's the matter? Are you ill?"

Andrew stood up.

"I'm quite well, thank you."

Doctor Thoroughgood gave him an odd glance, then he turned to Mary's bed.

"I'm glad you asked to see this case with me. Let's have the screens, sister."

THEY spent ten minutes together examining Mary, then Thoroughgood went over to the alcove by the end window, where, though in full view of the ward, they could not be overheard.

"Well?" he said.

Out of the haze Andrew heard himself speak.

"I don't know how you feel, Doctor Thoroughgood, but it seems to me that the progress of this case isn't quite satisfactory."

"There are one or two features," Thoroughgood pulled at his narrow little beard.

"It seems to me that there's some slight extension."

"Oh, I don't think so, Manson."

"The temperature is more erratic."

"M, perhaps."

"Excuse me for suggesting it—I appreciate our relative positions perfectly, but this case means a great deal to me. Under the circumstances would you not consider pneumothorax?" You remember I was very anxious we should use it when Mary, when the case came in."

Thoroughgood glanced sideways at Manson. His face altered, set into stubborn lines.

"No, Manson, I'm afraid I don't see this as a case for induction. I didn't then—and I don't now."

There was a silence. Andrew could not utter another word. He knew Thoroughgood, his crotchety obstinacy. He felt spent, physically and morally, unable to pursue an argument which must be fruitless. He listened with an immobile face while Thoroughgood ran on, airing his own views about the case. When the other concluded and started to go round the remaining beds he went over to Mary, told her he would call again to see her the following day and left the ward. Before he drove away from the hospital he asked the lodge porter to ring up his house to say he would not be in for lunch.

IT was now not far off one o'clock. He was still distressed, wrapped in painful self-contemplation, and faint for want of food. Near Battersea Bridge he stopped outside a small cheap tea-room. Here he ordered coffee and some hot buttered toast. But he could only drink the coffee, his stomach revolted at the toast. He felt the waitress gazing at him curiously.

"Ain't it right?" she said. "I'll change it."

He shook his head, asked her for his check. As she wrote it he caught himself stupidly counting the shiny black buttons on her dress. Once, a long time ago, he had gazed at three pearly buttons in a Blenheim school-room. Outside, a yellow glare hung oppressively above the river. As from a distance he remembered that he had two appointments this afternoon at Welbeck Street. He drove there slowly.

Nurse Sharp was in a bad temper, her usual humor when he asked her to come in on Saturdays. Yet she also inquired if he felt ill. Then, in a softer voice, for Dr. Hampton was a particular object of her regard, she told him that Freddie had rung him twice since lunch time.

When she went out of the consulting-room he sat at his desk staring straight in front of him. The first of his patients arrived at half-past two—a heart case, a young clerk from the Mines Department, who had come to him through Gill, who was genuinely suffering from a valvular complaint. He found that he was spending a long time over this case, taking special pains, detaining the young man earnestly while he carefully went over the details of the treatment. At the end of the other fumbled for his thin pocket-book he said quickly:

"Please don't pay me now. Wait until I send your bill."

The thought that he would never send the bill, that he had lost his thirst for money and could once again despise it, comforted him strangely.

Then the second case came in, a woman of forty-five, Miss Basden, one of the most faithful of his followers. His heart sank at the sight of her. Rich, selfish, hypochondriacal, she was a younger, a more egoistic replica of that Mrs. Raeburn he had once seen with Hampton in Sherrington's Home.

HE listened wearily, his hand on his brow, while, smiling, she launched into an account of all that had happened to her constitution since her visit to him a few days before. Suddenly he raised his head.

"Why do you come to me, Miss Basden?"

She broke off in the middle of a sentence, the pleased expression still fixed upon the upper part of her face, but her mouth dropping slowly open.

"Oh, I know I'm to blame," he said. "I told you to come. But there's nothing really wrong with you."

"Dr. Manson!" she gasped, unable to believe her ears.

It was quite true. He realised, with cruel insight, that all her

### COMPROMISE

I've always wanted

To have a monkey,

A snowy peacock,

A fat grey donkey.

A talking crow

Who'd come at my call,

A sleek brown seal

Who could balance a ball.

And a baby leopard,

And a woolly lamb,

And a cinnamon bear

With a taste for jam.

But a two-room apartment

On the eighteenth floor

Seemed to indicate a goldfish

From the ten-cent store.

—E.J.

symptoms were due to money. She had never done a day's work in her life, her body was soft, pampered, overfed. She did not sleep because she did not exercise her muscles. She did not even exercise her brain. She had nothing to do but cut coupons and think about her dividends and scold her maid and wonder what she and her pet Pomeranian, would eat. If only she would walk out of his room and do something real. Stop all the little pills and sedatives and hypnotics and chologogues and every other kind of rubbish. Give some of her money to the poor. Help other people and stop thinking about herself! But she would never, never do that, it was useless even to demand it of her. She was spiritually dead and, Heaven help him, so was he.

He said heavily:

"I'm sorry I can't be of any further service to you, Miss Basden. I—I may be going away. But I've no doubt you'll find other doctors round about here, who will be only too happy to pander to you."

She opened her mouth several times like a fish gasping for air. Then an expression of positive apprehension came upon her face. She was sure, quite sure, that he had gone out of his mind. She did not wait to reason with him. She rose, hastily gathering her belongings together, and hurried from the room.

He prepared to go home, shutting the drawers of his desk with an air of finality. But before he got up Nurse Sharp bounced into the room, smiling.

"Doctor Hampton to see you! He's come round himself instead of telephoning."

The next minute Freddie was there, brightly lighting a cigarette, flinging himself into a chair with an air of purpose in his eye. His tone had never been friendlier.

"Sorry to bother you on a Saturday, old man. But I knew you were here, so I brought round the old mountain to Mahomet. Now look

here, Manson. I've heard all about the operation yesterday and I don't mind telling you I'm darn well glad. It's about high time you had an inside slant on dear friend Ivory. Hampton's voice took on a sudden vicious twist. "I think you ought to know, old chap, that I've been rather falling out with Ivory and Freedman lately. They haven't been playing the game with me. We've been running a little pool together, and very profitable it was, but now I'm pretty well sure these two are treating me out of some of my share. Besides which, I'm about sick of Ivory's side. He's no surgeon. You're darned well right."

"Freedman isn't much better. He's nothing but a sleek dope peddler and he isn't so smart as Ivory. One of these days he's going to get it in the neck from the D.D.A. Now you listen to me, old man, I'm speaking to you for your own good. I'd like you to know the whole inside story about these fellows because I want you to throw them over and come in with me. You've been too darn green. You haven't been getting your proper whack. Don't you know that when Ivory gets a hundred guineas for an operation he hands back fifty—that's how he gets them, you see! And what has he been handing you—a measly fifteen or maybe twenty. It isn't good enough, Manson! And after this bit of botching yesterday I darn well wouldn't stand for it. Now I've said nothing to them yet, I'm too smart for that, but here's my scheme, old man. Let's ditch them altogether, you and me, and start a tight little partnership of our own. After all we were old pals at college, weren't we? I like you. I've always liked you. And I can show you a devil of a lot." Freddie broke off to light another cigarette, then he smiled agreeably, expansively, exhibiting his possibilities as a potential partner. "You wouldn't believe the stunts I've pulled. D'you know my latest? Three guineas a time injections—of sterile water! Patient came in one day for her vaccine. I'd forgotten to order the darn thing, so rather than disappoint, pumped in the H<sub>2</sub>O. She came back the next day to say she'd had a better reaction than from any of the others. So I went on. And why not? It all boils down to faith and the bottle of colored water. Mind you I can plug the whole pharmacopoeia into them when it's necessary. I'm not unprofessional. Lord, no! It's just that I'm wise and if you and I really got together Manson—you with your degrees and me with my savvy—we'd simply skim the pool. There's got to be two of us, you see. You want second opinions all the time. And I've got my eye on a smart young surgeon—a lot better than Ivory—we might shaffle him later. Eventually we might even have our own nursing home. And then we'd be in Klondyke."

ANDREW remained motionless and stiff. He had no anger against Hampton, only a bitter loathing of himself. Nothing could have shown him more blasphemously how he stood, what he had done, where he had been going, than this suggestion of Hampton's. At last, seeing that some answer was demanded of him, he mumbled:

"I can't go in with you, Freddie. I've—I've suddenly got sick of it. I think I'll chuck it here for a bit. There are too many jackals in this square mile of country. There's a lot of good men, trying to do good work, practising honestly, fairly, but the rest of them are just jackals. It's the jackals who give all these unnecessary injections, whip out tonals and appendices that aren't doing any harm, play ball among one another with their patients, split fees, back up pseudo-scientific remedies, chase the guineas all the time."

Hampton's face had slowly reddened.

"What the devil!" he spluttered. "What about yourself?"

"I know, Freddie," Andrew said heavily. "I'm just as bad. I don't want any ill-feeling between us. You used to be my best friend."

Hampton jumped up.

"Have you gone off your rocker or what?"

"All characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person."

## PERHAPS

I'm going to try and stop thinking of money and material success. That isn't the test of a good doctor. When a doctor earns five thousand a year he's not healthy. And why—why should a man try to make money out of suffering humanity?"

"You fool," said Hampton distinctly. He swung round and went out of the room.

Again Andrew sat woodenly at his desk, alone, desolate. He got up at last and drove home. As he approached his house he was conscious of the rapid beating of his heart. It was now after six o'clock. The whole trend of his weary day seemed working upwards to its climax. His hand trembled violently as he turned his latch-key in the door.

Christine was in the front room. The sight of her pale still face sent a great shiver through him. He longed for her to ask, to show some concern as to how he had spent these hours away from her. But she merely said, in that even, uncommittal voice:

"You've had a long day. We've you have some tea before the night?"

He answered:

"There won't be any surgery tonight."

She glanced at him:

"But Saturday—it's your busiest night."

His answer was to write out a notice stating that the surgery was closed to-night. He walked along the passage, pinned it upon the surgery door. His heart was now thumping so violently he felt that it must burst. When he returned along the passage she was in the consulting-room, her face pale still, her eyes distraught.

"What is the matter?" she asked in a strange voice.

He looked at her. The anguish in his heart tore at him, broke through in a great rush that swept him beyond all control.

"Christine!" Everything within him went into that single word. Then he was at her feet, kneeling, weeping.

Their reconciliation was the most wonderful thing that had happened to them since they first fell in love. Next morning, which was Sunday, he lay beside her, as in those days at Aberlraw, talking, talking, and as though years had slipped from him, pouring out his heart to her. Outside the quiet of Sunday was the air, the sound of bells, soothing and peaceful. But he was not peaceful.

"How did I come to do it?" he groaned restlessly. "Was I mad, Chris, or what? I can't believe I when I look back on it. Me—getting in with that crowd—after Demi and Hope—Lord! I should be executed."

She soothed him. "It all happened with such a rush, dear. It would have swept anyone off his feet."

"No, but honestly, Chris, I feel like going off my head when I think about it. And what a devil of a time it must have been for you! Lord, it ought to be a painful execution!"

She smiled, actually smiled. It was the most marvellous experience to see her face stripped of that front blankness, tender, happy, solicitous of him. Oh! Lord, he thought: we're both living again.

Please turn to Page 38

## Asthma Cause Killed in 24 Hours

Thanks to the discovery of an Australian physician, it is now possible to get rid of those terrible spells of choking, gasping, coughing, and wheezing Asthma by taking the true cause which is Germs in the blood. No more burning at the chest, no more hysterical attacks. This new discovery, Mendozo, starts to work in 3 minutes, killing the Germ cause of Asthma, thus refreshing the blood, and restoring vitality, so that you can sleep soundly at night, eat anything, and work and enjoy life. Mendozo is so successful it is guaranteed to give you free, easy breathing in 24 hours, and to stop your Asthma completely in 3 days, or money back. It is a package of empty packages. Get Mendozo from your chemist to-day. Refuse a substitute. The guarantee protects you.

## REDUCE SAFELY



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# What Women Are Doing

## Successful Novelist

THE Australian novelist, Winifred Birkett, has had her latest book, "Portrait of Lucy," accepted by Cassells, and it will be among the spring publications of this well-known overseas firm.

Miss Birkett's "Earth's Quality" was an Australian prize-winning novel, and another of her books, "Three Goats on a Bender," also had a great reception.

## Modern Decor in New York Homes

MRS. MOLLY GREY, a well-known interior decorator of Sydney, who returned last week after studying the latest schemes in California, Los Angeles, and New York, has some interesting comments to make on the decorative decorations favoured by rich Americans. Many people in New York, she says, change the decorative schemes of their homes two or three times a year, and consequently can afford to affect bizarre and impractical eccentricities. They don't have to be surrounded by them year in and year out. To live in some of the homes, she says, produces the utmost resistance.

In California the decorative schemes are more restful and enduring and, like the architecture, are more adaptable to climate and conditions.

## Friend Writes Life of Catherine Helen Spence

IT was fitting that the winner of the Catherine Helen Spence Scholarship for 1938 should be announced only a couple of weeks before the publication of a book on the life of that pioneer whom the scholarship commemorates. The book, entitled "Catherine Helen Spence," is written by Mrs. Jeanne P. Young, president of the Women's Democratic Association in South Australia, who was a candidate for the Senate in the recent Federal elections.

South Australian women owe much to the late Catherine Helen Spence, who worked against all obstacles to secure the enfranchisement of women. Both the author and the subject of her book have shown enthusiasm for proportional representation.

Mrs. Young has left Adelaide to spend several weeks holiday in New South Wales.

## Auxiliaries Give Valuable Help to Hospital

THE auxiliaries of the Melbourne Women's Hospital must be feeling very gratified with the results of their work in 1937.

They raised nearly £5000, including £2500 in cash and goods valued at £1973, and thanks to their splendid work the hospital has been able to secure much valuable equipment, the services of an almoner, and other things which general funds would not have permitted.

Much credit must go to Mrs. E. A. Cornfoot, who has again been elected president of auxiliaries. She is a tireless worker and keeps in touch with every side of the hospital's activity.

Towards the end of last year a new service block was opened in the hospital grounds, comprising modern kitchens, pantries, doctors' and nurses' quarters, and a most up-to-date community laundry which serves not only the Women's Hospital, but at least four or five other institutions.

A new pathological block for research work, to be known as the King George V Building Block, is now in course of construction, thanks to the generosity of Sir Charles Connell, and is being built to his own design.

## Awarded Bursary

SISTER MERLE CHARLTON, of Murrumbidgee, Melbourne, has been awarded the Winifred Lees Memorial Bursary for 1938. She holds a double nursing certificate, and with the purpose of qualifying for mission work will train under the direction of the Australian Board of Missions at Epping, N.S.W.

The last holder of the Bursary was Miss Kathleen Blackwood, of Hobart, who recently completed her medical course and is preparing for medical mission work. She held the Bursary for two successive years.

## Devotes Much Time and Work to Two Charities

SINCE Mrs. Vincent Ransome left Warwick to reside in Brisbane, she has been president of the Queensland Women's Central Committee of the Queensland Adult Deaf and Dumb Mission, and a member of the committee of the Playground Association.

Both interests take up a great deal of time, and ways and means of raising money during the year is the main consideration. The objective of the Adult Deaf and Dumb Mission is to raise at least £500 a year. This was accomplished last year and the money was used for improvements to the mission. A fête is held annually which needs a great deal of preparation.

The Playground Association has a benefit payment every year at which Mrs. Ransome always undertakes to conduct the event, so the whole year she is kept busy.

The objective of the Adult Deaf and Dumb Mission is to raise at least £500 a year. This was accomplished last year and the money was used for improvements to the mission. A fête is held annually which needs a great deal of preparation.

## Four Adelaide Women Gain Degrees in Law

AT the Commemoration at the University of Adelaide, four South Australian girls had the degree of Bachelor of Laws conferred upon them. They are Misses Joan Akira, Jessie Badger, Marjorie Barnes, and Nancy Newland.

Miss Badger has already been admitted to the Bar and Miss Barnes was married to Mr. James White on the evening of Commemoration Day.

Miss Newland's name is well known in the other States, as she is a prominent member of the Young Liberal League and has attended invariable congresses of political economy. She was a member of the committee of the South Australian Congress at Victor Harbor earlier this year.

## Home on Short Visit to Family

MISS BARBARA PEDEN, daughter of Sir John Peden, Sydney, will spend a lot into the seven weeks she spends with her family after an absence of two years overseas. She is a graduate in architecture of Sydney University, and has been engaged in further studies of her profession in England. She intends to return to London next month.

Miss Peden, who arrived in the Otranto last week, played with the Australian women's cricket team which visited England in May-August, 1937, and which was captained by her sister, Mrs. Harold Peden.

## Now a Fully Qualified Chemist

WHEN you ask Joan Geddes, of Brisbane, what she considers was her best Christmas present, she will tell you that it was the examination results. That is not surprising, when you hear that Joan is now a fully-qualified chemist.

She has worked hard all the past year at the Queensland Technical Pharmacy College, and now has her reward. Before that she was for three years an apprentice in her father's pharmacy. She finds it all very interesting and makes an attractive young dispenser in her smart, cool-looking sage-blue frock uniform.

## Founder of Modern Girls' Clubs, London

THE modern girl has a champion in Miss Louise Cowry, an author, who has started a successful Modern Girls' Club in London.

Miss Cowry has very definite views upon the type of work suitable for women to take up. She does not, for instance, think that they should go into Parliament or diplomacy, and says the fact that women are not suited to become M.P.'s has been proved ever since they had the vote. On the other hand, she sees no reason why they should not sit upon committees in an advisory capacity.

Among the many careers suitable for women she mentions first and foremost that of running a house successfully. Also, she thinks that every department store should have at least one well-trained woman on the staff in an executive position.

Her club was started primarily to help girls of well-to-do parents who want to make something of their lives. "I want," says Miss Cowry, "not only to justify the modern girl, but to help her to justify herself."

## An American Woman Consul at Geneva

THE members of the International Council of Women who were at Geneva during the time of the Assembly had much pleasure in meeting Miss Margaret Hanna, who has been appointed Consul in that town by the United States Government.

## Sisters Share Distinguished Careers

TWO interesting visitors now in Melbourne are Misses Joan and C. R. Borland, who have come from Edinburgh to visit their brother, the Rev. Dr. W. Borland. Both are Edinburgh University graduates who have had distinguished careers.

After she graduated M.A., Miss C. R. Borland spent some years at the Advocates' Library engaged in special work as Carnegie Research Fellow of Edinburgh University.

For fourteen years she has been engaged in "personnel work" at a hosiery and home-spun mill near Edinburgh. Her work includes selection and engagement of employees.

Her sister, Miss Joan Borland, after post-graduate work in education at Sumner College, Oxford, was lecturing at the Edinburgh University, and has been in charge of various teachers' training colleges in Scotland.

## To Take Charge of New Dietetic Department

AFTER studying dietetics at the Edinburgh Infirmary, Miss D. M. Lyle has returned to Melbourne with all the latest developments in the work of hospital dietitians.

The course, which takes 18 months to complete, twelve for theory and six for practice, covers chemistry and diet in their many specialised forms.

Miss Lyle is a Miss D. M. Lyle, trainee of the Children's Hospital, Melbourne, and the Women's Hospital, Sydney, and for ten years has been senior sister at the former hospital.

After doing a course in infant welfare at Tansara Mothercraft Training School she will take charge of the new dietetic department which will be provided for her at the Children's Hospital.

## Lived for Eighteen Months in Russia

MRS. H. GRAPP, who arrived in Sydney recently from overseas, journeying via Japan, lived for eighteen months in Russia, reading for varying periods at Moscow, Leningrad, Siberia, and Tiflis, famous for its wines.

The Russia of to-day she describes as a country of "those that have and those that have not."

Girls, she says (passing over the more serious problems of their welfare) have a passionate desire to possess silk stockings, and will ask quite frankly for the discarded ones of women tourists whose acquaintance they have made. They are keen on face powder, too, and both men and women use perfumes very lavishly.

The greatest care and attention are given to children in Russia, says Mrs. Grapp, and their clinics and nursery schools are unequalled in the world.

## Special Studies in America

MISS B. SLEDDON, a New Zealand, has returned from the United States to spend nine months with her people in Auckland.

She has been in the States for the last two years studying dietetics and considers Americans a particularly food-conscious nation, with the result that malnutrition figures there have steadily declined.

On her return to America she will take up a post in the food clinic of the Massachusetts General Hospital at Boston.

## Work of W.A. Girls For Needy Children

OVER 500 little West Australian girls unexpectedly had dolls to nurse at Christmas time through the imaginative generosity of the girls of the staff of a big Perth store.

For the past six months the girls have been dressing as many dolls as possible. Through the Australian Inland Mission and Country Women's Association many of the resulting efforts went to outback youngsters who perhaps had never seen or nursed dolls before.

Wives of the principal partners of the firm co-operated with the girls of the staff in the effort, and one of them, Mrs. Alfred Sandover, one of Perth's best-loved "old ladies," handed over groups of dolls to fifteen organisations for orphans and homeless or outback children.

## Prizes Awarded to Dutch Author

THE Hooft Prize, awarded annually by the Dutch Letters Society for the best literary work, went this year to a woman—Henriette van Rijk, for her humorous book, "Gabriel, the story of a lean little fellow." Another woman—Dr. A. H. Romeijn-Verschoor—also gained the Dr. Wijnandus-Fraencken Prize, distributed every second year.

## Helps Young People to Find Employment

DURING the four and a half years that she has occupied the position of records officer for the Legacy Club in South Australia, Mrs. D. J. Bannigan has been instrumental in finding suitable positions for more than 3000 young people, in this way upholding the club's ideal of service. Mrs. Bannigan's chief concern as records officer is to find employment for boys and girls, and after they have started work to keep in touch with them and watch their progress.

She also acts as liaison officer between the club's eleven committees and those of the club helps, distributing clothing, coaching for examinations, and arranging vocational training, but is very modest about the huge scope of her work.

## Her Favorite Operatic Roles

MISS NELLIE LAFFERTY, now living in Brisbane, is a Melbourne girl, who started her musical career by attending the Melbourne University Chorus, where she won the Command Scholarship and qualified for the diploma of music as a student of Madame Agnes Jason.

She then went to live in Brisbane and was leading soprano at a well-known theatre for two years. Since then she has sung in West Australia, Adelaide and Melbourne. Her favourite roles are Madame Butterfly and Marguerite ("Faust"). During her course at the University she did "Hansel and Gretel" with the Hugo Opera Company at the Playhouse, Melbourne, and made a great success of the part of Hansel.



Miss Lafferty, Doreen Coleman.

## HAVE HAPPY HOLIDAY FEET

With The Aid Of

# Zam-Buk

WHETHER on holiday in the country or at the seaside, there's going to be a lot of extra work for your feet. But there's no reason why you should not swing along, light of step, and enjoy every moment of your pleasure and recreation, if you look after your feet with Zam-Buk. A nightly rub-over with Zam-Buk gives you healthy feet, free from aching, blistering and soreness.

If convenient, first bathe your feet in warm water, and after drying thoroughly, massage Zam-Buk into the ankles, insteps, soles, and between the toes. The refined herbal oils in Zam-Buk are readily absorbed into the skin. Thus

**Pain, Swelling & Inflammation** are quickly relieved. Troublesome, hard skin and corns are softened and easily removed, blisters are healed and averted, joints, toes and feet are strengthened and made cool and comfortable again.

1/6 or 3/6 a box. All chemists & stores.

**Rub ZAM-BUK In Every Night**



"Rubbed into the feet before a walk, Zam-Buk prevented the chafing, soreness, and blistering which used to bother me. My feet have never let me down since I started with Zam-Buk Ointment."—Mrs. T. Sinclair.

"During summer I suffered a lot with my feet. I used Zam-Buk. This stopped the chafing and swelling and enabled me to get about much more easily."—Mrs. M. Watt.



Mrs. Cornfoot, sponsor sister.

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# THE CITADEL

Continued from Page 38

"THERE'S only one thing to be done," he brought his brows together determinedly. Despite his nervous brooding he felt strong now, freed from a haze of illusion, ready to act. "We've got to clear out of here. I'm in too deep, Chris, far too deep. I'd only be reminded at every turn of the fake stuff I'd been doing, yes, and maybe get pulled back. We can easily sell the practice. And, oh! Chris, I've got a wonderful idea."

"Yes, darling?"

He relaxed his nervous frown to smile at her diffidently, tenderly.

"How long is it since you called me that? I like it. Yes, I know, I deserved it—oh, don't let me start thinking again, Chris—this idea, this scheme—it hit me whenever I woke up this morning. I was worrying all over again about Hampton having asked me to join up with his rotten team idea—then suddenly it struck me, why not a genuine team? It's the sort of thing they have amongst doctors in America—Stillman always cracks it up to me, even though he isn't a doctor himself—but we just don't seem to have gone in for it here much. You see, Chris, even in quite a small provincial town you could have a clinic, a little team of doctors, each doing his own stuff. Now, listen, darling, instead of sticking in with Hampton and Ivory and Freedman why don't I get Denny and Hope together and form a genuine threesome. Denny does all the surgical work—and you know how good he is—I handle the medical side, and Hope is our bacteriologist! You see the benefit of that, we're each specialising in our own province and pooling our knowledge. Perhaps you remember all Denny's arguments—and mine too—about our hidebound G.P. system—how the general practitioner is made to stagger along, carrying everything on his shoulders, an impossibility! Group medicine is the answer to that, the perfect answer. It comes between State medicine and isolated, individual effort. The only reason we haven't had it here is because the big men like keeping everything in their own hands. But oh! Wouldn't it be wonderful, dear, if we could form a little front-line unit, scientifically and—yes, let me say it—spiritually intact, a kind of pioneer force to try to break down prejudice, knock out the old fetishes, maybe start a complete revolution in our whole medical system."

Her cheek pressed against the pillow, she gazed at him with shining eyes.

"It's like old times to hear you talk that way. I can't tell you how I love it. Oh! it's like beginning all over again. I am happy, darling, happy."

"I've got a lot to make up for," he reasoned solemnly. "I've been a fool. And worse." He pressed his brow with his hands. "I can't get poor Harry Vidler out of my head. And I won't, either, till I do something really to make up for it." He groaned suddenly. "I was to blame there, Chris, as much as Ivory. I can't help feeling I've got off too easily. It doesn't seem right that I should get away with it. But I'll work like the devil, Chris. And I believe Denny and Hope will come in with me. You know their ideas. Denny's really dying to get back into the rough-and-tumble of a practice again. And Hope—if we give him a little lab. where he can do original stuff between making our sera—he'll follow us anywhere."

He jumped out of bed and began to pace up and down the room in his old impetuous style, torn between elation for the future and remorse of the past, turning things over in his head, worrying, hoping, planning.

"I've so much to settle up, Chris," he cried, "and one thing I must see about. Look, dear! When I've written some letters—and we've had lunch—how about taking a little run into the country with me?"

She looked at him questioningly.

"But if you're busy?"

"I'm not too busy for this. Honestly, Chris, I have a fearful weight on my mind over Mary Boland. She's not getting on well at the Victoria and I haven't taken near enough notice. Thoroughgood is most unympathetic and he doesn't properly understand her case, at least not to my way of thinking. Heaven! If anything happened to Mary after my making myself responsible to Con for her I'd feel just about as crazy. It's an awful thing to say of one's own hospital, but she'll never recover at the Victoria. She ought to be in the country, in the fresh air, in a good sanatorium."

"Yes?"

"That's why I want us to run out to Stillman's. Bellevue's the finest, the most marvellous little place you

could ever hope to see. If only I could persuade him to take Mary in—Oh! I'd not only be satisfied, I'd feel I'd really done something worth while."

She said with decision: "We'll leave the minute you're ready."

When he had dressed he went downstairs, wrote a long letter to Denny and another to Hope. He had only three serious cases on his hands and on his way to visit them he posted the letters. Then, after a light meal, he and Christine set out for Wycombe.

The journey, despite the emotional tension persisting in his mind, was a happy one. More than ever it was borne upon him that happiness was an inner state, wholly spiritual, independent—whatever the cynics might say—of worldly possessions. All these months, when he had been striving and tearing after wealth and position and succeeding in every material sense, he had imagined himself happy. But he had not been happy. He had been existing in a kind of delirium, craving more after everything he got. Money, he thought bitterly, it was all for dirty money! First he had told himself he wanted to make £1000 a year! When he reached that income he had immediately doubled it, and set that figure as his maximum. But that maximum, when achieved, found him dissatisfied. And so it had gone on. He wanted more and more. It would in the end have destroyed him.

HE glanced sideways at Christine. How she must have suffered because of him! But now, if he had wished for any confirmation of the sanity of his decision, the sight of her altered, glowing face was evidence enough. It was not now a pretty face, for there were marks of the wear and tear of life drawn upon it, a little dark of lines about the eyes, a faint hollowing of the cheeks which had once been firm and blooming. But it was a face which had always worn an aspect of serenity and truth. And this reanimation which kindled it was so bright and moving he felt a fresh pang of compunction strike deeply into him. He swore he would never again in all his life do anything to make her sad.

They reached Wycombe towards three o'clock, then took a side road uphill which led along the crest of the ridge past Lacey Green. The situation of Bellevue was superb, upon a little plateau, which though sheltered on the north afforded an outlook over both valleys.

Stillman was cordial in his reception. He was a self-contained, undemonstrative little man, seldom given to enthusiasm, yet he showed his pleasure in Andrew's visit by demonstrating the full beauty and efficiency of his creation.

Bellevue was intentionally small, but of its perfection there could be no question. Two wings, angled to a south-western exposure, were united by a central administrative section. Above the entrance hall and offices was a lavishly equipped treatment room, its south wall entirely of vitreous glass. All the windows were of this material, the heating and ventilating system the last word in modern efficiency. As Andrew walked round he could not help contrasting this ultra-modern perfection with the antique buildings, built a hundred years before, which served as many of the London hospitals, and with those old dwelling-houses, badly converted and ill-equipped, which masqueraded as nursing homes.

AFTERWARDS, when he had shown them round, Stillman gave them tea. And here Andrew brought out his request with a rush.

"I hate asking you a favor, Mr. Stillman," Christine had to smile at the almost forgotten formula. "But I wonder if you'd take in a case for me? Early T.B. Probably requires pneumothorax. You see she's the daughter of a great friend of mine, a professional man—dentist—and she's not getting on where she is—"

Something like amusement gathered behind Stillman's pale blue eyes. "You don't mean you're proposing to send me a case. Doctors don't send me cases here—though they do in America. You forget that here I'm a fake healer running a quack sanatorium, the kind that makes his patients walk barefooted in the dew—before leading them in to a grated carrot breakfast!"

Andrew did not smile.

"I didn't ask you to pull my leg,

Mr. Stillman. I'm dead serious about this girl. I'm—I'm worried about her."

"But I'm afraid I am full up, my friend. In spite of the antipathy of your medical fraternity I have a waiting list as long as my arm. Strange! Stillman did at last impassively smile. "People want me to cure them in spite of the doctors."

"Well!" Andrew muttered—Stillman's refusal was a great disappointment to him. "I was more or less banking on it. If we could have got Mary in here—oh! I'd have felt relieved. Why, you've got the finest treatment centre in England. I'm not trying to flatter you. I know! When I think of that old ward in the Victoria where she's lying now, listening to the cockroaches scramble behind the skirting—"

Stillman leaned forward and picked up a thin cucumber sandwich from the low table before them. He had a characteristic, almost finicky, way of handling things as though he had just, with the utmost care, washed his hands and went in fear of soiling them.

"So! It's a little ironic comedy you are arranging. No, no, I mustn't talk

work again. What d'you think, Chris?"

By way of answer she leaned sideways and, greatly to the common danger on the public highway, she soundly kissed him.

NEXT morning he rose early, after a good night's rest. He felt tense, keyed for anything. Going straight to the telephone, he put the practice in the hands of Puiger & Turner, medical transfer agents, of Adam Street. Mr. Gerald Turner, present head of that old established firm, answered personally and in response to Andrew's request he came out promptly to Chesborough Terrace. After a scrutiny of the books lasting all that forenoon he assured him that he would have not the slightest difficulty in effecting a quick sale.

"Of course, we shall have to state a reason, doctor, in our advertisements," said Mr. Turner gently tapping his teeth with his cased pencil. "Any purchaser is bound to ask himself—why should any doctor give up a gold mine like this—and



WHITE DOG ROSES, scarlet poppies, and blue cornflowers form a gay trimming for this provocative little straw turban worn by this 20th Century-Fox player. The color scheme is repeated in the frock.

that way, I see you are worried. And I will help you. Although you are a doctor I'll take your case." Stillman's lip twitched at the blank expression on Andrew's face. "You see, I'm broad-minded. I don't mind dealing with the profession when I'm obliged to. Why don't you smile?—that's a joke. Never mind. Even if you've no sense of humor you're a darn sight more enlightened than most of the brethren. Let me see. I have no room vacant till next week. Wednesday, I think. Bring your case to me a week on Wednesday and I promise you I'll do the best for her I can!"

ANDREW'S face reddened with gratitude.

"I—I can't thank you enough—I—"

"Then don't. And don't be so polite. I prefer you when you look like throwing things about. Mrs. Manson, does he ever throw the china at you? I have a great friend in America, he owns sixteen newspapers, and every time he gets in a temper he breaks a five-cent plate. Well, one day, it so happened—"

He went on to tell them a long—and to Manson quite pointless—story. But driving home in the cool of the evening Andrew meditated to Christine:

"That's one thing settled anyway, Chris—a big load off my mind. I'm positive it's the right place for Mary. He's a great chap is Stillman. I like him a lot. He's nothing to look at, but underneath he's just pressed steel. I wonder if ever we could have a clinic on these lines—miniature replica—Hope and Denny and me. That's a wild dream, eh? But you never know. And I've been thinking, if Denny and Hope do come in with me and we pitch out in the provinces—we might be near enough on the coasts for me to pick up my inhalation

excuse me for saying so, doctor, it is a gold mine. I've never seen such spot cash receipts for many a day. Shall we say on account of ill-health?"

"No," said Andrew brusquely. "Tell them the truth. Say—'he checked himself, 'oh, say for personal reasons.'"

"Very well, doctor," and Mr. Gerald Turner wrote, against his draft advertisement: "Relinquished from motives purely personal and unconnected with the practice."

Andrew concluded: "And remember, I don't want a fortune for this thing—only a good price. There's a lot of tame cats who mightn't follow the new man around."

At lunch time Christine produced two telegrams which had come for him. He had asked both Denny and Hope to wire him in reply to the letters he had written the day before.

The first, from Denny, said simply: "Impressed. Expect me tomorrow evening."

The second declared with typical flippancy:

MUST I spend all my life with lunatics. Feature of English provincial towns pubs stocks cathedrals, and pig markets. Did you say laboratory. Signed INDIGNANT RATEPAYER.

After lunch Andrew ran down to the Victoria. It was not Doctor Thoroughgood's visiting hour, but that suited his purpose admirably. He wanted no fuss or unpleasantness, least of all did he wish to upset his senior, who, for all his obstinacy and prim concern with the barber-surgeons of the past, had always treated him well.

Seated beside Mary's bed he explained privately to her what he wished to do.

"It was my fault to begin with," he patted her hand reassuringly. "I ought to have foreseen this wasn't quite the place for you. You'll find a difference when you get to Bellevue—a big difference, Mary. But they've been very kind to you here, there's no need to hurt anybody's feelings. You must just say you want to go out next Wednesday, discharge yourself—if you don't like to do it yourself I'll get Con to write and say he wants you out. They've so many people waiting for beds it'll be easy. Then on Wednesday I'll take you out myself by car to Bellevue. I'll have a nurse with me and everything. Nothing could be simpler—or better for you."

He returned home with a sense of something further accomplished, feeling that he was beginning to clear up the mess into which his life had fallen. That evening in his surgery he set himself sternly to weed out the chronica, ruthlessly to sacrifice his charm school. A dozen times in the course of an hour he declared firmly:

"This must be your last visit. You've been coming a long time. You're quite better now. And it doesn't do to go on drinking medicine!"

It was amazing, at the end of it, how much lighter he felt. To be able to speak his mind closely and able to speak his mind honestly and emphatically was a luxury he had long denied himself. He went in to Christine with a step almost boyish.

"Now I feel less like a salesman for bath salts!" He groaned: "Heavens! How can I talk that way. I'm forgetting what's happened—Vidler—everything I've done!"

It was then that the telephone rang. She went to answer it, and it seemed to him that she was a longish time absent and that when she returned her expression was again oddly strained.

"Someone wants you on the phone," "Who...?" All at once he realized that Frances Lawrence had called him up. There was a bar of silence in the room. Then, hurriedly, he said, "Tell her I'm not in. Tell her I've gone away. No, wait!" His expression strengthened, he took an abrupt movement forward. "I'll speak to her myself."

HE came back in five minutes to find that Christine had seated herself with some work in her familiar corner where the light was good. He glanced at her covertly, then glanced away, walked to the window and stood there moodily looking out with his hands in his pockets. The quiet click of her knitting needles made him feel inordinately foolish, a sad and stupid dog, cringing home limping and bedraggled from some illicit foray. At last he could contain himself no longer. Still with his back to her he said:

"That's finished too. It may interest you to know it was only my stupid vanity—that and self-interest. I loved you all the time." Suddenly he ground out, "Hang it, Chris. It was all my fault. These people don't know any different, but I do. I'm getting out of this too easy—too easy. But let me tell you—while I was at the phone I rang up Mr. Roy, thought I might as well make one job of it. Cremo products won't be interested in me any more. I've wiped myself off their slate, too, Chris. And I'll see that I stay off!"

She did not answer but the click of her needles made, in the silent room, a brisk and cheerful sound. He must have remained there a long time, his shamed eyes upon the movement of the street outside, upon the lights springing up through the summer darkness. When at length he turned the invading dusk had crept into the room, but she still sat there, almost invisible in the shadowed chair, a small slight figure occupied with her knitting.

That night he woke up sweating and distressed, turning to her blindly, still anguished by the terrors of his dream.

"Where are you, Chris? I'm sorry. I'm truly sorry. I'll do my best to be decent to you in future." Then quieted, already half asleep. "We'll take a holiday when we sell out here. Heavens! My nerves are rotten—to think I once called you neurotic! And when we settle down, wherever it is, you'll have a garden, Chris. I know how you love it. Remember—remember at Vale View, Chris?"

Next morning he brought her home a great bunch of chrysanthemums. He strove, with all his old intensity, to show his affection for her, not by that showy generosity which she had hated—the thought of that Pizus luncheon still made him shiver—but in small, considerate, almost forgotten, ways.

Please turn to Page 40



**Contributors' Note**  
CONTRIBUTORS are advised that Real Life Stories and So They Say letters sent to this office must be accompanied by return postage, otherwise they will be destroyed.

# Real Life Stories

## Days of Peril Among the New Guinea Man-hunters

A tale of New Guinea in the early days which tells of an attack by hostile natives on a white man's camp wins this week's prize of £1/1/- for Mr. G. Lowe, 12 Plant St., Balgowlah, N.S.W.

IN the days when New Guinea was not so much in the news as to-day, I had a small claim, the other side of Kiandi, which then bordered the Ku-Ku-Ku (cannibal) land of New Guinea.

Three "boys" (native servants) of the Markham tribe worked faithfully and well with me, and there was no sign of the man-hunters.

One evening, Tambo, my servant, called towards me. "E come, e come," he panted, pointing away across the valley. We four waited, the boys trembling with fright. Towards morning I got up and unconsciously made towards the door of the hut, but Tambo jumped in front and in doing so tripped sprawling in the doorway.

Light! I can hear the crunch yet. Down came a "pineapple" club on his skull, and the faithful old fellow passed on to the Vahalla of his "on-lahs" (same tribe).

I fired my revolver quickly in suc-

cession, and in the kumal (grass) we saw four villainous-looking tribesmen disappearing down the mountain.

Did we stay? No fear. I found another claim nearer home. Being the foundation for a cannibal hot-pot didn't appeal to me.

£1/1/- to G. Lowe, 12 Plant St., Balgowlah, N.S.W.

### Maddened Bullocks

WHEN a girl of ten I lived with my family on a station some miles from Bendemeer, N.S.W.

The country was drought-stricken and father had been hand-feeding the weaker cattle. 100 head of which he had moved to the "house paddock" for close attention.

When a supply of lucerne hay, which father had ordered, did not arrive, he drove to Bendemeer in the sulky to inquire about it. I accompanied him.

The carrier had reached town but was suffering agony from a poisoned hand, so father, leaving the sulky with him, drove the truck home.

As we entered the "house paddock" gate father noticed a bullock struggling in the creek twenty yards from the road.

He hastened down and tried to raise it. It was then that I realised that a number of bullocks were gathering round the truck; then one, with a hoarse bellow, made a rush and commenced gnawing madly at the hay, quickly followed by the others.

In a panic I screamed for father, but before he had climbed the steep bank the truck was surrounded by about seventy maddened, starving beasts, whose reddened eyes, tossing horns, and slaverling mouths made a terrifying sight.

As they struggled madly to reach the hay, several were trampled down and killed, and I knew if they over-turned the truck that I, too, would share that fate.

Father, deathly white, was unable to reach me, so turned to run to the house for help, 500 yards away, but just then my two brothers, attracted by the bellowing beasts, came up with stockwhips and dogs and drove the maddened beasts away.

They were not a moment too soon, for the rope which held the bales in place had broken, and the cattle would soon have dragged them down and swarmed up them onto the truck. The stark horror of that "melee of horns and hoofs and heads" can never be forgotten.

5/- to Mrs. J. F. Rahle, 163 Fernberg Rd., Upper Paddington W2, Brisbane.

### Crocodiles on Bank

WHEN I was living with my sister on a station in the Gulf country we decided to go fishing one day in the Plunders River, which was about seven miles away from the homestead.

On this particular day I had become rather tired of the one spot, my catch being only half a dozen fish, so I decided to try my luck farther down the river.

While walking along, I got a terrible fright, for just in front of me on the bank were three big crocodiles sunning themselves.

If I had gone a couple of steps farther I would have walked right into them; however, when they saw me they soon got back into the water. Even to-day my blood runs cold when I think of what might have been.

Not far from this spot drovers had lost horses, which were taken by the monsters.

5/- to Mrs. F. A. Gill, Edington St., North Rockhampton, Qld.

### Twelve Hours of Life Lost

THIS happened in Portsmouth, England, about the year 1900.

I was working as typist for a firm called John Dyer, of Southsea, and had to ride to business on a bicycle, through the city streets, which on three mornings of the week were



"E COME, 'E COME," said my servant, pointing across the valley.

densely crowded, being marketing days.

As this is a navy port, there is always a fairly good crowd out anyhow.

One market day a big fat sailor, on a bicycle also, swerved over on his wrong side and collided into me, knocking me to the street. He fell on top of me.

The rest of the story is only repeated from what onlookers saw, for I do not, to this day, remember a thing about it.

It appears he picked me up, straightened my handle-bars, and asked if I were hurt. I shook my head to say "No," and then brushed myself, straightened my hat, mounted the bicycle again, and rode through the very worst of the crowd.

Arriving at my place of business I put the cycle in the shed, went up about 24 stairs, and then collapsed.

The boss had me sent home in a cab, and the only thing I can recollect is waking up about 8 p.m. to find myself at home in bed with my head swathed in bandages.

Of the previous happening I had not the faintest recollection. The doctor said that a steel comb I was wearing at the time had been driven into the skull, and that what I had done right after the accident had been done by the subconscious mind.

He thought eventually I would recollect everything, but to this day it has not come back, so I may say that I have lost account of about 12 hours of life.

5/- to Mrs. Gladys Miller, Flat 14, Leithen, 39 Acland Street, St. Kilda 82, Melbourne.

### Mischief Rewarded

WHILE travelling home on the Themistocles from the Wembley Exhibition in 1924, moving pictures were shown nearly every Sunday night. Passengers were seated between the first-class deck and the poop deck.

My young friend and myself, both aged 13, were just the bad boys of the boat, into all the mischief imaginable.

We thought it would be great fun to climb up on the awnings that were over the poop deck, and pelt the audience with cheese and ship's biscuits.

We thought it great fun. In fact, we laughed so much that we forgot where we were.

My friend lost his balance and grabbed at me.

We both went rolling down the awning, right to the edge, clutching desperately at the canvas.

I don't know how we did it, but my friend grabbed a stanchion and hung on. I grabbed him round the waist and dug my knees into the edge of the canvas and hung.

I'll never forget the horror of those few moments, hanging upside down over the edge, watching the black water rushing by the side of the ship, expecting at any second to go plunging down, down into it.

We tried to shout, but could only bleat, until terror gave us voice, and we belugged out for help.

I was just about ready to fall when a couple of passengers came to our aid.

5/- to C. Shepherd, 91 Queen Street, Ashfield, N.S.W.

### Meeting the Cousin

MANY years ago two girl friends of mine decided to make me the victim of one of their many practical jokes.

Unknown to me they answered a matrimonial advertisement and made an appointment with the advertiser.

They then called at my home, begged me to meet a "cousin" from the country for them, giving plausible reasons why neither they nor any of their family could possibly meet the new arrival.

They explained that he was quite strange to the city and would be unable to find their home. He was very shy and nervous, they told me, and even hinted that I would find him more than a little stupid.

It seemed a small enough favor to ask, and I willingly agreed. They

### Prizes for Stories

EVERY week cash prizes are awarded for the best Real Life Stories.

Letters should be sent to The Australian Women's Weekly, endorsed "Real Life Stories."

gave me a description of him and the clothes he would be wearing.

Finally, I was told, I would have to speak to him first, and at all costs to bring him home with me.

The night of the appointment found me on time at the correct spot fully expecting to meet the king of country bumpkins.

I approached a young man, obviously ill at ease, who answered the description given me. Sure enough he was the one I had been instructed to meet.

From then on our actions and conversation became positively intimate. I was fully convinced I was dealing with a half-wit whom I must deliver into the safe keeping of his relations.

And he was equally positive that he had fallen into the hands of an escaped lunatic who babbled about "aunts," "cousins," and "getting home."

However, we finally got things straightened out. I did not speak to my friends for some time, not, in fact, until they received invitations to my wedding.

Yes, I married the "cousin."

5/- to Mrs. T. Osborne, 96 Vale St., East Melbourne, Vic.

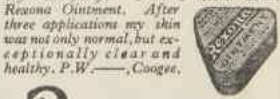
## SUNBURN



Apply Rexona Ointment to that tortured skin. It's the simplest, most effective remedy for sunburn. Rexona soothes the inflamed skin and stops blistering. After a few applications of Rexona, the skin becomes normal. If the skin has blistered Rexona is even more necessary. It is a splendid safeguard against germs; and its healing medications help to form a new, healthy skin.

TREATMENT: Rub Rexona Ointment lightly over the surface; or, if the skin has blistered smear Rexona thickly on a bandage and apply gently.

When you are washing the tender skin use mild Rexona Medicated Soap—it contains the same soothing, healing properties as the Ointment. Extract from a letter: "Recently I suffered a very bad sunburn. My face and arms were swollen and sore for days, and my skin became dry and flaky. Then I heard about Rexona Ointment. After three applications my skin was not only normal, but exceptionally clear and healthy. P.W.—, Coogee."



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The Rapid Healer

OINTMENT 1/6 per tin - SOAP 9d. per tablet (City and Suburbs)

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## SIMPLIFIES HOUSEHOLD CLEANING

Polish the porcelain of your bathroom and kitchen, the brassware of dining-room or lounge; brighten silks and laces and restore silver to dazzling brilliancy—With Scrubb's Cloudy Ammonia. Your wash is now white when Scrubb's Cloudy Ammonia is added to the water before soaking. Keep it handy always! And remember it is most economical, being three times the strength of other ammonias.



## SCRUBB'S CLOUDY AMMONIA

THERE ARE MANY INSECT SPRAYS... BUT ONLY ONE FLY-TOX

## THE INSECT SPRAY THAT KILLS

It pays to insist on Fly-Tox when you buy insect spray, for Fly-Tox KILLS. Fly-Tox is recognised throughout the world as the best insect spray made. Flies, mosquitoes, cockroaches, and all other insects die when it is sprayed. Insist on Fly-Tox, and refuse substitutes.

COSTS NO MORE THAN ORDINARY SPRAYS

## INSIST ON FLY-TOX IT KILLS ALL INSECTS



**CAROLINE'S** gold-brown eyes rested upon him with amusement, pity and tenderness. "Children are terribly difficult to know," she said. "There's no one on earth can hold one at arm's length, stare one out like a child. All the same it's worth any amount of trouble."

Captain Brentford, looking at her across the small flower-decked table, thought that there was something else worth taking trouble about. It was that night he proposed and was accepted; felt himself warmly alive again, with the touch of soft arms about his neck.

Just before they parted, with her fine golden-brown hair against his cheek, Caroline said something about the children and he answered: "Oh, hang the children, I've done with them," at which she drew back, laughing and yet grave.

"Look here, John I simply won't have you without them," she said. "I'm greedy. I have your love, and goodness knows you have mine. But I want more, a regular harvest of love piled up and up and running over. I'm accepting a man with children and I mean to have them. I know it will come right. The only thing is you mustn't say you've done with them. You can never have done with them. They're yours for keeps, they're yours, they're going to be ours."

And all the while Barbara had been crying herself to sleep, turning again and again her pillows soaked with tears; beating her small hard fists upon the bed; stuffing a corner of the sheet into her mouth so that she should not awake Jane with her sobs; tearing her heart out over the question as to why, why she had been like that, what had come between her and her father when he was all she cared for. The one person in the world she had wanted to see; bursting with things she had longed to tell him up to the very moment of his arrival. And then all tied up like that!

As for Troddles—Troddles had said, "Troddles is sick of women, Troddles goin' to be a great big man like his father, with lovely big feet, that what Troddles 'll be." By the time that Captain Brentford went to Redrowns for the second time, to tell his children of his engagement, they had been fully prepared for what was to come. Even Troddles said, rude and sulky with his lip out, "I hope you've not brought that stepthing. I hate stepthings."

The last week in March, the second week in April—May now, and a different world. Anyhow there had always been two worlds—the world of the two great nieces and great nephew of the Misses Leveritt, the smooth lawns about the house, the stiff flower bed, and then, and then the Wilderness, the Long Walk, the stream at the end of it. The



### If You're a Baby

Give him the gentle, safe aperient used by mothers for 100 years—Steedman's Powders. They keep babies regular and bloodstream cool during teething. For children up to 14 years.

"Hints to Mothers" Booklet sent free on request.

**GIVE STEEDMAN'S POWDERS FOR CONSTIPATION**

John Steedman & Co., Walsworth Rd., London, Eng.

### Help Kidneys

#### Don't Take Drastic Drugs

Your kidneys have nine million tiny tubes or filters which are endangered by neglect or drastic irritating drugs. Beware! If kidney trouble or bladder weakness makes you suffer from Getting Up Nights, Leg Pains, Nervousness, Dizziness, Stiffness, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Crises Under Eyes, Swollen Ankles, Neuritis, Burning, Itching, Smarting, Acidity or Loss of Vigour, don't delay. Try the Doctor's new discovery called Cystex (Sulzox). Soothes, tones, cleans, and feeds sick kidneys. Starts work in 15 minutes. Brings new health, youth and vitality in 48 hours. Cystex costs little and is guaranteed to end your troubles in 3 days or money back. At all chemists.

## STEPS Is STEPS

Continued from Page 11

children of the Wilderness in their own world.

The cherry tree was almost in the Wilderness. It leaned over the wall from next door where old Miss Milson's said Barbara, "I saw her."

"A little girl?" inquired Jane hopefully.

"Oh, no, grown up, grown up enough to be a mother. All the same she has a young face, laughing sort of eyes. She was leaning over the gate. She waved her hand to me, and said: 'Good morning, Miss Next-Door.' She was funny—I liked her."

In her brief blue pants and white bodice Barbara was practising the art of standing on her head, very grave and set about it.

Suddenly Barbara stopped her gymnastics and started to dance. Someone up among the blossoms of the cherry tree clapped hands.

The girl from next door, one foot in a crotch of the tree, one in a hole in the high wall, leaned over it: "I say that looks jolly," she said. "Sort o' dance of the dragon fly."

Without a word all three children looked up, their eyes intent and critical. The girl's eyes met Barbara's, bright and dark. The thin vivid little face broke into a smile. "Why!" cried Barbara, "that's what I call it, that's what it's meant to be, a dragon fly dance."

"I've made a peep show," said Jane. "I'll give it to you if you like." She raised it in both hands, and some of the pins fell out. The flowers flopped in a ridge, and she opened her mouth and eyes, ready to cry with shame.

"Oh, oh!" cried the girl in white, "such a lovely lovely picture!" She swung herself into a sitting position and alighted there. "If you'll let me," she said kneeling beside Jane, "really and truly, it does want two pairs of hands."

"If you're a bird," said Troddles, "and come into our cherry tree and eat the cherries when they're ripe, I'll get a gun and shoot you."

"It's not our cherry tree, not really. We call it that. The boughs hang right over and the roots come out under the wall. But the trunk is in Miss Milson's garden."

## Continuing... THE CITADEL

Continued from Page 38

"That's the word, Chris! By Heaven! This does matter!"

Andrew bounced the cullery as he brought down his fist. "The scheme's good. But it's the ideal behind the scheme! A new interpretation of the Hippocratic oath; an absolute allegiance to the scientific ideal, no empiricism, no shoddy methods, no stock prescribing, no fee-matching, no proprietary muck, no self-soothing of hypochondria, no—Oh! for the Lord's sake, give me a drink! My vocal cords won't stand up to this. I ought to have a drum."

They talked on until one o'clock in the morning. Andrew's tense excitement was a stimulus felt even by the staid Denny. His last train had long since departed. That night he occupied the spare room and as he hurried off after breakfast on the following day he promised to come to town again on the following Friday. Meanwhile he would see Hope and—final proof of his enthusiasm—buy a large scale map of the West Midlands.

"It's on, Chris, it's on!" Andrew came back triumphant from the door. "Philip's as keen as mustard. He doesn't say much. But I know."

That same day they had the first inquiry for the practice. A prospective buyer arrived and he was followed by others. Gerald Turner came in person with the more likely purchasers. He had a beautiful flow of eloquent language which he even directed upon the architecture of the garage. On Monday, Dr. Noel Lowry called twice, alone in the morning and escorted by the agent in the afternoon. Thereafter Turner rang up Andrew, suavely confidential:

"Dr. Lowry is interested, doctor, very interested. I may say, He's particularly anxious we don't sell till his wife has a chance to see the house. She's at the seaside with the children. She's coming up Wednesday."

THIS was the day on which Andrew had arranged to take Mary to Bellevue, but he felt the matter could be left in Turner's hands. Everything had gone as he anticipated at the hospital. Mary was due to leave at two o'clock. He had fixed up with Nurse Sharp to accompany them in the car.

It was raining heavily, as, at half-past one, he started off by driving to Welbeck Street to pick up Nurse Sharp. She was in a sulky humor, waiting but unwilling, when he reached No. 47A. Since he had told her he must disperse with her services at the end of the month her moods had been even more uncertain. She snapped an answer to his greeting and stepped into the car.

Fortunately he had no difficulty with Mary. He drew up as she came through the porter's lodge and the next moment she was in the back of the saloon with Nurse Sharp, warmly wrapped in a rug with a hot bottle at her feet. They had not gone far, however, before he began to wish he had not brought the sulky and suspicious nurse. It was evident that she considered the expedition far beyond the scope of her duties. He wondered how he had managed to put up with her so long. At half-

"I suppose we'd all get into trouble if we were found in it, and as for our trouble it's our tree," said the grown-up girl. "And after all, supposing it's not a tree, but a fairy princess, dressed all ready for her wedding. And all the lovely white, like a white lace gown and veil."

She caught Jane's large blue eyes, saw them turn to Barbara; saw Barbara looking down on the ground, her arms in her jersey. For a frowning moment she disappeared. Her mouth was hard set as she emerged, pulled down the jersey with a sharp jerk. Something was wrong here, something had happened.

Jane got up, her peep show in her hand. "Thank you very much. We must go now," she said.

"Good-bye," said Barbara and added politely, but coldly, "I don't know how you're going to get back."

Troddles got up, wiping his muddy hands down the front of his jumper and suddenly, unexpectedly, gave her a wide, heavenly smile. "She's a white bird an' she'll fly," he said.

Barbara turned her head and took the stranger's hand. In a moment Jane had the other tight in her own, hot and sticky, while Troddles caught at a fold of her skirt.

past three they reached Bellevue. The rain had now ceased and a burst of sun came through the clouds as they ran up the drive. Mary leaned forward, her eyes fastened nervously, a little apprehensively, upon the place from which she had been led to expect so much.

Andrew found Stillman in the office. He was anxious to see the case with him at once for the question of pneumothorax induction weighed heavily on his mind. He spoke of this as he smoked a cigarette and drank a cup of tea.

"Very well," Stillman nodded as he concluded. "We'll go up right now."

He led the way to Mary's room. She was now in bed, pale from her journey and still inclined to apprehensiveness, gazing at Nurse Sharp who stood at one end of the room folding up her dress. She gave a little start as Stillman came forward.

He examined her meticulously. His examination was an illumination to Andrew, quiet, silent, absolutely precise. He had no bedside manner. He was not impressive. He did not, indeed, resemble a physician at work. He was like a business man engaged with the complication of an adding machine which has gone wrong. Although he used the stethoscope, most of his investigation was tactile, a palpitation of the inter-rib and supra-clavicular spaces as if, through his smooth fingers, he could actually sense the condition of the living, breathing lung cells beneath.

When it was over he said nothing to Mary, but took Andrew beyond the door.

"Pneumothorax," he said. "There's no question. That lung should have been collapsed weeks ago. I'm going to do it right away. Go back and tell her."

While he went off to see to the apparatus Andrew returned to the room and informed Mary of their decision. He spoke as lightly as he could, yet it was evident that the immediate prospect of the induction upset her further.

"You'll do it?" she asked in an uneasy tone. "Oh! I'd much rather you did it."

"It's nothing, Mary. You won't feel the slightest pain. I'll be here. I'll be helping him! I'll see that you're all right."

He had meant actually to leave the whole technique to Stillman. But as she was so nervous, so palpably depending upon him and as, indeed, he felt himself responsible for her presence here, he went to the treatment-room and offered his assistance to Stillman.

Ten minutes later they were ready. When Mary was brought in he gave her the local anaesthesia. He then stood by the manometer, while Stillman skillfully inserted the needle, controlling the flow of sterile nitrogen gas into the pleura. The apparatus was exquisitely delicate and Stillman undoubtedly a master of the technique. He had an expert touch with the cannula, driving it deftly forward, his eyes fixed upon the manometer for the final "snap" which announced perforation of the parietal pleura. He had his own method of deep manipulation to prevent the occurrence of surgical emphysema.

To Be Continued

"I WAS treas-

ing terribly," said Caroline. "It's not that, but we don't like brides much here—now." Barbara said, and added fiercely, "like you, we like you awfully, wish—" she broke off with a curd half-scared look on her small face and added: "A little further down the wall there's a little tree on the side. If we all hoist—"

With the help of the little tree and the three pairs of hands, the grown-up girl scrambled on to the wall again, waved a good-bye, and slid down the other side. At the moment all alike had cried, "Come back, come back, White Bird, flying down again."

That evening they all danced and evened she told them stories, played games. Evening after evening went on. The flowers on the cherry tree were falling—yellowing.

"You know," said Barbara to a girl, "you know when you said the first day you came over, the tree looking like a bride I was dreadful. We hate brides here—'em. 'Cause my daddy—'cause he goin' to have a bride, a sort of bride, we won't see him any more. I see, we had to choose between the place and going to him, and he doesn't want us—nobody really wants us now. Oh, if only, only, he was going to marry you—"

The other two ran towards the Jane hurling herself against the glass. Troddles sprawling across her time face downward. As well as she could she hugged them all at once.

"Fairy stories do sometimes come true," she began at last. "Supposing the cherry tree was taking a sort of bride, and not really a process, but just me—and suppose the tree, which was me, had fallen in love with a sort of Fairy Prince that was your daddy. And she loved him, and loved you, all three of us, frightfully!" She hugged her closer. "Supposing she wanted to for her very own children and was not have him without you, what would happen? Oh, children, children, darling, what would happen to her, to me?"

THE girl then said, "and your father wants to marry me. But I won't have him unless you'll have me too. To be—and—and to love."

The under-housemaid, running down through the Long Walk, calling to them: "You're to come to the house at once, your father—she stopped and stared. A smothered mass of humanity was struggling towards her. A lady with golden-brown hair, bent almost double with the children, came around her neck.

Passing the amazed maid Caroline gave her a swift, brilliant smile. "All right," she said, and moved to the edge of the prim lawn. Troddles in her arms, the other two on her knees and waist, while Captain Brentford ran down from the race with a whoop of joy and, across the lawn, took them all together in his arms.

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### Neuralgia used to drive me crazy

but now I never let it get beyond the twinges. I just take a Bayer A.P.C. and in a few minutes the pain disappears. If you have never tried Bayer A.P.C. revelation in quick relief awaits you. The exceptional purity of the Bayer ingredients accounts for the wonderful curative efficacy of Bayer A.P.C. Powder in relieving Neuralgia, Headache, Toothache, Rheumatic Pains, Sleeplessness, those prostrating attacks to which women are liable. To doctors and chemists the world over the name "BAYER" is a remedy is the Hall Mark of reliability, it is your best guarantee of quick relief from pain.

Box of 12 powders, 1/6. Box of 24 powders, 2/6. Of all Chemists.

**BAYER A.P.C. QUICK-SURE-SAFE**



# THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY HOME MAKER

January 8, 1938.

A special section devoted to the interests of home-lovers

Page One

*They Look Good,  
They Taste Better!*

## BAKED BEAN DISHERS

*What's more, you'll find them  
inexpensive, easy to serve, and  
decidedly nutritious.*

HERE'S a spicy  
flavor about baked  
beans that every-  
body likes. But few know  
how to make the most of  
this delicious product. After  
to-day, however, you'll be  
able to pleasantly sur-  
prise the family and friends  
with these new dishes.

FOR your convenience, the  
recipes given below are  
grouped under three  
headings: luncheon,  
dinner, and supper.

This is only sugges-  
tive. You will, of course,  
please yourself when  
you serve them. But,  
whatever your choice,  
you'll delight every-  
body.

### Luncheon Dishes

#### BAKED BEANS WITH CHEESE

Butter a fireproof dish, or  
individual small dishes.  
Open a tin of baked beans  
and pour in the contents.  
Put a layer of grated cheese  
over the beans, and dot with  
bits of butter. Place in oven  
till thoroughly heated  
through and serve very hot.

#### BAKED BEANS WITH EGGS

Allow a poached egg and a  
slice of buttered toast for  
each person. Heat a tin of  
baked beans while you are  
preparing these. To serve,  
arrange the eggs on toast  
round a hot dish and pile the beans  
in the middle. Sprinkle with a little  
chopped parsley just before serving.

#### BAKED BEAN CANAPES.

Heat contents of a tin of baked  
beans. Meanwhile, prepare slices of  
toast, one for each person. Cut into  
beat oblongs, butter well, and pile  
with beans. Serve piping hot.

#### BAKED BEAN CUTLETS

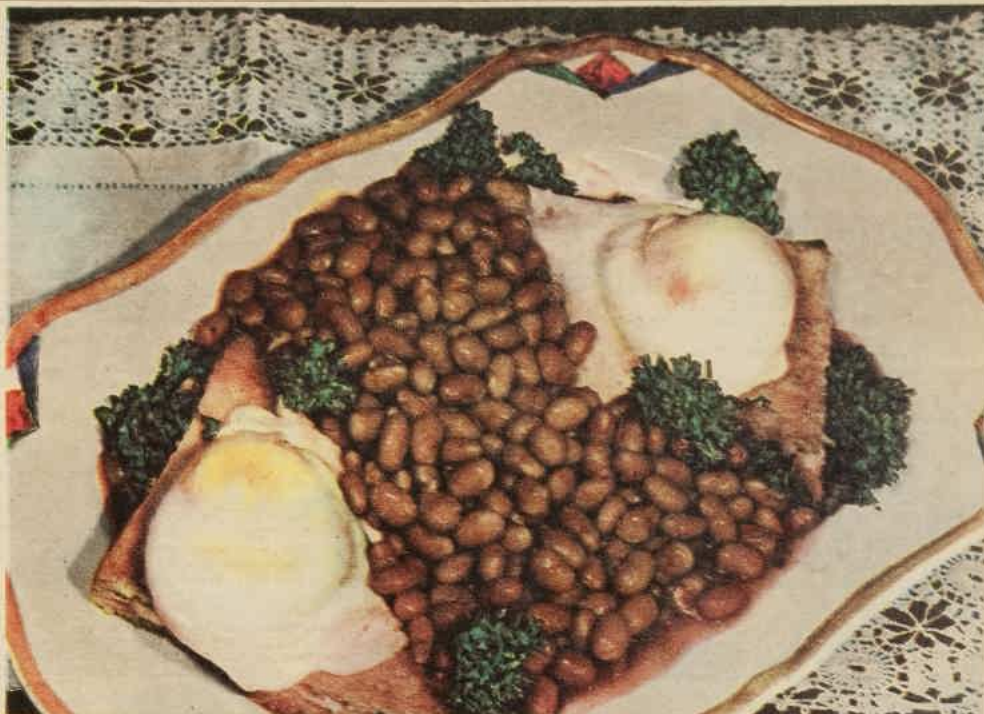
Drain a tinfoil of baked beans from  
their sauce. Run through mincer,  
with a small onion. Add salt and  
pepper, a cupful of fresh bread-  
crumbs and one beaten egg. Turn  
on to floured board, shape into cutlets  
and leave in a cool place till needed.  
Beat up another egg with a spoonful  
of milk, roll cutlets in stale bread-  
crumbs, dip in beaten egg and roll in  
crumbs again. Fry in smoking fat.  
Drain and serve very hot piled round  
a mound of rice potatoes.

#### BAKED BEAN AND CHEESE ROLL.

Half-pound baked beans, 1 lb.  
cheese, small onion, 1 dessert-  
spoon butter, 1 cup bread-  
crumbs, salt, cayenne, chopped  
ham.  
Put beans and cheese through  
mincer with the onion. Add crumbs,  
salt, cayenne, and ham. Mould into  
a loaf or roll. Brush over with  
melted butter. Roll in crumbs.  
Bake in moderate oven till browned.

By  
**MARY  
FORBES  
SINCLAIR**

Cookery Expert  
to the  
Australian  
Women's  
Weekly.



JUST LOOK at the colorful picture above! Doesn't it stir up  
feelings of hunger? Baked beans with eggs are jolly good. So  
is the tempting health salad shown at left. See recipes for both  
on this page.



Baste well. Place on a hot dish,  
garnish with parsley, and serve  
with tomato sauce.

### HEALTH SALAD

Mix the contents of a tin of baked  
beans (drained from their sauce)  
with equal quantity of chopped  
celery and a squeeze of lemon juice.  
Arrange crisp young lettuce leaves  
on individual salad plates, and place  
a portion of the bean-and-celery  
mixture on each. Serve with mayon-  
naise.

### BAKED BEANS ON TOAST

Beans, buttered toast, slices of  
tomato.  
Cut the toast into squares after  
removing crust and lay in entree  
dish. Grill the slices of tomato.  
Put spoonful of hot beans on each  
square of toast. Lay on slice of  
tomato. Garnish with sprigs of  
parsley, and serve at once, very hot.

### Dinner Dishes

#### BAKED BEANS AS HORS D'OEUVRE

Baked beans are a most appetizing  
addition to a dish of hors d'oeuvre.  
In one section of a flat glass hors  
d'oeuvre dish, put baked beans, with  
a dash of lemon juice, and a dusting  
of chopped parsley over them. Sar-  
dines and stuffed or Spanish olives  
are good things to put in other sec-  
tions of the dish.

### NOVELTY STUFFED ONIONS

Allow 1 Spanish onion per person  
and baked beans to the quantity re-  
quired for stuffing the onions. Peel  
onions, cut a small portion off the  
top of each, place in cold water,  
bring to the boil, and strain them.  
Scoop out carefully the best part of  
the inside of each onion, leaving a  
thin "wall." Stuff each with baked  
beans, mixed with a little of the  
chopped inside of the onions.  
Sprinkle breadcrumbs on top.  
Arrange in fireproof casserole dish,  
and bake till tops are nicely brown.

### MOCK CURRY

Boil rice as for curry. Heat con-  
tents of a tin of baked beans and  
pile them in centre of large hot  
dish. Make a wall round them with  
the rice. Serve tomato ketchup with  
this dish.

### CUTLETS WITH BAKED BEANS

Prepare mutton or veal cutlets with  
egg and breadcrumbs for frying, and  
fry to a golden brown. On a hot serv-  
ing-dish pile baked beans, previously  
heated through. Arrange cutlets  
round the pile. Warm tomato ketchup  
and serve in sauce-boat. Also a dish  
of rice potatoes.

### PIE OF BAKED BEANS

Line a buttered pliedish with well-  
seasoned mashed potatoes. Chop some  
onion finely and mix with baked  
beans. Put alternate layers of beans

and slices of fresh tomato,  
well seasoned, in the pliedish.  
Pour over a little gravy or  
stock. Finish with a layer  
of mashed potato, smooth it  
down, and decorate with fork  
markings. Dot the top with  
bits of butter. Bake in a  
hot oven till the pie is a golden  
brown.

### BOSTON BEANS AND BACON

Half pound baked  
beans, 3 slices bacon, 1  
small onion, salt,  
cayenne, 1 teaspoon  
golden syrup, 2 table-  
spoons tomato sauce.  
Cut bacon into strips, then  
fry till fat is clear. Add the  
chopped cooked onion, beans,  
syrup, sauce, salt, cayenne.  
Cook for a few minutes.  
Serve hot in small individual  
dishes as entree.

### BEAN CASSEROLE

One pound minced steak, 1  
onion, salt, cayenne, baked beans,  
tomato sauce, Worcester sauce,  
fried bread, water, plain flour.  
Mix 1 dessertspoon flour well with  
the meat, add sauces, salt, cayenne,  
and 2 tablespoons water. Stir over  
heat till meat just changes color. Pour  
into greased casserole. Cover the  
meat with baked beans. Put lid on  
and bake in moderate oven 1 hour.  
Remove lid. Garnish round edge of  
dish with fried bread cut into fancy  
shapes, and serve at once.

### Supper Dishes

#### FLIP FLAP

Toast and butter rounds of bread.  
Pile up each round of toast with well-  
heated baked beans, and top with an  
egg, fried on both sides, posed upside  
down. A spoonful of tomato ketchup  
can be added to make the toast still  
more exciting. Serve piping hot at  
any informal little supper party.

### COLD STUFFED EGGS

Hard-boil one egg for each person  
and leave in cold water till wanted.  
Shell, cut each egg in halves, and re-  
move yolk. Pound up yolks with a  
little butter, salt, pepper, and small  
quantity of baked beans. Cut a piece  
off the end of each egg-white to make  
it stand firmly, pile stuffing in, and  
serve on individual plates, two halves  
to each person, garnished with parsley

or watercress sprigs. A very good cold  
supper dish which can be accom-  
panied by fresh tomato or green salad.

### BAKED BEAN CROQUETTES

Put the contents of a tin of baked  
beans through a sieve. Add creamed  
butter, pepper, salt, and enough egg  
to bind. Form into croquettes, dip in  
egg and breadcrumbs, and fry in  
deep fat till golden brown. Drain,  
dust with chopped parsley, and serve  
very hot. Serve tomato ketchup  
separately.

### BEAN TOASTIES

Prepare round of hot buttered toast  
and heat the required quantity of  
baked beans. Pile beans on toast and  
sprinkle with minced tongue, ham,

*All these recipes have  
been tested in our own  
kitchen.*

chopped beef, or fried and chopped  
bacon. Brown lightly under the hot  
grill. Cocktail sausages, grilled very  
brown, make a fine addition to this

### BEAN SAVORY

Spread thin wafer biscuits with  
butter, then with mayonnaise. Make  
a ring of baked beans to represent  
petals of flowers. Place small piece  
of hard-boiled yolk of egg in the  
centre. Serve on savory plate. Gar-  
nish with small sprigs of parsley.

### MAYONNAISE

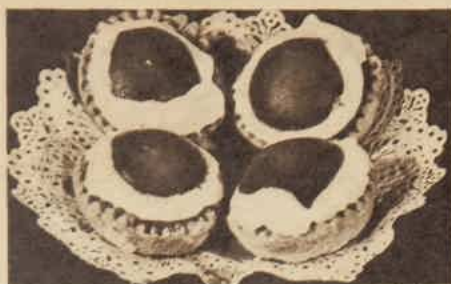
Two yolks eggs, 1 teaspoon mus-  
tard, 2 tablespoons vinegar, 3  
tablespoons olive oil, 1 teaspoon  
sugar.

Put yolks into a basin, add oil a  
drop at a time, stirring the one way  
with a wooden spoon, till all the oil  
is used, and the mixture thick, add  
vinegar, sugar, salt, cayenne and  
mustard. Serve in a small glass jug,  
not poured over the salad.

### BEAN SANDWICH

Mash the baked beans well, add  
seasoning to taste. Mix with a little  
mayonnaise. Cut bread, either brown  
or white, into thin slices. Spread  
with butter, then with bean mix-  
ture. Cover with a buttered slice  
and cut off crusts. Cut into three  
or four. Stand upright on sandwich  
tray. Garnish with small lettuce  
leaves and parsley.





## Readers Send Us Clever Recipes

### Win Cash Prizes in Weekly Cooking Competition

THE Australian Women's Weekly Best Recipe Competition is easy, interesting and helpful. It costs nothing to enter; every reader is eligible. Unusually good recipes are circulated throughout the land per medium of this page, and prizewinners receive monetary reward for their efforts.

**FIRST** prize of £1 goes this week to a reader in Orange, N.S.W., for a very clever and interesting recipe. Here it is:

#### FONDUE

Foundation Recipe for Fondue.  
One tablespoon butter, 3 eggs,

1 teaspoon salt, 1 cup milk, 1 cup bread (small pieces).

Scald milk in double boiler, add bread, butter, well-beaten egg yolks and salt. Cook slowly until eggs thicken. Cool for five or ten minutes and then fold in stiffly-beaten egg whites. Pour into greased baking-dish or individual cups. Set in pan

of hot water (to the depth of food in baking-dish) and bake in moderate oven about 40 minutes. Test by inserting sharp knife in centre—it will come out clean when done. Serve immediately. (If baked in individual cups bake for a shorter period—20 to 25 minutes.)

One egg may be omitted in this recipe and 1 teaspoon baking powder added.

#### VARIATIONS

**Cheese Fondue:** To the foundation recipe add 1 cup grated cheese after the egg yolks are added. Cook slowly until cheese is melted and the eggs are thickened.

**Vegetable Fondue:** Add 1½ cups finely-chopped cooked spinach or carrots (chopped fine or diced in very small pieces) or other vegetable just before the egg whites are added. All vegetables should be as dry as possible, as too much liquid will tend to make the fondue soggy.

**Fish Fondue:** Add 1½ cups cooked fish just before the egg whites are added. Salmon, lobster or any other

cooked fish may be used, but do not shred it into very fine pieces.

**Ham Fondue:** Add 1½ cups finely minced cooked ham just before the egg whites are added.

**Chocolate Fondue:** Add 1-3rd cup sugar and 2 squares chocolate melted over hot water (or 2 tablespoons cocoa) just after the egg yolks are added.

**Date Fondue:** Add ½ cup sugar after the egg yolks are added, and 1 cup finely chopped dates just before the egg whites are added.

Chocolate or date fondue may be served with hard sauce, foamy sauce or cream (plain or whipped).

**Foamy Sauce:** ½ cup butter, 1 cup icing sugar, 1 egg white, 6 tablespoons hot water, 1½ teaspoons vanilla.

Cream butter and gradually add sugar. Beat in vanilla and just before serving add stiffly-beaten egg white. Beat until foamy.

With a cheese or fish fondue for luncheon serve a crisp salad. With meat fondue, savory stewed tomatoes and celery may be served.

**First Prize of £1 to D. Wright, c/o Mrs. Walter Wright, Sunset, Cargo Road, Orange, N.S.W.**

#### CHOCOLATE FRUIT CAKE

One cup sugar, ½ cup butter, 1 cup cocoa, yolks 3 eggs, whites 3 eggs, 1 cup cold water, 1½ cups self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon grated nutmeg, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1-3rd cup each of glace cherries, seeded raisins, and chopped walnuts.

Cream butter and sugar. Add well-beaten egg yolks, water, sifted flour and spices, stiffly whipped egg whites, mixed fruit, nuts and vanilla. Bake in well buttered tin for about 50 minutes. Cover with white boiled frosting, then with a thin layer of melted chocolate, when cold.

**Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss E. Harvey, Church St., Camperdown, Vic.**

#### NEW YEAR BISCUITS

Two cups flour, 1½ cups butter, 2 tablespoons sugar, pinch salt.

Make as for shortbread. Place mixture in a large flat tin, bake 5 minutes, then cover with the following mixture: 1 cup walnuts, 2½ cups brown sugar, 1 cup desiccated coconut, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 3 eggs (well-beaten). Bake 1 hour in a moderate oven or till top has set firmly. Cut up when cold.

A tin of these biscuits is a welcome addition to your stock of "goodies" for the New Year.

**Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. T. Y. Crawshaw, Legerwood, Tas.**

#### DANISH TEA CAKE

Two cups self-raising flour, 1-3rd cup butter, ½ cup sugar, 1 cup milk, 1 cup sultanas, 2 eggs, 1 tablespoon sugar, white of 1 egg, thinly-shaved peel and chopped almonds.

Sift flour, rub in butter, add sugar and fruit, then mix with beaten eggs and milk. Place in large sandwich tin, spread evenly with knife, and glaze with egg white. Sprinkle over 1 tablespoon sugar and the peel and nuts mixed. Bake in moderate oven 30 to 40 minutes.

Turn on to cooler for a few minutes then butter and serve hot.

**Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. L. Judd, 3 Leeder Ave., Penhurst, N.S.W.**

#### CURRIED APPLES

Three large apples, 1 tablespoon curry-powder, 2 tablespoons grated cheese, milk, 2 tablespoons breadcrumbs.

Peel the apples, and in each make a large cavity after being cored. Make a mixture of the curry-powder, crumbs and grated cheese, and bind together with a little milk. Fill cavities with mixture and bake till apples are soft and nicely browned.

**Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. R. Shepard, 2 Duke Street, North Kensington, N.A.**

**IF YOU HAVE** what you consider a splendid recipe "up your sleeve" for a decorative sponge, little cakes, or, maybe, a pudding or luscious sweet, send it to us. It may win you £1 in cash!

#### TO COOK BEETROOT

(Will not "bleed"; color will deepen, and slice them. Place in saucepan. Add ½ cup sugar, 1 level dessert-spoon of fine salt, and barely cover with fairly warm water. Cook, not too fast, until tender (let water simmer away until just a small quantity is left). When cooked, remove from fire, and while still hot pour about 1 cup (or little more) of vinegar over them and let cool before using. This method of cooking beetroot improves the flavor.

**Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. J. Bowles, Grafton Common, Grafton, N.S.W.**

#### CHEESE AND MACARONI LOAF

Take 1 cup macaroni (broken into small pieces), 1 cup milk, 1 cup soft, white breadcrumbs, 1 teaspoon butter, 1 teaspoon each of chopped onion and parsley, 1 egg, 1 cup grated cheese.

Cook the macaroni in boiling, salted water until tender, and rinse in cold water. Cook the parsley and onion in a little water with the butter. Pour off water, or allow it to boil away. Beat egg whites and yolks separately. Mix all ingredients, cutting and fold-

#### Hint for Mothers

THE soles of baby's first shoes are apt to get smooth and slippery so that tumbles follow. These can be prevented by rubbing the soles at frequent intervals with sandpaper.

ing in stiffly-beaten whites last. Line a baking dish with buttered paper, pour in the mixture and place baking dish in a larger dish of hot water. Bake in a moderate oven from half to three-quarters of an hour. Serve with tomato sauce.

**Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. C. G. Knights, 60B Westbury Street, E. St. Kilda, Melbourne.**

#### HONEY CRUST SPONGE

One cup self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 3 eggs, ½ cup sugar, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 tablespoon honey, 2 tablespoons milk.

Sift flour, salt, and cinnamon together. Combine butter, honey and milk, heat to boiling point. Beat eggs until thick and light-colored. Add sugar gradually. Beat until sugar is dissolved. Fold in flour mixture. Add hot liquid, stirring quickly and lightly until well blended. Without loss of time pour batter into two greased and floured seven-inch layer pans. Bake in a hot oven about 20 minutes. Cool. Spread plain icing between layers and cover top and sides of cake with honey crust.

**Honey Crust:** Bring 1 cup honey and 1 tablespoon butter to the boil. Then cook slowly 5 minutes, stirring occasionally. Cool. Pour half over top of cake, allow to set a while. Decorate with chopped walnuts, then glaze the nuts with the remaining honey mixture.

**Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss Lesley Forbes, Karara, S.W. Line, Qld.**

# What a TREAT!



You would appreciate  
Heinz Spaghetti  
Macaroni  
Ready-to-Serve Soups  
Tomato Ketchup  
Mayonnaise  
160

IT'S worth while giving a boy Heinz Baked Beans if only to watch how much he enjoys them. It's doubly worth while when you realise how strengthening and digestible they are, thanks to the Heinz process of slow baking in ovens. No-one but Heinz can equal Heinz in baking beans. Sweet as a nut, they almost crush on the tongue. Soaked through with the most appetizing tomato sauce. Two styles—with and without pork. Serve them frequently—for breakfast, lunches, dinners, snacks.

**RECIPE FOLDER FREE.** Showing 24 delicious ways to use Heinz Baked Beans. Send for your free copy to H. J. Heinz Co. Pty. Ltd., Melbourne, E.I.

## HEINZ OVEN BAKED BEANS



"JOY OF LIVING" for a few pence



Some Delightful...

# LINENS for the DINING-ROOM.

Traced ready for quick

and easy embroidery . . . You can obtain all from our Needlework dept.

SO that your home during 1938 may grow more charming we present these new and lovely needlework designs for your delectation.

Make your choice, and during hot summer days spend leisure hours in restful stitchery . . . It's too hot in most places for strenuous work or play so what better than embroidering exquisite linens on a cool verandah or in a shady corner of your garden?



THESE Dainty cloths are not only pretty to look upon. They serve a decidedly useful purpose inasmuch as they keep the food on the tea-tray, washable, or tea-table safe from offending flies.

## A Summertime Necessity

THESE airy-light organdie throw-overs, each measuring 36 x 36 inches, will be a boon to the hostess who prepares her dainty teas or suppers in advance.

With summer here we have to be so careful of these troublesome flies—but we lightly place one of these pretty and inexpensive little cloths over your food and it will keep fresh and free from pests.

Such a dainty gift one would make,

too, so fine and crisp—with its gay sprigs of flowers and lacy edge. The latter take just a little time to embroider.

Send 2/6 (plus 2d. postage) to our Needlework Department and one will go forward immediately.

When ordering, state whether you prefer white, green or yellow organdie; also whether you require the corner design or the all-over conventional design.

IMAGINE the fresh loveliness of this apple design worked in rosy russet and yellow tones on pale green linen! Against the brown polished wood of your sideboard the color contrast would be most attractive.

THE charming 3-piece "apple" sideboard set you see on your right will make a most delightful addition to your linen cupboard.

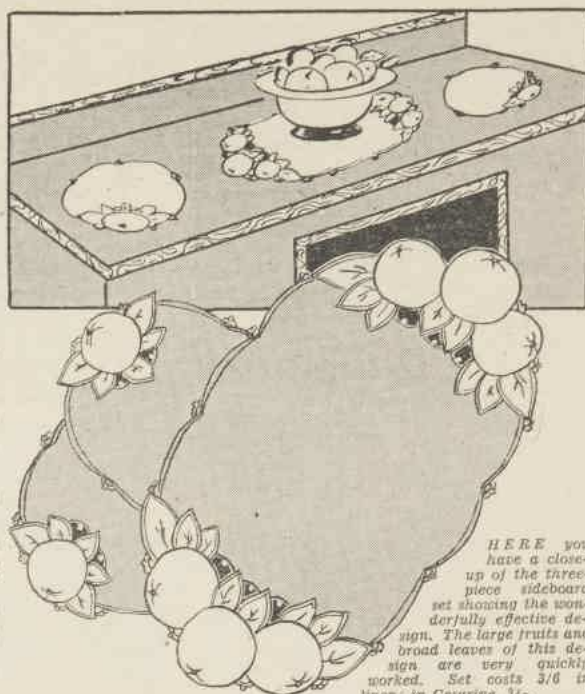
It is available in white, cream, blue, pink, yellow or green linen. The centre measures 12 x 18 inches, and the small mats 8 x 8 inches.

PRICE, 3/6 set, post free. The centre may be purchased separately: Price 2/-; and the mats at 1/- each.

The set is also available in green, blue, or cream Cesarine. Price, 3/- set.

Purchased separately, the Cesarine centre costs 1/6; mats, 9d. each.

Green would be the ideal color to embroider this charming set. Just buttonhole around everything, but first of all darn in a thread to support the button-stitch, and make it firm. When you have worked the outlines of fruit and leaves in this manner, take a lighter thread and put in the veins, using either stem-stitch or satin-stitching over the darning line. This last method gives the idea of a twisted rope.



HERE you have a close-up of the three-piece sideboard set showing the wonderfully effective design. The large fruits and broad leaves of this design are very quickly worked. Set costs 3/6 in linen; in Cesarine, 3/-.



## Flatter your Party Guests with tasty Herring Savouries



Surprise your guests—and compliment their good taste—by serving piquant herring savouries. Here is what you do: Spread a quantity of savoury biscuits with butter. Mash the contents of a tin of fresh herrings with a little mayonnaise and place a portion on each buttered biscuit. If it's a cocktail party, use kippered herrings. Now slice or dice a few gherkins, olives, a hard-boiled egg and a beetroot, and decorate each savoury with the colourful and flavoursome fragments. Finish with a caper or two. Hey, presto! Your party's success is assured.

### FOR LUNCHEON:

Line a salad bowl with crisp lettuce hearts, tomatoes, beetroot, cucumber, diced apples. Add the contents of a tin of plump fresh herrings. Serve with mayonnaise and brown bread and butter.



### FOR TEA:

On Saturdays or Sundays, boil a tencupful of rice in salted water, strain, then add the contents of a tin of herrings in tomato sauce, mix, heat and serve with buttered toast.

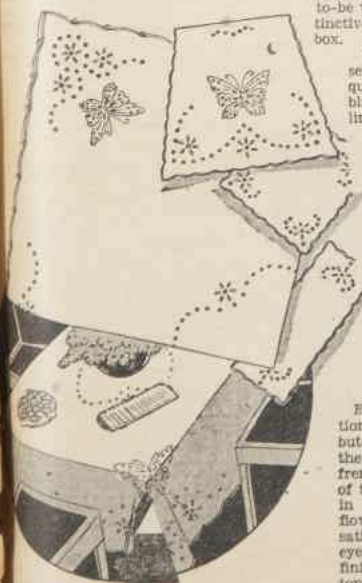
**ENGLISH AND SCOTCH HERRINGS**  
Caught and Canned in a Day!

★ This is not a Brand Name but a descriptive term for herrings caught off the coasts of England and Scotland.

Your Grocer sells Fresh Herrings, Herrings in Tomato Sauce, Kippered Herrings and Biscuits—in vacuum-sealed cans.

HA377

## Table Charm



HERE is a lovely possession for the woman who delights in dispensing hospitality and for the bride-to-be who wishes to add distinctive linen designs to her box.

This dinner or supper set is obtainable in pure quality white, cream, blue, pink, or green linen.

Here are the prices:  
36 x 36 inch cloth. Price, 7/6.  
45 x 45 inch cloth. Price, 8/9.  
54 x 54 inch cloth. Price, 11/6.  
11 x 11 inch serviette. Price, 1/-.  
8 x 8 inch d'oyley. Price, 1/-.  
5 x 11 inch sandwich d'oyley. Price, 1/-.  
12 x 18 inch tea-cosy. Price, 3/6.  
Postage is free.

Embroidery Instructions: Stem-stitch the butterfly outline, working the centre in eyelet or french knots. The wings of the butterfly should be in eyelet-stitch. The flowers are worked in satin-stitch, and the holes eyeleted. The edge is finished in double buttonhole.



# Our Fashion Service and Concession Pattern

## DELIGHTFUL NEW MODES FOR SUMMER, 1938

### Smart Street and Beach Wear, and Exquisite Trousseau Lingerie

#### PLEASE NOTE

TO ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should (1) Write your name and full address clearly in block letters. (2) State size required. (3) When ordering a child's pattern state age of child. (4) Use box numbers given on concession coupon. (5) When sending for concession pattern, enclose 3d. stamp.



#### CHIC MODE

WW1982.—A very smart daytime frock. Cut in sizes 32-inch to 36-inch bust. Material required: 3½ yards, 36 inches wide, and 1 yard 36-inch contrast. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

(1)

#### QUICKLY MADE

WW1983.—Square yoke effect and flared skirt are effective touches on this chic mode. Cut in sizes 32-inch to 36-inch bust. Material required: 3½ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

(2)

#### HOLIDAY FROCK

WW1984.—Snappy frock for holiday wear. Cut in sizes 32-inch to 40-inch bust. Material required: 3½-4½ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

(3)

#### FOR SPORTS WEAR

WW1985.—For sports wear this frock will be most useful. Cut in sizes 32-inch to 40-inch bust. Material required: 3 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

(4)

#### BACKLESS SUN FROCK

WW1986.—A backless sun frock with smart jacket. Cut in sizes 32-inch to 36-inch bust. Material required: 2½-3½ yards for frock, 1½-2½ yards for jacket, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.



#### EXQUISITE NIGHTGOWN

WW1987.—You will be delighted with the cut of this lovely nightgown. Cut in sizes 32-inch to 40-inch bust. Material required: 3½-4½ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

#### SWEET UNDIE SET

WW1988.—A remnant is all that is required to make these panties and brassieres. Cut in sizes 32-inch to 40-inch bust. Material required: 1½ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

#### TAILORED SLIP

WW1989.—A form-fitting slip with gored skirt. Cut in sizes 32-inch to 40-inch bust. Material required: 2½ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 10d.

#### THREE WEE SUITS . . .

For Boys Aged 1 to 6 Years

OUR special three-in-one concession pattern this week provides for three charming little suits for boys, for holiday and general wear, shown below.

Pattern is cut in three sizes, 1-2, 2-4, 4-6 years, and in each one size costs 3d.

To obtain fill in coupon below, enclose 3d. in stamps, and send to our offices.

Material required, 36 inches wide:

For No. 1, 1½ yards.

For No. 2, 1 yard check material, and 1 yard plain material.

For No. 3, 1½ yards.

Patterns Available Now from Our Pattern Department Cost 3d. each.

#### Concession Pattern Coupon

This coupon is available for one month from the date of issue only. To obtain a concession pattern of the garment illustrated at left, fill in the coupon and post it, WITH 3d. STAMP, clearly marking on the envelope, "Pattern Department," to any of the following addresses. Be careful to specify which size you want. A 3d. STAMP MUST BE FORWARDED FOR EACH COUPON ENCLOSED. An extra charge of three pence will be made for patterns sent one month old.

Adelaide.—Box 558A, G.P.O.  
Brisbane.—Box 4067, G.P.O.  
Melbourne.—Box 185, G.P.O.  
Newcastle.—Box 41, G.P.O.  
Perth.—Box 4010, G.P.O.  
Sydney.—Box 42007, G.P.O.  
If calling, 168 Castlereagh Street.  
TASMANIA.—Write to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 185, G.P.O., Melbourne.  
NEW ZEALAND.—Write to Sydney office.

Should you desire to call for the pattern, please see address of our office, which will be found on Page 2.

PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS IN BLOCK LETTERS.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

STATE .....

Size..... Pattern Coupon, 8/1/38



# THIS IS the Way To PAINT A ROOM!

*Armed with these hints you'll wield the brush like an expert.... put new life into tired walls and drab floors*

HERE is a vast difference between a serious job of painting and a little "touching-up" here and there in the home. Those of you who want to do a good job and not just "slap-dash" around will welcome this expert advice on how to prepare wall and flooring surfaces, and how to paint them for lasting beauty.

GOOD equipment is not only helpful, it is essential in order to achieve success.

Choose good quality paint and brushes. Cheap, or old, uncare-for brushes are likely to shed their bristles all over the surface you're painting. The result is an unpleasant streaking effect.

Another essential is to have the correct size of brush for the job—a large brush for a large surface; a small one for corners and details. Another tip is to have separate brushes for white and light shades; others for dark or bright shades.

Turpentine or kerosene, putty, sandpaper, a dusting brush or small hairbrush and clean pieces of cloth are the requirements.

Be sure of three things before you start to paint—(1) that the surface is perfectly dry; (2) that it is absolutely free from grease or wax; (3) that all dust is removed—particularly from the tops of doors, skirtings, sashes and picture rails, and from



By Our  
Home  
Decorator

THIS IS the way some experts mix paints. Try it yourself!

paper. All cracks and nail-holes should be filled with putty, or in the case of plaster walls, with plaster of Paris, and smoothed with sand-paper when dry.

**Walls Previously Kalsomined:** Brush down as suggested above. If the paint surface is smooth and sound, a coat of oil will "bind" it and make an excellent painting surface. If the paint surface is peeling, or loose and flaking, remove by washing off with clean water. Work from the top, carefully sponging a small area at a time with a scraping knife or scrubbing brush to help. This must dry thoroughly before attempting to paint, as painting over damp or wet woods causes peeling and blistering.

**Walls Which Have Been Papered:** If wallpaper is adhering smoothly and tightly everywhere, it can be painted over direct. This does not apply to the "blister" effects of certain wallpapers. Where patches are coming away from the wall, remove all paper by tearing it off where possible, then softening remainder with wet sponge and removing with scraping knife.

**Walls That Are Discolored or Stained by Smoke or Cooking Fumes:** Wash down with warm water, to which has been added a liberal portion of washing soda or soap powder. Wash again with clean water and allow to dry thoroughly. If traces of smoke and grease still remain, give the wall a coat of lime water. Allow as much as possible to remain on the walls and dust off with a cloth or soft brush when dry.

**Skirtings, Picture Rails, Windows, Doors, etc.:** If the surface has been previously painted, be sure to remove all grease, wax and dust, to scrape away all loose paint, and to fill any



ABOVE: Have you ever been caught like this? When painting a floor you should always work towards the door.

holes with putty. Sand-paper well, and dust thoroughly, giving special attention to the tops of windows, doors, skirtings, and rails. The dust which frequently lodges unseen in cracks and corners can be picked up on the brush while painting and ruin the finished job.

Woodwork which has been stained but not varnished should be treated similarly and sand-papered thoroughly.

## How to Put on Paint

FIRST the paint must be mixed thoroughly. Pour off most of the liquid you'll find at the top of the can into another container. Then stir the remainder well from the bottom. Now stir back liquid previously poured off, and pour the mixture from one can to another two or three times. This mixing is necessary to prevent patchy colors on the painted surface.

Use large brushes only for large surfaces; edges and corners require small ones, otherwise you may get a clothed effect. Work the paint well into the brush, but keep the handle end of the bristles clear. Save splashes or drops by wiping each side of the brush against the rim of the can after dipping in the paint.

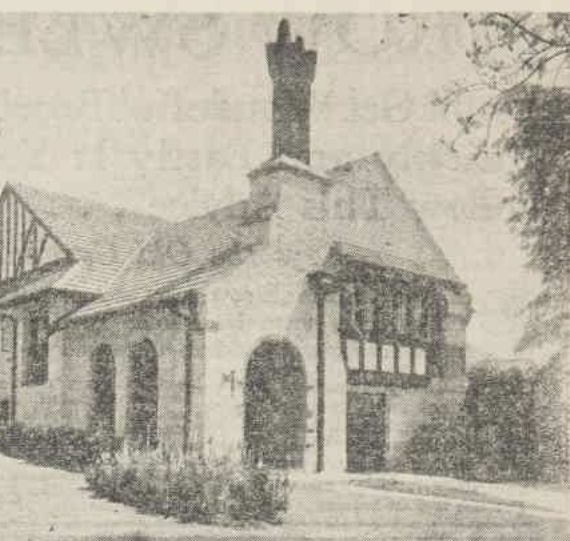
Don't slap the paint on, but smooth it out gently and firmly to a thin even layer. When making a painting stroke the handle of the brush should be almost at right angles to the surface being painted.

Start painting at the right hand top corner of the wall, and work in strips from top to bottom, thus keeping the body and left hand away from the finished work, and running less risk of touching what has been completed. When you have brushed the paint well out, "lay it off" (go over it again) with light strokes of the flat of your brush, working straight up or down, and finishing with a light upward stroke.

Be sure the walls are thoroughly dry before a different color is used on the woodwork.

## Windows and Doors

PULL the top half of the sash down as far as it will go, and then raise the lower half as high as possible. Using a fine brush, start



SMARTLY MODERN—Dr. and Mrs. Graham Sutton's home at Ascot, Brisbane. Note the proximity of garage and main entrance door; also the overhanging eaves designed to defeat the sun and give necessary coolness to rooms. Next week another interesting Australian home will be illustrated on this page.

—Dorothy Coleman.

painting at the meeting rail of the bottom sash, continuing down the sides of the sash until the top rail of the top sash is reached. Take care to paint well into the parting beads if the sash is to be a different color to the frame. Then paint the top sash, and when finished push up. Pull down the bottom sash and finish that, wiping off any paint that has gone on the parting beads. If the windows are divided into small squares, paint the bars first, taking care not to go over on the glass with the paint.

Doors: Remove handles and plates, and paint the panels first. Then do the horizontal pieces at the top, the middle and bottom, and finish with the side pieces.

Floors: Clean off all wax and grease, and remove all dust and fluff from cracks and corners. Make certain the floor is absolutely dry before applying paint or stain.

Start at the extreme corner of the room and work towards the door. Paint two or three boards at a time, working along their full length before starting the next strip.

## END YOUR DREAD OF KIDNEY TROUBLE

NO DELAY—RELIEF BEGINS AT ONCE

Here's a message of hope to every man and woman living in dread of Kidney Trouble

Kidney trouble can be ended. There is no need to stay in danger. There is no need for you to endure painful, distressing symptoms, bad back, aching muscles, rheumatism, stiff joints, dizziness, baggy eyes, too-old, worn-out feeling. We tell you that if you start to-day taking De Witt's Pills, in 24 hours you will have proof positive that they are moving the cause of your pain and weakness from the system.

### ENDS PAIN—GIVES NEW VITALITY

The wonderful thing about De Witt's Pills is the fact that they bring quick relief and lasting benefit. Gone the "Oh! my poor back!" Stiff, swollen knees loosen up. No more agonising, rheumatic pains. Hands with joints enlarged, encrusted with deposits of uric acid, can once again be moved easily. Gone are those dizzy spells, that haggard, baggy-eyed, too-old look that kidney trouble always gives. Once again you want to be up and doing, for De Witt's Pills not only make you pain-free, but make you feel and look years younger.

De Witt's Pills just dispel completely the excess uric acid and impurities, the root of your trouble. No purging. Nothing violent or likely to upset man or woman at any age or at any time. Every dose you take fortifies you against further attacks of pain. Give De Witt's Pills a trial and prove these facts for yourself.

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### FAMOUS FOR 50 YEARS

Only you can avoid the terrible consequences of neglecting kidney and bladder troubles. Don't wait to become bed-ridden. De Witt's Pills can, will and must benefit you. Their 50 years' reputation proves this. Get your supply to-day and prove this fact, as so many thousands of others have done.

## DE WITT'S KIDNEY & BLADDER PILLS

Sold everywhere at 1/8, 3/4 and 5/8. The finest remedy for kidney trouble and all its symptoms, bad backache, rheumatism, sciatica, lumbago, joint pains and urinary disorders. Tried and tested the world over for 50 years.



Weak Kidneys cause that Pain in the Back

Flavour unequalled.



CHAMPION'S  
PURE MALT  
VINEGAR







# TOUCH-UP On Skin BEAUTY

Recondition your complexion after the drying effects of too much sunshine and open air over the summer holidays

**A**BOUT this time of the year skins begin to take on a dry look. Early suntan that gave the complexion a flattering warmth has given way to a deeper tone that will only retain its attractive appearance if the skin is kept soft and supple.

By  
JANET

**N**OW to avoid that drying caused by too much sun? Using oil, and lots of it! Oil will help to counteract the effects of weather and open air and keep that fresh, young look in the skin—the look that comes only when the complexion is velvety smooth.

Few creams rich in oil—nourishing cream, skin foods, or tissue creams—don't confuse these with creams in-



ended solely for cleansing, such as certain cold creams and liquefying cream.

The rich, nourishing type of face cream contains, or it should contain, a live up to its name, the necessary vegetable oil that will help to restore the lubrication to the skin which has been dried out by an over-dose of sunning.

Oil by itself too—olive and almond oil are both good. The latter especially has excellent penetrating qualities and is quickly absorbed by a dry, fine skin.

Humorists say that the famous Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt, who enraptured Mark Antony and the great Julius Caesar in her day, was an inveterate user of oils for preserving her beauty.

The used perfumed oils not only on her body but on her face frequently, to keep the skin soft, smooth and supple.



**FOR A WARM** oil facial, first cleanse the skin and then gently pat in with the fingertips warm almond oil all over the face, as shown above by Marian Claire, R.K.O. player. Left: After the facial blot off any excess oil remaining on the skin with clean face tissues.

The thing to know, of course, is how to use oils. Actually every normal skin needs nourishing creams all the year round, but it needs special reconditioning treatments after days or weeks spent in the open to rejuvenate the complexion and correct any havoc caused by exposure to the summer elements.

This reconditioning can be done by supplementing your ordinary cleansing and nourishing with your favorite creams, with a series of hot oil facials. These are really splendid for remedying rough, leathery skin and helping to restore it to a fresh, smooth condition.

Even if your skin does not appear very dry or leathery, a series of oil

facials will do it a lot of good. Sun and wind all the year tend to extract the natural oils that keep the skin smooth and supple, and some sort of a lubricating method is required every now and then to restore the skin to a natural smooth, velvety state.

Almond oil, because of its penetrating qualities, is excellent for hot oil facials. You can buy it from your local chemist.

Before beginning the facial, cleanse the skin thoroughly with a good cold or liquefying cream, remove the soiled cream with face tissues, and then wash the face with tepid water and a pure, bland soap.

## Allow to Cool

**THEN** a quantity of sweet almond oil should be warmed, and allowed to cool sufficiently so that it may be applied to the skin without burning or irritating it.

When the oil is of the proper temperature, pat a quantity of it onto your skin with your fingertips. Cleanse your hands thoroughly first, of course.

Then take narrow strips of gauze, dip them into the heated oil, and arrange them over your face and neck.

To hold these strips in place, take a larger strip of gauze, cut holes in it for your eyes and mouth, and bind it about your face. You may also dip this outer gauze mask into the heated sweet almond oil.

The oil-soaked mask should be allowed to remain on the face, usually, as long as is possible, so that the skin will obtain the full benefits of the nourishing oil.

You'll be amazed at how swiftly your parched skin will absorb that beneficial lubrication!

It is a good plan, too, to lie down and relax completely during the time that the mask is on your face.

After a fair amount of time—fifteen minutes to half an hour or longer if you can spare the time—has elapsed, the gauze mask should be removed and several absorbent pieces of cleansing tissue should be used to blot up any excess oil that may remain on the skin. As the final step, a good skin tonic or astringent should be applied generously to the face, in order to close the pores and tone up the skin.



**EXQUISITE LOVELINESS**, in which perfect grooming of skin and hair play an all-important part. For such beauty, the complexion must be flawless, smooth, and supple, and must show no signs of that dryness due to over-exposure to wind and sun.

## FOR Young WIVES and MOTHERS

Make It a Safe Summer for Baby

By MARY TRUBY KING

Owing to the ever-extending teaching through Infant Welfare Centres of correct methods of infant care, the annual death rate from summer diarrhoea falls steadily lower and lower.

**N**EVERTHELESS there is still room for improvement, as, in N.S.W. alone, 110 babies under one year of age died from diarrhoea and enteritis in 1936.

As the best preventive of this scourge of infancy is natural feeding, mothers are advised to continue feeding their babies at the breast throughout the hot weather, if possible.

Diarrhoea occurs mostly in hot weather among bottle-fed babies, and is rare in the breast-fed.

Should baby pass a green motion, watch the next motion carefully. If the second motion is also green, especially if it is loose and passed quite soon after the first, a dose of castor oil should be given, and a doctor consulted immediately.

(N.B.—The average dose of castor oil for a baby is one ordinary teaspoonful, but a weak baby may do with less. Up to six weeks give half a teaspoonful.)

Give boiled water only at the next two feedings. (Should baby be breast-fed, the mother must draw off the milk by hand-expression or breast pump at these two feeding-times. Expression by hand is usually more effective than by breast pump.)

The object of giving boiled water only for at least two feedings is to wash the whole alimentary track clean, and so give the germs nothing to feed on.

If the motions are improving after the oil and boiled water treatment, and if baby does not appear ill, proceed as follows:

## If Baby is Breast Fed

**G**IVE baby a few ounces of boiled warm water immediately before nursing, and allow him to remain at the breast for a few minutes only. At the following feed, give rather less water and longer at the breast.

After this, cautiously reduce the amount of boiled water and increase the time at the breasts, bearing in mind the fact that it may take several

days, or even a week, to get back to full normal breast feeding.

Do not give baby fruit juice during an attack of diarrhoea. If all goes well, reintroduce the orange juice gradually as soon as the motions have been normal for a few days.

After the period on plain boiled water only, give one feed of 1 part of boiled humanised milk to 4 parts of boiled water. For the next two feeds give 2 parts of boiled humanised milk to 2 parts of boiled water. Then, for the following feed, if all is going well, give full-strength humanised milk as usual.

## Every Baby Different

**B**OIL the milk for at least 10 minutes the first day. Gradually decrease the time of boiling by 2 minutes a day until you are boiling for only the requisite three minutes.

The return to a normal diet will vary with each baby. One must be guided, when strengthening the food, by baby's motions and his general appearance and condition.

If the simple dietetic changes given above do not suffice, the doctor may prescribe medicine and bowel wash-outs as well.

In all cases of diarrhoea it is as well to refer to your nearest Mothercraft Nurse at the onset of the trouble, for in this way much unnecessary sickness may be avoided. If no Infant Welfare Centre is within reach, give baby nothing but warm boiled water till you have got in touch with your doctor.

Baby can go 12 hours without food at such a time, so long as he has plenty of warm boiled water. Giving milk will only prolong his illness and make it graver. Offer the boiled water frequently, letting baby take as much of it as he will.

Over-feeding and indigestion pave the way for diarrhoea. Do not give baby unsuitable foods or feed him irregularly. Lack of proper cleanliness of teats and bottles may cause diarrhoea, as also may a chill. Be sure to protect baby's feeding utensils from flies.

Keep baby in the open air as much as possible. A fresh-air baby recovers much more quickly than a coddled one.

## If Your Mouth Is Your Best Feature—

Emphasise its shape and color; draw attention to it and away from other features which are perhaps not so good.

**T**O be beautiful, your mouth need not be conventionally heart-shaped. A wide, smiling, generous mouth is sometimes far more attractive. Your mouth makes or mars the expression of your whole face—think of its importance.

**N**EVER try to alter the lines of your mouth too drastically; it's difficult to do well, and the change may ruin your other features so well.

**W**HEN making up, outline the mouth first with the tip of your lipstick, or a red lip pencil, starting in the centre, arching outwards over the bow of your top lip.

**D**ON'T apply lipstick too close to the corners. Lipstick will smear where you do, and straying red

smears are strikingly unattractive. After the outline, color in your mouth, again starting from the centre, and purse your lips together until the lipstick is evenly distributed. Then no matter how widely you smile there won't be a color line showing where the lipstick stops and your natural color begins—the contrast is generally disillusioning.

**A**FTER you've put on lipstick, powder lightly over your lips with a powder puff. A film of powder keeps the lipstick set, makes it look smooth.

**A**LWAYS keep two lipsticks, one for day, one for evening. For day use a light, clear-toned color; for night, a deeper, richer, more brilliant shade which will stand up to the glare of artificial light.



*"I was becoming a hopeless Hysterical Case..."*



Miss Tanner says:

"At the age of 18 years I had whooping cough, after which bronchitis developed and became chronic.

"In spite of treatment, I think about 42 bottles of doctors' medicines in all, the cough and distressing symptoms grew worse, and it was a dreadful cough, too. There were times when sleep was impossible. This continued for two years.

"Poor Mother was almost out of her mind with worry, and the doctors decided on an X-ray of the chest, lungs, antrums, etc. The result of this X-ray was—chest clear, Polypus on floor of right antrum and also left.

"The doctor then decided to remove the tonsils, which he did at Newcastle Hospital on 27th July. The cough became more and more troublesome. For two nights in the Hospital I hardly closed my eyes. I could hardly breathe. I sat up more than half the night. He then told us that I had 'Bronchial Asthma', a chronic complaint for which there was only one cure—a climatic change.

"My poor Mother then did all in her power to obtain a change for me, but nobody would have me because my cough was so dreadful. Everybody thought I had T.B. At times I couldn't eat.

## BIDOMAK has made me a new person

Read this amazing story of a young woman who, after years of constant suffering and impoverished health, reached a stage of almost hysterical despair... often unable to eat and unable to sleep. Read her own story of how BIDOMAK has made her feel again that life is worth living. Here is the actual report from Miss Jean Tanner of Sydney, N.S.W.

### Years of Illness — Operation after Operation

"The months went by and I was getting little to no better when I developed appendicitis. Our doctor was at that time on holidays and another doctor was relieving him at the time. I was too ill to have an anaesthetic, yet the operation had to be performed, so it was done under a local anaesthetic in the Mater Misericordiae Hospital, Waratah, on 13th Dec., 1935. I shall never forget the agony I went through. The cough used to make my wound so sore that I thought I'd go mad. I had to be given tablets, etc., to dope me to sleep. The nurses used to marvel how I ever put up with it.

"Time passed on and as in February, 1936, there was still no improvement the doctor decided on chest trouble, so she commenced on a vaccine. Twenty-one needles in all were given, still I suffered. By this time I had given up all hopes of ever regaining my health. "Another operation followed on 31st March, 1936, making the third in nine months, this one being double radical antrums. All this time, as you can imagine, I was losing weight and becoming a hopeless hysterical case. I was just about fed up with everything. "Operation No. 3 proved a failure.

"Doctor couldn't suggest anything else to take or do, so I tried another well-known tonic. This only acted for a short while and after a few months of ease the complaint came back as badly as ever.

"The family moved to Goulburn and I went with them, but decided I didn't like the climate, and on going back to Newcastle for a holiday, decided to stay there. I was well enough at Goulburn but when I came back to Newcastle back came the asthma. Again, I thought.

"I happened to be sitting thinking one day and heard Miss Nora Downie (2KO) say 'Take BIDOMAK, it's the Tonic of the Century'. I thought I couldn't be much worse, so one more tonic couldn't do any damage. So I got a bottle.

"From the very first bottle I felt better and after taking nine bottles I am a new person. I have now worked for 10 weeks in a sea climate and find no ill effects. I have only had one cold in all that time.

"I feel I cannot say too much in the praise of this wonderful tonic and I do wish the Douglas Doug Co. every success. They deserve it, for BIDOMAK is A1. This is an absolutely true experience and I would be glad to show the proofs to any other sufferer who would really like to get well again.

"I am A1. Thanks to BIDOMAK!

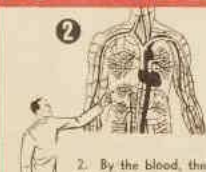
"Yours truly,

(Signed) JEAN TANNER."

## THIS IS HOW BIDOMAK OPERATES



1. Greatly magnified, here are the small suckers on the inside of the small intestine. After uniting with gastric juices, the vital minerals of BIDOMAK are absorbed directly into the blood stream.



2. By the blood, the precious minerals are carried to every cell of the body. CALCIUM builds bone, tissue, keeps teeth strong. POTASSIUM helps build red blood. SODIUM stops irritability, clears the brain, helps digestion, PHOSPHORUS prevents nerve disorders, helps build red blood, lessens fatigue. FERRUM makes new rich red blood.



3. This illustration shows a section of the spinal cord. In its red bone marrow, ferum, the important ingredient in BIDOMAK, creates new, vigorous red blood corpuscles and makes new rich, red blood.



4. Here are magnified red blood corpuscles or cells. These carry oxygen from the lungs, to burn up poisonous wastes in the system. You feel better and lose that sense of depression, you do not feel tired, irritable or run-down.



5. BIDOMAK makes more red corpuscles. Therefore, more oxygen can be carried from the lungs by the blood. Hence poisons are eliminated more quickly and their unhealthy effects avoided. Nervous and chronic disorders are all rapidly alleviated.



6. Two sections of nerve tissue—one shrivelled, poisoned, painful—the other healthy, vigorous and vital. Mineral Starvation causes starved, painful nerves, extra minerals in BIDOMAK restore health in full: Get BIDOMAK to-day!

### Money back GUARANTEE

So certain are we that you will notice these benefits quickly, that we guarantee to refund your money if the very FIRST bottle of BIDOMAK does not benefit you, and you return the bottle nearly empty within 14 days to your nearest distributor addressed below. Nothing could be fairer than that—get a bottle of BIDOMAK NOW!

Bidomak is a product of the Douglas Doug Co., Sydney, Adelaide, Melbourne, Brisbane and Perth. Sole Wholesale Agents for Tasmania: I. Fairbairn & Son Pty. Ltd., 42-44 St. John Street, Launceston. Sole New Zealand Distributors: Q-Tel-Pharmaceutical Laboratories, P.O. Box 1018, WELLINGTON, N.Z.

END NERVES AS YOU END MINERAL STARVATION — WITH

# BIDOMAK

THE TONIC OF THE CENTURY — for Nerves, Brain and that depressed feeling



• FREE SUPPLEMENT TO THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—MUST NOT BE SOLD SEPARATELY.

OF NEW SOUTH WALES

# NO ESCAPE

By . . . .

Barbara  
Hedworth



A COMPLETE BOOK-LENGTH NOVEL



# NO ESCAPE

By BARBARA HEDWORTH

**V**ERA DALE was staring at the enlarged snapshot of a young man... a young man with ruffled dark hair, eyes which laughed in spite of the deliberately serious line of his mouth. He was good-looking enough; the slight arch of his nose suggested an aristocratic lineage.

"Micky," Vera said under her breath. "Micky, Micky, Micky..." Her eyes, a deep violet-blue, which were apt to look black when her emotions were aroused, held a dreamy, very happy expression. Her crimson lips were curved in the serene manner of a girl who loves and is loved.

She put the snapshot back on the small table beside her bed. It was a reluctant gesture as though she could not bear to let it out of her hands.

Unreliable, that was what the family called Micky. Well—Vera strove to be fair, on the face of it—he was rather. She thought it a pity that he had had to boast to Daddy, who had been in the Civil Service for over thirty years, and to Don, her brother, and a steady-going bank clerk, how he had never stuck a job for more than six months and only once as long as that.

And most of all, she thought it a pity that Jock Peters should have been in the room when Micky aired his views on debt.

"I never pay my bills until I get threatened with court proceedings," Micky had said, with that wickedly attractive grin of his. "I give myself what I want, and think about it afterwards as to whether I should have afforded..."

Vera, of course, knew that he was bluffing. At least, she forced herself to feel that way, laughing at Micky's showing off in front of the Civil Servant and the bank clerk and Jock, because, as he put it to Vera, "The worthiness of your family brings out the worst in me, my darling..."

She had tried to explain all this to Daddy and Don.

"My dears, don't you see Micky is only trying to scare you? Haven't you noticed what a tense Micky is?"

She dwelt emphatically on the possibilities of his job—he was in an estate agent's... Micky would go ahead quicker than either Don or Jock, declared Vera so often that she almost won her family round to her own way of thinking.

Only Jock remained doubly sceptical. He and Don had been through college together. Now he was in advertising. A go-ahead young man with the open-air bonhomie of his native highlands. Before the advent of Micky, Vera had been nearly in love with him.

And Jock had loved Vera since her seventeenth birthday.

For six years he had been patiently loving Vera. For three he had been telling her stubbornly:

"I'll wait for you. Remember that. I'm always waiting for you."

He had been very nice about Micky to start with, though. He had taken her to a dance, and one of his friends had brought Micky. On the way home, Vera had told Jock:

"I'm sorry, my dear...but that young man...the one with the curly black hair...he's asked me to go out with him to-morrow evening and I've said yes..."

"Darling," Jock had said in a queer throaty voice. "Darling, I can't prevent you, can I?"

A week after that she had to confess: "That young man with the dark curly hair...he's asked me to marry him, and I've said yes."

Even now, three months later, she couldn't rid her mind of the way Jock had looked at her, with all the light gone from his eyes, leaving them pale, glassy blue pools, his mouth slack at the corners.

"I'll take it," Jock had said. "If Micky Brand is worthy of you...which I doubt."

He'd no business to talk in that low-pitched, possessive voice, but she hadn't the heart to reprimand him, while he looked like that, all bruised and battered in the soul. Better for Jock, she had thought compassionately, to be angry than hurt.

This afternoon she was going with Micky to the tailor to see him fitted for his wedding-suit.

A present from Vera. She had suggested giving him a signet-ring, but Micky had begged in that adorable "little-boy" way of his which she could never resist:

"Couldn't I take it out in a suit, duckie? Something natty and navy-blue for our wedding?"

She had been flattered when he insisted on her choosing the material. It had been fun ordering Micky about.

"Now, darling, something very subdued in socks and tie, please; the family hardly forgive us as it is, for not putting up the usual wedding pageant complete with bridesmaids and fidgety little pages..." (She was wearing the conventional white wedding-gown, but only to please Micky). Yes, it was fun discussing Micky's clothes, a thought they were your own. It made you feel as though you were married already.

She went downstairs to lunch now. Micky was coming for her afterwards.

"Some time this afternoon, darling," Micky had said vaguely, but you couldn't blame him for his casualness, he was so honest about it.

"Halloa, Vera dear...Don has brought me back to lunch." Jock rose from a deep easy chair as she entered the dining-room. His mother and sole surviving parent was in Scotland, and he lived in lodgings in a

neighboring suburb and frequently came to the Dales for week-end meals.

Vera said, "Halloa, Jock," a little absent-mindedly.

She hoped he and Don would have gone off somewhere before Micky arrived.

"So it's only a fortnight now before your wedding," said Jock next.

Vera's frown faded; a flood of radiance rushed to her eyes.

"Only a fortnight," she repeated, "and I'm the happiest girl in the world." She tilted her delicately moulded chin with a certain defiance.

She was relieved that her mother came in with the joint and vegetables and put a stop to this awkward tete-a-tete with Jock. Mrs. Dale, an Irishwoman, was the one member of the Dale family besides Vera who championed Micky.

"Why, it's all the better that the lad has sown his bits of oats before marriage...most of them do it after," she defended him in her rich brogue.

She greeted Jock warmly, as was her custom. She had no great admiration for him, dubbing him secretly as a 'very dull young fellow.' But he was her son's friend and guest...a hungry young man...and that was enough for Mary Dale.

Presently Don came in from washing his hands, and changing into plus-fours, and everyone drew up to the table for lunch. They didn't bother to wait for Tom Dale, who never got home until after two.

It was Mary who kept up a lively patter of conversation until the two men, who were going to watch a football match, went off. Vera offered to help wash-up, but her mother wouldn't hear of it.

**T**HE sun was shining now. Micky would arrive at any minute. Poor sweet, he would be a little fractious about the full Saturday trains.

"Why on earth, people who have to work for their living will live in the suburbs. I don't know," Micky, who lived in a small private hotel in town, had moaned to Vera about her suburban home.

That had given her the clue to go sat-hunting for them.

He had gone with her to the furniture stores. You couldn't deny Micky's keen artistic sense. He chose so cleverly that Vera didn't hold it against him that he had spent eighty pounds more than the hundred and fifty which, in her modest opinion, should have been ample for furnishing two attics and the tiny kitchenette. But Micky had planned in terms of rich Oriental rugs, the latest maple-wood furniture, a good picture or two.

"They're investments, not extravagances, sweet," Micky had explained.



# NO ESCAPE

3

He didn't arrive until after three this afternoon.

She heard him coming up the path, whistling in that gay, unconcerned way of his, her little mists of anger against him cleared.

He was Micky. He didn't realise how she worried and fumed that something had happened to him when he was late like this. And she was never going to tell him, because Micky hated it so when she fussed about anything.

She hurried to the door to open it for him. He caught her in his arms.

"How do you manage to get more beautiful every time I see you?" he demanded excitedly.

Vera smiled.

"I'm wearing a new hat . . . perhaps that's why, this time," she told him demurely.

Micky pulled it roughly off her head. "I hate it," he said, "because it hides your hair . . . your beautiful, beautiful burnt-gold hair, Vera."

"My beautiful, beautiful new hat," sighed Vera ruefully, picking it up from the ground and attempting to tilt it on her head at the right angle without the aid of a mirror.

But Micky decreed:

"Carry it instead, darling. Anyway, we're not going to the tailor after all. I've been. Oh, sugar, what a suit you're giving me! We're going to get on a bus and then we are going to walk for miles and miles in the woods. Like the idea?"

Vera did immensely. But she wished she had known about it sooner so that she could have dressed in an old tweed skirt and jersey instead of in this, her best suit and the new hat. Then, you never knew what Micky was going to plan for you next. That, she told herself happily, was part of the fun of Micky. She was quite sure she could never have loved him so much had he been like—say, Jock, who, when he took you out, knew exactly where you were going and what time you would get back and how much the outing would cost.

They scrambled for the front seat on top of the bus. Micky shamelessly held her hand. When the conductor came for their fares he looked woefully at Vera and whispered:

"Darling, I haven't any money . . . please pay. Two shillings."

Fun that, too, the matinees which existed between Micky and herself. Who cared which one could pay so long as they could enjoy themselves? Go places. That was what Micky liked. He was such a restless person.

But it was more than fun when they were in the woods.

"Micky," she breathed, "will it—can it always be this?"

He took her hand, suddenly limp as though the bones had been removed from it, and held it against his cheek.

"Always, always . . . it's got to be, Vera . . . when two people feel as we do; we like each other so much, you see, besides being crazy in love."

She smiled, reassured.

"Yes, Micky, liking each other is almost as important as the other part . . ." Her pale face colored.

Micky dragged her closer to him.

"I shall hurt you. I'll disappoint you, we'll quarrel, and you'll rue the day you ever met me"—there was a strange throb to his voice—"but it won't make any difference . . . you may even run away from me . . ."

"Never, never, never . . . Micky, how can you say such a thing?"

She regarded him with sad, reproachful eyes.

Micky's laugh was gay, unconcerned.

"You'll always come back. I love you, Vera—I'll never let you go . . ."

"It won't matter," he said, "because you'll always come back. I love you, Vera—I'll never let you go . . ."

They should have been back in time for supper. Vera hurried Micky. She had ordered a special menu. Fried plaice and chipped potatoes, which Micky liked so much, a feathery golden pudding drenched in syrup, Mary Dale's greatest culinary pride.

Micky was cunningly acquiescent until they got off the bus.

"Couldn't we have a teeny, teeny meal in the cafe instead of going back to your house, my sweet? Just so that we can be alone a little longer."

For once Vera refused to give in to him. She would do most things for Micky, but letting Mother down wasn't one of them.

"Darling, she's taken such pains with that pudding of hers, you couldn't possibly disappoint her," pleaded Vera.

Micky agreed; he supposed he couldn't. But he balked childishly for the rest of the evening, and insisted he wasn't hungry when Mary passed up his helping of pudding.

Vera reproached him when she went to the gate to see him off.

"Micky, it wasn't very kind of you not to eat any pudding when Mother had made it specially for you."

He was swiftly contrite.

"Darling, I was a pig . . . It's only that I can't bear to break up our precious time together, even with your family . . . but don't worry, I'm going back to make things right with my Mary . . ."

In a flash he was back in the house, running with the light-footedness of a hare into the kitchen. Vera, who had followed him, heard his frenzied apologies:

"Mary, darling, kiss and forgive . . . I love your puddings . . . I was just in a sulky . . . I'll tell you about it, if I can have a slice of pudding now . . ."

He lingered so long while Mary Dale plied him with all the delicacies in her larder that he had to run all the way to the station for his last train.

VERA worked in a solicitor's office, where she was secretary to the junior partner, whose name was Lionel Faire. He was a pleasant, but fussy-minded man in his middle thirties. On the Monday following her and Micky's visit to the woods, and his sulky temper in the evening, he greeted Vera with the information that a woman had called to see her after she had left the office on Friday evening.

Vera, sensing his displeasure, thanked him briefly for passing on the message, and placed his morning mail in a neat pile in front of him. While she took down letters and made notes of people Mr. Faire wished to speak to on the telephone, she refused to let her mind stray to speculations concerning her strange visitor. But once she was back in the small room, along the passage, which she shared with Lallie Fry, who worked for Robert Smith, the senior partner, she found it difficult to concentrate on her work.

Who could it have been who wanted to see her so urgently and refused to leave a name? A friend of hers, Mr. Faire had said.

But she had only a few close friends, and they either lived in her suburb and

had been to school with her, or had been made in the office.

As the morning wore on she became more and more worried; rattled, without knowing why. She confided in Lallie while they lunched together at a neighboring cafe.

"I'm scared about that woman; just as if there really were someone who could hold a threat over me."

"I shouldn't worry," soothed Lallie in her easy-going way. "It was probably only someone trying to sell insurance."

Vera agreed she was probably right, and tried to dismiss the unpleasant incident from her mind. There were so many nice things to think about.

This evening, for instance.

Micky was calling for her at the office to see how the decorators were getting on at the flat.

Micky was waiting for her punctually at five-thirty outside the office. In his arms were masses of tawny yellow and brown chrysanthemums.

"For you, my darling."

He pushed them into Vera's arms.

"Lovely, lovely, Micky," Vera thanked him. "But you shouldn't have done it . . . I thought you were hard up."

Micky looked mischievous.

"I was, but I 'subbed' this morning."

Vera knew she ought to reprimand him. Only, she hadn't the heart.

"And now," Micky was saying gleefully, "for the flat."

"And now for the flat," repeated Vera, hugging her flowers tightly against her.

JOCK telephoned Vera at her office the day she was due to leave and a week before her wedding-day. He wanted to know if she would lunch with him. Vera would have preferred not to have gone. Jock continued to come home as often as ever, but she had been avoiding him. Jock's hurt eyes were disturbing; his disappointment a cloud on her own sunny horizon.

He was waiting for her at their usual table. His honest Scotch face was stern and drawn. Worried more than unhappy, Vera summed up, wondering why.

But he gave her no reason, and they talked stiltedly through their simple meal. Savory omelettes, and coffee and rolls, and little white grapes—then Jock lit their cigarettes and announced abruptly:

"I want to talk about your marriage, Vera dear."

Vera raised her eyebrows. The line of her mouth was quietly hostile.

"It seems to me we have discussed that subject more than necessary already," she remarked.

Jock ignored the interruption.

"Micky is an attractive fellow; I don't blame you for falling in love with him"—he was obviously speaking with difficulty—"but won't you wait a little? Give him time to steady down before you get married. You're young still. So is he . . ."

Vera's hands were clasped tightly beneath the table. Her face was rather white, and she held her head so that the chin was tilted in angry defiance.

"Jock, I wish you wouldn't interfere in my affairs." She was coldly impatient. "Besides, one can hardly take you as a judge of Micky's aims."

He flinched at that.

"I hate hurting you . . ." Misery was pouring into Jock's light eyes. "But you have to know before it's too late. I saw Micky in the Strand last night. He was with another man and didn't notice me. He was drunk, Vera."



Vera laughed, throwing back her head. She was conscious of a sense of wild relief. Goodness, what an old puritan scaremonger was this Scotch boy Jock... a fine sort of time she would have had married to him, in spite of his much-vaunted and dogged ambition. Really Jock was a bit of an idiot, making all this fuss of Micky's "bribe" last night... She could still have laughed about it even if Micky hadn't telephoned this morning, adorably contrite:

"My sweet, I always want you to know my sins. I met a man I used to work with after I left you yesterday evening. Darling, darling, we had a bit of a party."

She turned happy, contemptuous eyes upon Jock.

"You certainly know how to build up a great big sob-story. Did you really imagine I'd break off my engagement just because Micky had a wild night with a boy friend? Heavens alive, Jock, I wasn't born yesterday!"

Jock motioned to the waiter for his bill. She slipped her arm through his as they left the restaurant.

"You meant well, Jock. I know that, but nothing you or anyone says will ever make any difference to me and Micky."

**V**ERA'S wedding-day. She woke with a song in her heart. She had promised her mother not to get up until she had brought her breakfast, so she lay watching the late autumn sunbeams slanting across her bed and turning the whole room into a pale, misty yellow.

To-day she and Micky were to be married. Six months ago she hadn't known of his existence, and now she could hardly wait for that rapturous moment when they should exchange the marriage vows.

Presently Vera became restless. She wondered if she dared get up and go in to her friend. It was only just seven o'clock, but she knew that her bridesmaid, Lallie, like herself, always woke early. She waited another twenty minutes and then slipped into her dressing-gown and tiptoed into the adjoining room.

Lallie made Vera get into bed with her. They talked excitedly about the wedding. Lallie was the more nervous of the two, terrified that she would do something silly like tripping up on Vera's train, or forget her flowers and prayer-book at the right moment.

Then she asked suddenly:

"By the way, Vera, did you ever hear any more of the mysterious person who came to call on you at the office?"

Vera shook her head.

"Not a word. I expect you were right. She was trying to sell something and lost her nerve when she couldn't get me the first time."

But a few hours later, when Vera was dressed in that shimmering white gown and Lallie was helping her to adjust her veil, Mary Dale came bustling in.

"There's a young woman to see you, Vera. She says it's very urgent, and that she won't keep you a minute. It's all rather funny, because she won't give her name. What shall I tell her?"

Vera and Lallie exchanged glances; after a brief pause the former said in a strained, nervous voice:

"I suppose I'd better see what it's all about. Ask her to come up here, darling." And when Mary Dale left the room, she explained to Lallie: "I feel so happy myself that I can't bear to disappoint even an insurance agent. And maybe Micky and I will be able to carry a little insurance later on..."

A few minutes later Mary Dale was ushering in a thin, drawn young woman who might have been anything between twenty-four and thirty years of age. She looked diffidently from one girl to the other.

Vera came forward holding out her hand.

"I'm Vera Dale... you want to see me?"

A faint color came to the young woman's sallow cheeks.

"... If I might speak to you alone for a second, Miss Dale?" she asked in a quiet, well-bred voice.

Vera smiled encouragingly. There was something appealing about this woman despite her shabby appearance—something vaguely familiar.

"Give us five minutes." She turned to Lallie and then pushed forward a chair for her visitor. "Now, please tell me how I can help you?" she asked kindly.

Sharp lights came into the woman's dull dark eyes.

"I've come to help you," she contradicted, and there was a trembling flicker of fire in her voice. "To save you from marrying that scoundrel Micky Brand..."

Vera's face was as white as her wedding-gown.

"Please—please!" She held up a warning hand; but the woman took no heed.

"I've got to tell you," she spoke in uneven little gasps. "Micky will ruin and break you as he has everyone else who's been fond of him. You think he's charming now... you think you'll be able to steady him but you won't. There's a devil in Micky that no one can fight. And I ought to know"—she gave a deep, shuddering sigh—"I'm his sister, Doria Brand."

"Micky's sister!"

Without thinking, Vera held out her hand in friendship, then, recalling the bitter words the woman had spoken against her brother, she withdrew it and said coldly:

"I don't know what injury Micky has done you, but whatever it is I don't want to hear about it."

Vera rose to her feet. She went over to the door and held it a little ajar.

"I think," she said coldly, "you had better go."

Micky's sister shook her head. It was a gesture of intense weariness.

"You've got to listen to me," she insisted.

Vera came back into the room. Despite this woman's outward quiet, the humble resignation in her eyes, Vera sensed an unflinching determination there, and was unhappily certain that nothing short of throwing her out by brute force would persuade her to leave until she had said what she had to say.

And except for her wasting my time, it doesn't matter to me, reflected Vera, telling the woman in a brittle voice:

"I can spare you five minutes—barely that... so please hurry..."

Micky's sister smiled in quiet approval. Then suddenly her slim body went rigid; words poured from her lips like the rush of a torrent which had been dammed up for a long time.

"Our mother died in poverty because Micky had squandered all her little fortune," she gasped. "Then I helped and helped and helped him until all my capital went too. He lied to us that he needed it for business; only there wasn't any business, unless you call taking women dancing and dining every night a job of work... letting them believe, just as you do, Miss Dale, that he loved them... taking everything and giving nothing, that's Micky." A long shudder passed through her. "He doesn't know how rotten he is... I'll say that for Micky... it's his devil... and his charm and good looks which make life

so easy for him. A smile and he has the world at his feet..." Doria Brand was wringing her hands despairingly. "Please, please," she finished—"you're a sweet girl, I can see that... Don't let yourself be ruined in the way Micky has ruined his family... and others."

There was no sound in the room except for the slight swishing of Vera's wedding-gown as she moved again to the door. Her tone was brave and cold when at last she spoke.

"I have no intention of letting Micky ruin me," she stated. "It seems I know Micky better than any of you. I love him," her voice softened, "and he loves me. Perhaps he has been wild in the past... I know how extravagant he is; I'm not fool enough to imagine I'm the first girl he has ever kissed; but there's another Micky, a sweet, lovable boy, a frightened boy... and that's the Micky I'm marrying."

Doria shrugged her shoulders.

"I've done my best," she muttered, sounding crushed and beaten. "Yes, I'll go now."

Vera waited until she had closed the door behind her, then went across to her table where she had kept Micky's photo until the last moment. She picked it up and held it close to her lips.

She had no fear in her heart. She believed she knew Micky's failings better than he knew them himself.

She was still caressing the snapshot when her mother and Lallie came back.

"What did she want?" asked Lallie, and Vera told her vaguely:

"I'm not quite sure... she's a sort of fortune-teller... a little mad, I should say..."

Vera was thankful there wasn't time for Lallie to badger her with further questions, because Mr. Dale was calling from downstairs:

"Hurry, Vera; just time to drink down that little special drop of sherry I have for you..."

And Mary Dale, fusing with her daughter's veil, was urging:

"Hurry, Vera... we mustn't keep your father waiting."

Vera went downstairs in thoughtful silence.

**O**N the way to the church, sitting silently at her father's side, her cheeks flushed with the glass of sherry he had made her drink, she decided she wasn't going to tell Micky of Doria's visit.

A rush of tenderness came to her, smothering all doubts and fears, when she caught sight of him at the altar rail.

Micky... Micky, I love you, I trust you, her heart called to him as the organ boomed forth its majestically joyous music and she put her hand on her father's arm, walking with a slow, confident step towards the smiling Micky.

As he came to stand beside her, he whispered:

"You look so lovely that I doubt whether I shall be able to prevent myself kissing you right now..."

Her smile was radiant. The fun of Micky. She whispered back:

"Behave yourself; here's the vicar."

She noticed Micky's expression change as the service started; now he was dead serious, a tiny anxious frown creasing his forehead, a wistfulness about his dark eyes.

Later, when they left the church, driving back to the house for the reception, he put her hand to his lips. It was a reverent gesture, but he laughed gaily:



"Well, angel, that's done it, for better or for worse; you've landed yourself with a bad boy whose only defence is that he loves you with all his heart and soul...."

She believed him, and was crazily happy.

"I'm pretty fond of you, Micky...."

She was flippant, playing up to his mood.

At the house everything was very gay.

Micky was at his most charming with everyone. He flirted with Mrs. Grey who lived next door; and when Don put on the gramophone, he rushed across to change the record to a waltz because he insisted that he must have the first dance with his mother-in-law, and Mary Dale remained firm that everything except a waltz or an Irish jig was beyond her.

While they were dancing, Jock came over to Vera.

"I'd like you to have my special good wishes; so long as you're happy...."

He left the rest of the sentence in the air.

She gave him a smile bright as the stars.

"I am—I always shall be... but thanks a lot, Jock."

He gazed, writhing in silent agony at her disturbing beauty.

He couldn't stand her proximity, and yet when he saw her drift into the arms of Micky Brand there was murder in his soul, a red-hot jealousy shrivelling his heart to nothing.

At last they were away; at last they were alone in a first-class carriage bound for Portsmouth, from whence they were crossing to the Isle of Wight.

VERA darling—darling, could we be very extravagant, d'you think? There's a char-a-banc going round the island to-morrow... last trip of the year, the driver told me... I've booked two seats provisionally, Vera... they're a pound each...."

Micky, who had been out alone that morning while Vera wrote letters home, telling them in every paragraph that she was the luckiest girl in the world, and hers and Micky's the loveliest honeymoon ever, flung himself in an exaggerated posture of supplication at her feet. There was that mischievous gleam in his eyes which, Vera thought sometimes, was what she loved most about him; his dark hair was ruffled and his sports shirt open at the neck.

"You look"—she voiced her thoughts aloud—"about sixteen. Micky, Micky, who is ever going to believe you are a respectable married man?"

Micky hugged her ankle.

"Married, certainly." He grinned. "But not respectable... not now or ever.... About that trip, my angel, would it amuse you?"

"It sounds as if it going to amuse you," she teased. "All right, we'll go."

Her reassuring smile was a little forced. Absent-mindedly she tried to stroke his hair into some sort of tidiness. There was no need yet to spoil things for Micky by telling him that they had already spent the money budgeted for their honeymoon and that there were still five days to go.

"Now, listen," she admonished him with loving serenity as he leaped to his feet to go and take up the char-a-banc tickets.

"Now, listen, Micky, my love, we're going to take sandwiches for our lunch to-morrow, and we're going to ask Mrs. Lovatt to keep us something cold for supper. If you behave very nicely, maybe I'll let you have tea out...."

Micky regarded her reproachfully.

"But, darling," he protested, "I adore sandwiches, and I think Mrs. Lovatt's food is much nicer than the dinners we've had at the hotel. I only suggested going there because I thought you'd like it better, and...."

His gaze softened into one of slow rapture. "And because I wanted to dance with you so badly...."

She could laugh at him as one laughed at a naughty child. It hadn't taken her two days to discover how Micky rebelled against their landlady's homely suppers, and how he loved throwing his weight about and ordering expensive dishes a la carte at the township's one and only hotel.

Vera couldn't be cross with him. They were on honeymoon; you couldn't expect a man to be counting his pennies—or hers, for that matter—all the time. Later, when they got back to their flat, things would be different; she would have a long talk with Micky, she planned, and said aloud, with a bright, forgiving smile:

"Never mind, darling, we'll have one last 'bust' at the hotel this evening...."

Micky took her literally. While she was washing and powdering he ordered their meal.

"As you said a 'bust,' I thought you would expect something very special, so I told them to get us sole and chicken and, Vera, what do you say to a bottle of champagne—there's quite a drinkable one for a guinea?"

She hadn't the moral courage to spoil his fun.

Not yet. Even though the bill came to nearly three pounds. When they had finished dinner they danced a little and then went on to the beach. It was spattered with a whitish silver from the moon. The sea was calm, like a vast plaque of silvered glass. Micky drew her close into his arms.

"Vera," he urged in a throttled tone, "look at it; and, while you are looking, promise that you'll never forget... look"—he flung out his hand—"the sea and the moon, you and me... let it be something to carry in your heart through the years... you'll get angry with me, sweet"—his voice was troubled now—"angry and disappointed... and at those times I want you specially to remember this and that I'm loving you then just as I love you now... with all the love I have to give...."

Vera was too moved to speak. It was so seldom that she encountered this serious, tense mood in her playboy Micky. He sounded almost as though he were afraid for them both.

Her fingers tightened round his. She turned to him, a smile of sweet self-confidence playing on her lips. And she started to sing under her breath:

"... Maybe he's lazy, maybe he's slow, Maybe I'm crazy, maybe I know..."

Can't help loving that man o' mine...."

"So you know it, too," said Micky, and went on in a low crooning voice:

"And when he goes awa-a-ay, that's a rainy da-a-ay,

And when he comes back the sun will shine, the sun will shine...."

"I'll remember this, the moon and the sea, and you singing to me for the first time, until I die," she vowed aloud, clinging to him.

He bent his head and kissed her, lingering tenderly about it, on the lips.

A WEEK later they were back in London. Mary Dale was paying her first visit to the flat.

"A pretty enough little place," she gave it to her daughter. "Too modern and

musical comedy to suit me, but I can appreciate its quality."

Vera agreed with her mother that the shape of the furniture took some getting used to. When Micky chose it she thought it terribly exciting, but now it was rather embarrassing; more like a section out of the Ideal Home Exhibition than one's own home.

"But it's so easy to keep clean," she defended it loyally. "And, Mother, will you come and have a look at Micky's latest extravagance; at least, he calls it that; actually, it is going to save us pounds in the summer."

Proudly she escorted Mary to the kitchen, in which was fitted a Frigidaire.

"It only costs a few shillings a week," Vera was saying, "and, of course, we'll save all of that through being able to keep left-over food...."

She took her mother back to the living-room and told her how sweet and reasonable Micky had been over their money.

"D'you know," she enthused with shining eyes, "he simply left all the budgeting to me. Even to his personal allowance, Micky may be awfully irresponsible, but, anyway, he does let someone else manage for him...."

SHE consulted Mary anxiously about their finances, so anxious to give Micky the best and yet not to overspend by a halfpenny. Two pounds a week for food and heating and lighting.

Micky came home just after Vera had washed up the tea-things and was getting ready the vegetables for supper. Mary heard him greet her breathlessly.

Mary smiled. He was gay, this Micky of Vera's. And she liked gay men. There had once been such a one in her life. As like Micky as two peas in a pod. But it didn't do to think about him now. She had chosen Tom Dale. Scared of the other man who was so like Micky. In her young days you played hard for security and left your broken heart to mend itself as best it could. But times had changed, and young women now put emotion before common sense.

Vera hadn't been scared of choosing Micky instead of Jock, and her mother approved her choice, envying the courage of her generation. Perhaps the way would be more troublesome with Micky than it would have been with Jock, but it would be more exciting—more fun. And to the Irishwoman, fun was still the most important thing in life.

Within a few minutes the young couple joined her, their arms entwined round each other's waists.

Micky kissed his mother-in-law soundly on each cheek.

During supper he shot questions at her concerning the family. Greeting them a bit—Tom Dale and Don—but so charmingly that Mary failed to notice it.

Vera did, though. And it made her just a little angry. This was another thing she was going to have out with Micky when they had their long serious talk. Don and Daddy, and... Jock were every bit as good as he was. Micky must be taught you couldn't make fun of people just because they were different from yourself.

Mary left soon after the meal, and Micky threw himself at Vera's feet.

"My own, my own," whispered Micky, and his dark eyes were suddenly moist, his lips trembling like those of an overwrought child.

Vera gave a long, shuddering sigh of happiness. So long as Micky remained like



this, her eager, romantic lover as well as being her husband, what did it matter that he hadn't seen there was no meat for her supper?

THE first month of Vera's and Micky's marriage passed in a whirl of bliss. True, he continued to be hopeless about his money, and she was doing it out daily instead of weekly to him so as to make it last until Friday. But he was doing well at his job. Hardly a day passed without Micky's coming home triumphantly with the news he had sold another house.

Even Jock, who had come to supper with Don one evening, admitted to Vera:

"I believe you were right about that man of yours, Vera. He's on the level now all right. With his brain and his charm he'll go a long way."

She thought that piece of Jock. He was looking strained and white and hardly ate any supper. Perhaps it had been a mistake to have invited him so soon, but when she asked Don, he said:

"Jock's awfully anxious to see you, too. May I bring him along?"

Micky hadn't been so nice about Jock.

"Goodness, my loved one, you ought to go down on your bended knees and thank heaven that I saved you from that six feet of smugness," said Micky in his impudent, conceited way, as soon as they were alone.

Vera hadn't answered. She liked Jock too much to make him the butt of Micky's wit. On the other hand, she wasn't going to quarrel with Micky about Jock.

They were never going to quarrel. That was Vera's firm belief.

And for a month it worked.

Then, one evening, he came home with an enormous bunch of tawny-gold chrysanthemums.

"For you," He flung them into her lap. "They match your hair, but if my humble gift doesn't please you, cast it aside and I'll rush out and buy you orchids," said Micky.

Vera didn't pick them up at once. Her violet-blue eyes, raised to meet his laughing black ones, were troubled.

"They're lovely," she said; "but, Micky, should you have afforded . . . ?"

"The gas bill had come in twice, and rent day was close upon them, and Micky's commission had been down two weeks running."

Micky scowled. His mouth drooped sulkily.

"Now, isn't that like a woman," he accused sadly. "You buy her flowers and she asks if you could afford them—as if any gift which can be afforded is worth having."

His eyes sought hers wistfully. She knew he was expecting her to laugh with him at his extravagance. She would have liked to, it being the easiest way, but she remained firm, thinking of how she had had to raid the "gas" savings-box to pay the laundry last week.

"Well, so long as you don't come to me for more money before the week is finished . . ." she warned.

He swore it wouldn't be necessary.

It was Tuesday that he gave her the flowers. On Thursday he was particularly affectionate during breakfast, then, when she handed him his money for the day, he asked:

"Could you spare another ten shillings, darling? I had to borrow from a chap at the office, and he wants it back to-day."

There wasn't time to read him a lecture or he'd have been late at work.

But that evening she tried to make him

"Micky, darling, I don't want to be unkind or ungrateful, but can't you see that it's wrong and rather childish to borrow money for flowers for me when you have to ask me for it afterwards? I loved them, of course, only it just doesn't make sense."

A dull flush rose to Micky's cheeks. She had never seen him look angry like this. Almost as though he hated her. He leaped out of the chair and began pacing up and down the room.

"Money, money, so much in the bank, a snug little bit of insurance—that's all you women think of," raved Micky. "It never occurs to you that it wasn't exactly comfortable for me to strap-hang with an armful of flowers; you never bothered that I had gone to five shops before I got just the color I wanted—the color of your hair. All those flowers meant to you were so many shillings spent unnecessarily."

"Micky, Micky,"—she held out her arms helplessly to him—"Micky, I do appreciate those things, but, my darling, we've got to be sensible and sane—there's only fifty pounds left of my money—and so—"

"And so," Micky interrupted darkly, "you think I can't make enough to keep you . . . and so we're living on your money, are we? Oh, well . . ."

He rushed from the room, and she heard him lock the bedroom door behind him. She sat still as a statue, with scalding tears falling down her cheeks. She was more hurt than angry at the injustice of him. But she wasn't going to give in. For Micky's own sake he must learn to be money-conscious. Nevertheless, it was wretched having their first quarrel over flowers he had bought her. She was resigning herself to his getting into bed and falling asleep without even saying good-night, but within a few minutes he was back with her, his face ashen white now, his thick lashes veiling his dim, unhappy eyes.

"My love, my love!" cried Micky. "Tell me I'm a swine—no, don't bother, because I know it. I shan't blame you if you say you want to go back home. Vera, do you love me still . . . can you go on loving me?"

She gathered him to her. He might have been a small, repentant schoolboy.

Micky didn't bring home any more flowers, but he bought himself three new shirts and a tie or two out of his commission before handing it over to Vera at the end of the month.

Then, one afternoon, about six weeks after their marriage, she had finished her housework and had settled down with a pile of Micky's mending, when she heard his key in the door.

"Why, Micky, what's wrong?" She hurried into the tiny hall to meet him. "Are you ill?"

Micky flung his hat on the stand. There was an odd defiance blazing in his eyes.

"I feel grand," he said; "but until to-day I've been worried, I don't mind telling you. You didn't know your husband could worry all to himself, did you, Vera?" He put his arm round her. "Well, I have. Ever since you went for me about spending that money on those flowers. You were right, my darling, as you always are and always will be. We need more money. More than I shall ever make at Pictors'. They're mean people, I've discovered, and so—"

"And so?" breathed Vera.

"And so," continued Micky, "I've chucked in my hand—resigned; from this day forward I'm in the market again . . ."

Vera wrenched herself free from him. For the first time her anger against him was stronger than her love.

"Are you telling me," she asked in slow

deliberation, "that you've given up a job without having anything else in view? Is that what you mean by your bombastic boasting about being in the market again?"

Micky looked startled. Vera didn't realise how cold her voice sounded; it was quite unconsciously that she had wrenched herself free of his embrace.

He defended himself a little sadly.

"It was the luxury flats at Putney which started it. They gave the letting office to that old fool Timson."

"He's been in the estate agency business over twenty years," reminded Vera in that icy trickle of a voice.

"So what? I learned more about the game in a month than he did in all that time—"

Vera stamped her foot.

"Don't be so conceited, Micky; you're always so almighty sure of yourself; a little more humility and appreciation of the other man is going to give you a better leg-up in the world than all your silly boastings . . ."

She stopped, waiting for him to burst into a wild temper of indignation and self-pity. But he merely went deadly white and flinched as though she had struck him full in the face.

The silence which fell after her scathing remarks seemed endless; then Micky broke it, saying quietly:

"I see you don't understand."

Her love for him surged within her, drowning her anger. She was reminding herself steadily: this is Micky. You knew what he was like before you married him. Micky warned you he couldn't stick in his jobs—play fair with him—you mustn't really blame him for being so upset about losing that letting office; he was counting on it.

"Come, my dear." She made a conciliatory gesture and led him into the sitting-room. The small table at her side was laid for tea; the electric kettle—another of Micky's extravagances—was on the boil. She left him to get another cup and saucer. Neither spoke until she had made the tea and poured it out.

"WELL," she spoke brightly, knowing that she would get more out of him that way than by letting him know how frightened she was for the future, "it's a case of 'Little man, what now,' I suppose . . ."

Micky scowled.

"You needn't think you're going to starve because I'm out of work for a week," he told her grumpily. "Here! Every blessed penny of it you can have." He pulled a salary envelope out of his pocket and thrust it into her lap. "Go buy yourself a hat, gloves; you needn't be scared I can't keep you!"

Then all at once his expression changed; those angry eyes were pleading now, his lips twisted into a wistful smile.

"I don't expect you to believe it, but I did it for you," he faltered. "I want to make big money—for you—millionaire money so that I can smother you with diamonds and take you riding in a white Rolls-Royce."

He was standing at the back of her chair, his arm affectionately round her neck.

Vera stroked his hand. It felt firm and strong, and thrilled her. She believed in his sincerity, his distorted worship of her. She tried to see his point of view. She supposed some people might call it brave to throw up a job merely because one wasn't satisfied that it held any prospect. But to



# NO ESCAPE

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her it was merely foolish. So much was she her father's daughter, and sister of the steady-going boy Don. She didn't want jewels or motor-cars; she wanted the security of knowing that her rent was paid and the wherewithal to pay the butcher and baker and greengrocer.

All this she attempted to explain to a frankly bewildered, floundering Micky.

"I'm afraid I'm a very ordinary person, Micky, dear, with very simple tastes. So long as we're together, and able to pay our way, I don't want much else."

He looked at her astounded.

"My poor Vera," said Micky in deep pity. She left him, to clear away the tea and to prepare his dinner. His last remark disturbed her more than anything he had ever said to her. It set her pondering, with distress in her heart, about the gap between their sense of values.

While she peeled the potatoes Vera's mind leaped unexpectedly from her family and herself and Micky to Jock. There was another steady one for you who didn't get "het" up about not being able to go to Venice or listen to negroes singing in their native surroundings. Before she married Micky she had taken Jock's steadiness for granted, admiring him for avoiding pubs, and paying his bit of income tax on the nail. It was not until after she had met and loved Micky that she found these qualities stodgy and unglamorous.

Jock would never have thrown up a good job like Micky had done—out of pique. Oh, but you couldn't compare him with Micky. You mustn't, mustn't blame Micky. If you loved him, you had to stand by him, help him, coax him with your love and tenderness never to do a silly thing like this again. It was no use being cross and hurt and reproachful; that didn't get you anywhere with Micky.

"I've been thinking," she started, when she joined him again in the living-room, "that it would be a good idea not to tell the family of all this. I understand, honestly I do, Micky, but they wouldn't, and there's no need to make bothers."

Micky was sitting with his head buried in his hands. He said, without looking up, "Anything you like, Treasure. They're your family, not mine."

He cheered up after his meal, told her all over again not to worry.

He was out as early as usual next morning, when he came home he assured her three jobs were as good as "in the bag."

But at the end of the week nothing was definitely fixed, and she went over to see her mother, thankful that the family didn't know what had happened. There Mary greeted her anxiously.

"Has Micky found another job yet, Vera?" Vera's face was as white as chalk.

"How did you know he needed one?" she asked.

Mary looked puzzled.

"Why, he told your daddy how he had lost the last one and asked him if he could give him any introductions. Didn't he tell you?"

"Oh, yes, I remember, but I thought he told Dad not to tell you," Vera lied quickly to save her pride and that of her husband.

Tactfully, she dragged it from Mary Dale, during lunch, how Micky had presented himself at her father's office the day before last. He hadn't been quite truthful. Fixations were cutting down their staff, was what Micky told Tom Dale. Naturally, as the latest newcomer, he was the first to go.

Vera longed to ask her mother whether Micky had begged money—and didn't dare. Instead, she insisted, a trifle wearily:

"None of you has got to worry. Micky'll get another job in no time. He always does. Meanwhile, there's plenty of money left to see us through."

"Oh, sure!" agreed Mary, and changed the subject.

But after lunch, when they were sitting by the fire drinking tea, she leaned forward and touched her daughter's hand caressively.

"Are you sure there's nothing bothering you you haven't told me yet, Vera?" she wanted to know.

Vera jerked herself into an upright position; her pointed chin shot forward.

"Not a thing," she declared, "except that I wish Dad hadn't told you about Micky. Why should there be?"

"You're not looking well," decreed Mary. "You look as if you aren't sleeping or eating, and that's not like you, Vera."

"Well, one's bound to be a little anxious in my position. It isn't as though we are used to joblessness in our family."

"So long as it's only that—so long as it's not Micky himself who is making you anxious," said Mary shrewdly. "Listen Vera, I've known ever since I set eyes on the boy that it would take a brave girl to go on loving him; he's selfish and thoughtless and unreliable—you can't be sure where you are with him—but he loves you, Vera; it's a gay love—it should bring happiness, not despair, so long as you can see that love of his shining through his silly faults and failings."

Vera pushed her red curls from her forehead. Her face, which a few moments ago had looked tired, was now lighted with a new radiance.

"I know all that—about Micky," she confessed, "but it's nice to hear you saying it. Mother. The rest of the family are pretty hard on him, you know, and, on the face of this latest prank of his, you can't blame them."

Micky was home when she got back.

There was a large box of chocolates placed prominently in the centre of the table.

"Now don't fly at me. I bought them for you," he commanded, "and I'll be very, very angry if you make a fuss about my spending a few shillings to celebrate my new job."

"Micky darling," Vera's eyes shone. "You've got one? Tell me about it. No, wait a moment; let me open the chocolates and find a hard one."

"They're all hard ones. I remembered they are your favorite," said Micky gravely. "Bless you." She held up her face. He kissed her with a kind of angry passion.

"It's seven pounds a week and commission," he referred to the job. "Selling antiques. Now admit, don't you honestly consider that to be more in my line than trying to fob people off with badly-built little suburban houses and pseudo-New York luxury flats, Vera darling?"

During dinner and afterwards, Micky talked in a lordly manner about their summer holidays. The honeymoon had been grand, he deigned to admit, but somehow he felt they would have more fun going abroad.

"And I think, if this job works out the way I expect, I shall have to trouble you to find us a bigger flat. Mrs. Brand," pronounced Micky with a grin.

ALTHOUGH Micky was getting two pounds a week more now, there seemed to be an increasing shortage of money in the Brand ménage. He still allowed Vera to do the budgeting, but it had become a farce, for never, never in the six weeks he had been with Lakers had he brought home his pay envelope intact. There were more chocolates for Vera, an expensive box of scent. When they went to the cinema he wouldn't hear of their returning to the flat for supper.

"Hang it all, darling—now that we are better off, surely I can afford to take the woman I love to a good restaurant," Micky would plead.

And Vera dared not desist for fear of his throwing up this job as he had the last simply because she had talked about shortage of money.

His hours were more irregular, too, so that she was at a loss to know what to get for his supper which could be kept hot without spoiling; with only a tiny flat to keep tidy, she had a lot of time on her hands, and the hours after tea dragged like stretches of eternity.

Once she complained lightly to Micky: "I'm missing your company, Mr. Brand." And Micky squared his shoulders and explained, looking important:

"You absolutely can't get through the work in an ordinary office day."

Sometimes he didn't get home for supper at all. He would wire her on these occasions: extravagant, loving messages they couldn't afford. When she worked it out she had to agree it would be cheaper to have the telephone installed.

And on the evenings he did get home early he fell asleep over his newspaper immediately after supper. Vera didn't blame him. Micky was taking his job seriously for the first time. There was a lot to be grateful for.

Gradually she fell back more and more on her family. Mary often came over; when Vera knew that Micky was going to be late she either went home (borrowing her fare back most times) or to Lillie and her mother. The girls were still good friends, and it consoled Vera in her weaker moments, remembering Lillie's frank envy of her good-looking husband.

One evening she invited Don and Jock to supper at the flat. She was seeing a lot of the latter at her parents' home and was relieved to notice that he seemed more like his old self again—friendly and helpful, and with that crushed look gone from his eyes.

She went to some pains to prepare their meal. She recalled that they both liked veal and that Jock was inordinately fond of boiled puddings.

She had just changed into an afternoon frock, a dull rust-woollen affair which brought out the vivid lights in her hair, and emphasised the graceful slenderness of her figure, when the telephone bell rang.

It was Jock.

"I say, Vera," he started, "would you be awfully bored with me alone to-night? I had lunch with Don, and he's got to work late all of a sudden."

She enthused without hesitation: "Why, Jock, I'd love it! It would have just broken my heart if I'd had to eat the lovely dinner I've got alone. I'll expect you round about seven."

He arrived punctually, bringing a bottle of wine as contribution to the feast.

Vera enjoyed the evening. Jock was in



his best mood. Dryly entertaining and fervent in his praise of her golden pudding with its smooth custard sauce.

He helped her clear away and wash-up and then they settled themselves in the living-room with the coffee-tray and cigarettes.

"If only I could tell you, Vera," said Jock abruptly, "how happy it makes me to see you happy. You were right, my dear, in following the leanings of your own heart. Your Micky sounds a splendid husband."

"He is," said Vera softly.

She wondered where Micky was tonight. He had said something about new catalogues for his sale and getting a snack somewhere with his colleague, a man called Bertie Ames, whom Vera had met once and didn't like. She never doubted or suspected him, but she thought it strange he hadn't been able to bring the catalogues home.

It was just after ten, and Jock was preparing to go, when she heard his key in the door.

"He's earlier than I expected," she told Jock. "I hope to goodness he has had something to eat."

She jumped up as usual to go and meet him in the hall, but Micky was already standing in the door-way of the living-room. His face was flushed that dull, angry red.

"So," he started, ignoring Jock's outstretched hand and turning dramatically upon Vera—"so this is the way the wife I work and slave for behaves when she thinks I'm going to be out of the way."

"Micky—Micky!" Vera held up her hand. It was a subconscious gesture of command. "Don't you think you might remember your manner!"

He made a lurching movement forward. For a minute she thought he was going to strike her. Jock, too, had risen to his feet, and all at once he was standing between Micky and Vera.

"I think you had better apologise, before I knock your front teeth out," he said in his deliberate Scotch drawl.

"And you'd better clear out of here before I knock your brains out," retorted Micky, raising a clenched fist.

Vera moved towards the door, pulling Jock gently by the arm.

"Yes, please go, Jock," she said, in a tone steeped in weariness.

"You mean that? I don't like leaving you," Jock flashed a look of hatred upon Micky. "But if you think it's better . . ."

"I mean it," she said. "Micky's all right. I can manage him."

She waited until Jock had gone before addressing her husband. Micky had dropped into the nearest chair, where he sat with his head buried in his hands. She came and stood opposite him.

"Micky, Micky," she started, "how could you?"

And it seemed all at once as though she was speaking to a stranger. There was something odd about Micky; something which seemed more important than his rudeness to her and the silly, childish scene he had made with Jock.

Micky was drunk. Now that his anger had faded from his eyes, she saw how glazed and silly they were.

SHE was awakened next morning by Micky touching her on the shoulder.

"Your tea, darling," said Micky, sheepishly placing the cup on the bed-table.

"Why, Micky . . ."

Vera sat up and rubbed her eyes. In this moment of awakening consciousness she had forgotten about last night, and thought how sweet it was of Micky to have let her sleep on. He had never got the early-morning tea before. Then, all at once, everything came back to her. She sat up in bed, feeling embarrassed as though she and Micky were strangers.

Micky settled himself on the edge of her bed. She saw there were dark-purplish smudges under his eyes, which were wistful and pleading like those of a spaniel puppy. She smiled at him, not knowing quite what to say.

Micky was the first to break the uneasy silence.

"If you want me to clear out, I will," he said.

Vera laughed, then her expression sobered when she saw he was in dead earnest, really willing to leave her because of having got drunk. She reached for his hand and held it tightly.

"Darling, don't be a big goof . . ."

"I suppose," continued Micky, "you realise I was tight?"

"Well, sweet, you didn't exactly make a great secret of it."

Micky flushed and looked miserable.

"But even if I hadn't been I should have been wild at finding you alone with that man Jock," he insisted. "I never trust the snug ones, and it has always stood out a mile that he is crazy about you."

Vera withdrew her hand and ceased feeling sorry for him. She thought: Isn't this like Micky, to slur over his own misdoings and to accuse someone else of a crime he never even thought of committing.

"It's too bad," she started in a small frozen voice, "that you don't feel you can trust me with an old friend of the family. Are you going to believe that I asked Don to supper as well as Jock and that he didn't know until the last moment he was going to be late at the office? You said you would be feeding out, and there was a big dinner cooked; I was very lonely, and Jock was very hungry."

She shrugged her shoulders and looked defiant.

Micky stared at her for some minutes with screwed-up eyes. Then suddenly he lurched forward and gathered her in his arms.

"Darling, we're quarrelling. Nastily!" he cried in acute distress. "Like married people do on the films somewhere in the middle of the picture. You know, cold accusations and the wife going back to Mother and her old home town, and waiting there in floods of tears until the husband comes to his senses. It's quite fun to watch, but—a shudder passed through him—"I don't like acting it . . . besides, what's it all about, anyway?"

"I don't like it either," agreed Vera, and caught hold of his hand again.

Micky was right. They were making rather an unnecessary drama out of his "wild party." Deep in her heart she was moved that he should be so jealous of Jock. Still, he'd behaved pretty badly all round, and knowing Micky, you had to try to make sure it didn't happen again.

"Are you fed up and through with me?" he asked next, without looking at her. "Are you falling in love with that Scotsman?"

Vera deliberately kept him in suspense for a minute or so.

"I love you," she said at length. "So much that one little mistake like last night wouldn't kill it. But, Micky—her tone was deadly serious—"It mustn't go on happening, you know. I may be very fastidious, but a drunken man revolts me—and there's nothing

ing I mind so much as having a guest insulted in my own house."

"How right you are!" agreed Micky enthusiastically. "Honestly, darling, you can't be more ashamed of me than I am of myself on both counts."

"All right, Micky, we're through with the post-mortems. Go and get yourself bathed and dressed while I see to your breakfast."

Micky was gay during the meal. Childishly attentive to her wants.

He kissed her fervently before leaving.

"I shall be home to dinner early," he said, and there was a wistfulness about his tone as though he were asking her to reassure him that he'd be welcome.

Jock telephoned later in the morning.

He asked anxiously:

"How are you, Vera? Are you all right? It seemed terrible to leave you . . . but you were so insistent . . ."

Vera's laugh trickled over the wire. It was a happy sound.

"What a fuss you are!" she chaffed. "Surely I can cope with a little bout of jealousy. But I'm sorry Micky was so violent with you, Jock dear," she apologised.

"He was drunk," pronounced Jock earnestly.

Vera laughed again.

"I know," she admitted; "but, after a party, what can you expect?"

NOW, it wasn't difficult to defend Micky; already his fall from grace had taken upon itself in her eyes a certain glamor. She could even feel a little superior about Micky with Jock, who was so careful about his drinks.

Micky was home by six that evening. She was relieved he didn't bring her flowers or chocolates. He was gay and charming, tactfully repentant.

Vera thought him the most attractive husband in the world.

Later he told her:

"I'm through with late nights; in future you can count on my company for supper as soon after seven as you like to make it, Mrs. Brand."

He kept his word, coming home soon after six every evening. Vera was glad to have him, but anxious that he shouldn't let himself down on the job. Then the idea struck her that perhaps all the late nights hadn't been spent at the antique shop, but with Bertie, so she didn't say anything.

It was exactly a week after Jock's unfortunate visit that Micky returned, white and flustered, fidgeting around the place until supper was ready, and then scarcely touching a thing.

Vera wondered whether he was ill. There was a lot of flu about, and Micky had told her he was always one of its victims. But no, he assured her, when she tackled him about it later in the evening, he was perfectly well.

"Just tired and not hungry," said Micky from behind his paper, "and a little worried."

"Worried, Micky?"

She felt her heart jump against her ribs. Had he lost his job or thrown it away again? When Micky said he was worried one's mind immediately leapt to the insecurity of his pay envelope.

"Don't look so panicky, darling," he commanded a little sharply. "It's only that I hear to-day that we get our commission quarterly and not monthly as I thought."

"Oh!" Vera strove to keep her anxiety from her voice. Still, it was a blow. According to Micky, he had about twenty pounds to come at the end of the month,



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and his tailor was pressing for his money, and the rent was nearly due again, and Micky had run up a little account at the wine merchant's, which had been promised at the end of the month.

"I hate to ask you," Micky intruded upon her musings, "but have you anything of your legacy left, my love?"

"A few pounds."

She looked away from him. "Would you trust me?" Micky grinned sheepishly. "I'll give you five—no, ten per cent. interest on whatever you have in the bank, Vera."

Vera continued to look away from him. She had the peculiar feeling of her heart having leaped to her throat, where it throbbed so that she could scarcely speak.

"I can see to the outstanding bills," she uttered at last, "and I don't want interest, you silly. Just your promise to pay me back with your commission. I'm not being mean, Micky," she hastened, "but I do like to feel we have a little behind us in case of illness...."

Micky's grin had vanished, and he was scowling angrily.

"I've always found that it is only the people who have 'a bit behind them' who do get ill," he said.

THE end of the quarter came round. Micky, in the meantime, had been an exemplary husband. He had had an occasional late evening, but he never stopped in London now to eat with his friend Bertie, but came rushing back, tired and triumphant, to Vera.

He was making money. He was always telling her that.

"You see, my sweet, you'll have that white Rolls and diamonds on your lovely fingers before you are too old to enjoy those things," bragged Micky.

She didn't discourage him now by assuring him she was as happy as possible as they were. Give Micky an incentive to work and steady himself up. That was what he needed. She was asking him for small sums for stockings and a hair-set; pleaded for a hat she had fallen in love with.

And Micky would say:

"Darling, darling, I don't believe you can get stockings for two-and-eleven, and insist on her taking five shillings."

He went round with her himself to get the hat.

"You miserly woman, I wouldn't trust you not to put the money in the gas and rent box," Micky teased.

She was proud of her influence over him. "You know, Mother," she confided in Mary Dale, who had come over to tea this day. Micky's commission was due—"you know, I think I've discovered the right technique for Micky. He likes to believe I'm extravagant, and that he is expected to work like a slave to satisfy my expensive tastes. It gives him a fillip, as it were, to increase his efforts."

"All men are pretty well the same way," Mary retorted wisely, "and there'd be mighty less unhappy marriages if women would realise this."

Vera was still pondering over her words when Micky came in.

"Well, darling," she greeted him cheerily now, "have you brought home the money-bags?"

She was a little surprised no parcel or flowers had been thrust into her hands. Pleased in her heart because it showed Micky had taken notice of what she said.

He slumped into an arm-chair. Then she saw how white he was, his eyes dark troubled pools.

"There's no money," he jerked.

"But, Micky," her voice shrill with fear, "d'you mean they haven't paid out the commission?"

"I mean," said Micky, diving into his pocket and putting a bulky envelope on the table, "there's no money, no commission for me. Only these." He ripped open the envelope, and a pile of slips bearing his signature beneath the ominous letters I.O.U. tumbled out of it.

Vera fingered them cautiously. I.O.U. one pound . . . two pounds . . . ten shillings . . . There must be nearly thirty pounds' worth of them.

"Call me every name under the sun—it may help to relieve your feelings," he rasped at her. "Yes, I've subbed the money. I've spent it on lunches and drinks in the evening; you've had a bit of it for your stockings and your hair and that hat . . . but not—he was honest about it—your share—"

"Micky, stop, stop, I tell you!" She shook him by the shoulders. Her face was ashen white, too, emphasising her golden freckles and the rich violet-blue of her gleaming, angry eyes. "This is the worst thing you've done to me—an unforgivable thing—you borrowed my bit of savings on the understanding I should have it back out of your commission . . . and all the while you knew there was no commission to come . . ."

"Yes, I knew," admitted Micky, "but I didn't know you set such store on money . . . sayings . . . I thought you were different from the rest of your family—a gallant girl, but you're not, you're not—you're just like the rest of your sex—mean and grasping, worshipping money. So much in the bank and letting all the fun of life slide by you . . ."

He glared at her with hostile eyes.

Vera glared back. She stood so rigidly that she might have been made of ice. She was more angry than she had ever been in her life.

"If by 'gallant' you mean not minding owing bills, and buying what one can't afford, I'm certainly not it!" she flared. "I'm not a kind of doormat either, Micky, who is content to stay at home and economise and save while my husband spends his money on himself . . . Oh—I know you bring me flowers and chocolates and you've treated me to a hair-set and a hat, but, as you say yourself, I haven't had my share."

Micky rose to his feet. Her outburst had defeated his cooked-up anger. He loved her, and he was honestly afraid.

"I deserve it all, I suppose," he said miserably. "I should have left you alone to marry your God-fearing Jock. But I couldn't. I loved you too much."

"It looks like it," remarked Vera acidly.

He gripped her by the elbows.

"What is love to you, Vera, I wonder?" He spoke between clenched teeth. "You measure it by I.S.D. I do love you, I repeat. I love you so much that I'm prepared to love you in the way you want to be loved."

He let go of her and picked up the I.O.U.s.

"There's thirty-one pounds, ten and eight-pence here," he reckoned up. "You shall have every penny of it by this time to-morrow evening."

Vera went through to the kitchen and busied herself with the dinner.

Her heart ached for him during supper because he looked so miserable and so contrite. But it was as though his sorrow had nothing to do with her. Her Dale thrift had smothered all that in her which was Irish and uncritically kind. It told her that Micky's extravagances were dragging them nearer and nearer the gutter. She was as afraid for him as she was for herself.

They hardly spoke a word during the meal. Afterwards Micky ensconced himself in his chair, hiding his face behind a newspaper. He told her before he went to bed: "For what it's worth to you, I'm feeling more ashamed than I've ever felt in my life."

She kissed the top of his head lightly.

"Let it go, Micky—we'll manage."

"I'll give you the money to-morrow," he said.

She remained silent, with so many things to say. She didn't like being short of thirty pounds, but it was Micky's dishonesty which had her on the raw. You couldn't think in terms of theft between man and wife, but with Micky having borrowed the remains of her legacy on the assumption that he would pay her back out of his commission cheque, knowing all the while of that packet of I.O.U.s, what else could you call it?

THERE you are—thirty-one pounds, ten shillings and eight-pence," Micky thrust a bundle of notes and some change on to the kitchen table, where Vera was rolling out pastry for a meat pie. She looked at him bewildered.

"How on earth . . ." she started.

Micky grinned.

"That's my affair, sweetest. Are you going to kiss me and forgive and forget?"

He had caught her, with a certain nervous frenzy, into his arms before she had time to say anything. He was kissing her passionately on the lips and telling her: "When you're cross with me it seems as if the whole world has come to an end, darling . . . darling."

She kissed him back. Cautiously at first. "Admit," he was gaily arrogant, "that you adore me."

"I do." Her eyes fell upon the money. "Micky," she simply had to know, "how did you manage to raise that money?"

It might have been her imagination, but she thought his face clouded over.

"Does it matter?" he asked a little sullenly. "You wanted the money . . . and you got it."

"But how?" pressed Vera. "I suppose you subbed next quarter's commission?"

Micky's face cleared. Little points of light came to his eyes, making them look like muddy pools spangled with sunshine.

"That's right," he said hurriedly. "I subbed next quarter's commission. But you needn't worry, my pet. I shall make lots more than that during the next month."

She smiled upon him and ordered him: "Go and read your paper while I get this pie made. It won't be very long. If you're hungry, there are biscuits on the sideboard."

Micky focused her with appealing eyes.

"I was thinking wouldn't it be rather a grand idea to forget the pie and go out some place to dinner? It needn't cost much, Vera, and you must confess you never expected me to find that money."

Well, there was some sense in his argument. It was a long time, too, since they had been out together. She supposed you



couldn't keep a will-o'-the-wisp person like Micky at home evening after evening. But, not quite recovered from her shock of last night, she gave in cautiously.

"They went to dinner at a good little restaurant. Micky insisted that they should have a bottle of wine.

"Just to make it seem a celebration," he explained.

It was a gay meal. No one could be more amusing than Micky when he wished, and he kept Vera laughing until tears came to her eyes, telling her all about the various people who came to the antique-shop.

"Believe me or not," said Micky, "there was a man in to-day who wanted to know if we could get hold of that Dutchman Hogarth to paint his daughter's portrait."

Vera knew that he was exaggerating, but she let him have his fun.

He held her hand brazenly across the table. A waiter brought their coffee.

"A liqueur, love of my life?" offered Micky.

Vera refused. "But you must have one, Micky."

"I'd rather save the money and take you to the movies."

His glance was that of a lover—tender, uncertain.

"All right . . . just for this once," Vera surrendered. She did a little quick mental arithmetic and calculated that, even with the cinema thrown in, the evening would cost them the right side of a pound.

She enjoyed the film. She enjoyed, even more, the firm pressure of Micky's fingers against her hand throughout the performance. It was drizzling a little when they came out, but she was firm with him that their treat was over and that they were going to walk home.

"Oh, but, darling, isn't there a wise saying about not spoiling the ship for a ha'porth of tar?—a taxi will cost only a few shillings." Micky was protesting, when he stopped dead. Vera, following his gaze, saw that it was focused upon a shabby figure waiting, on the other side of the road, to cross over.

The shabby figure of Micky's sister, Doria.

She couldn't tell whether the young woman had recognised her brother or not, but Micky was pulling her urgently by the arm.

"All right, Vera, you win—only, let's hurry—it's getting late."

He walked so quickly that she had to run to keep pace with him. He was silent all the way back to Peddlerstone Place, and when they got in, Vera questioned him with deliberate casualness.

"What was the big rush outside the cinema, darling? You behaved as though you had seen a ghost . . . or an unpleasant bit of your past."

Giving him a chance to tell her about Doria. She wished vehemently he would, because she was in that softened mood in which she would have forgiven him anything. But Micky merely scowled and muttered:

"No rush—except that it was getting time for good little girls to be in bed."

Then she couldn't let it pass. Something within her seemed to be forcing her to tell Micky.

"My dear, I know who the woman was we were running away from. She's your sister."

Micky looked suddenly much smaller than his actual size.

"You knew . . . how? . . ."

She told him of Doria's visit to her on the wedding-morning.

"She came to warn me against you, Micky."

...

She expected an indignant outburst from Micky . . . some heated accusations against his sister. But what Micky said was:

"You should have listened to her, my dear. I treated Doria and my mother revoltingly. I took all their money and spent it making whoopee."

"I'd no right to have asked you to marry me . . . and Doria had every justification to put you against me . . ."

darling Vera, I'm a rotter—you know it now . . . you should have listened. . . . I don't want to make you miserable, but it goes on happening. . . ."

She thought she had never seen him more dignified; there was no melodrama about his self-abnegation—only a deep sorrow, a distorted pride.

She went over to him and put her arms round him.

"My darling, my darling. Don't tell me, Micky. Maybe you have behaved badly, but, Micky, what does it matter to me what you've done in the past, my precious dear . . . I love you, I have no regrets. . . ."

"MICKY'S just too good to be true," Vera confided to her mother some weeks after the encounter with Doria Brand. She had gone over for lunch and was meeting her husband in London after he had finished work.

"That Bertie man is going to be there. I don't like him, but he's a great friend of Micky's, so I suppose I ought to be civil to him," she sighed.

"You're right, darling," Mary agreed aloud, about Bertie. "I don't know why it should be, but wives never seem to like their husband's best friends. It was just the same way with me and your father."

"And what used you to do?" demanded Vera, who had lately started to draw in this way on her mother's own experiences.

A teasing light came into Mary's eyes, which were the same violet-blue as her daughter's, only a little faded and wiser in expression.

"Why, I used to ask them to meals and flirt with them all the time—so that your father was scared to have them around any more," she laughed.

Vera could not see herself indulging in any sort of flirtation with the sandy-haired, shifty-eyed Bertie; still, Mary's method had its points, and she resolved to flaunt herself a bit before this susceptible friend of Micky's.

She arrived at the shop a little late. It was closed, and both men were waiting outside for her.

"Darling, you must never do this again," Micky reprimanded her seriously. "I thought something terrible had happened to you."

She smiled at his concern.

"It was mother's clock, slow as usual," she explained.

They went to the lounge of an hotel. Bertie was very affable and insisted that the drinks were on him. The confident way he said it made Vera think that it had been arranged previously between Micky and himself, and this annoyed her.

While they waited for the waiter to bring the drinks, she talked brightly to Bertie, asking him about his work and if he liked the shop. They were talking about their work.

"Micky thinks it a grand firm to be with," emphasised Vera.

Bertie drew a long face.

"It's better than being on the dole, I suppose, but only that. I'm surprised at you, Micky, old man, championing it," he attacked Micky, who looked very uncomfortable.

Then he addressed Vera again, focus-

ing her with his shifty eyes in a way which made her draw her coat more closely round her.

"Didn't he tell you of the near-row he had with the old man when he tried to get them to pay him a quarter's commission in advance, Mrs. Brand? Poor old Micky, and he'd thought out such a lovely sob-story about your going to have a baby and not having told him."

Vera was careful to keep her eyes averted from those of her husband. Only by her imaginary one-handed piano-playing on the table did she betray any emotion.

"I think," she said steadily, "Micky saw their point of view in the end; in the long run we were glad he couldn't get the money."

The drinks had been brought. Both men finished theirs in a gulp. Bertie was calling for more, but Vera intercepted him.

"I'm sorry to be a kill-joy, but we have people to dinner to-night and we've got to hurry home."

"Yes," Micky backed her up, "we've guests, Bertie, old man," and looked at his puzzled friend as though he would have liked to riddle his scraggy body with bullets.

Neither Vera nor Micky exchanged a word on the bus back to Chelsea. She said, as soon as they were inside the flat:

"I'm going to get dinner ready, and afterwards you and I have to have a long talk."

"But, Vera darling—oh, Vera, step on it now—speak your mind and get it over." He was holding out his arms imploringly. She pretended not to see them or to have heard his request. For the first time since she had fallen in love with Micky she wished she had never met him.

He was staring straight in front of him when she brought in the meal. He said, without looking at her:

"I can't eat until we've cleared up the mess."

"Meaning you've another comforting lie for me, Micky." There was an edge of sarcasm to her voice.

Micky jumped to his feet. His eyes were blazing angry now.

"You're going to know the truth!" he shouted. "And it's nothing very terrible, either. You needed money. You were groaning for money. There was only one way of getting it—believe it or not, I only lied in the first place to spare your feelings."

"Go ahead, Micky . . . I'm waiting." She was standing in front of him, still holding the dish of liver and bacon.

He laughed. It had a tang of bitterness.

"There is a woman who comes to our shop. An elderly woman who has maternal leanings towards me. Once she told me: 'If ever you are in any difficulty, Micky Brand, come to me. I like helping young people.' And so, when you went sky-high about that commission, I took her at her word."

Vera's hands rushed to her throat . . . then one reached to the back of her chair so that she might steady her swaying form.

"Micky, stop—stop, I've got to think."

Micky lurched forward. Her white face and glazed eyes scared him. He was sure she was going to faint.

"Vera, my darling, you're ill. Sit down, my sweet."

His arm supported her and led her to the nearest chair. He reached for the water-jug, poured out some into a glass, and held it to her trembling lips.

"Put your head against me. Close your eyes, darling; you'll be all right in a minute," Micky was saying.

"I'm quite well now," protested Vera, jerking herself into a very upright position.

"Only shocked, shocked to the heart!"



Micky's arms fell limply to his sides.  
"If you feel that way . . ."  
"I do, I do. I shan't know a moment's peace until you have paid all that money back, Micky. It's the only way—she looked at him now, her eyes drenched in sorrow—"you can get back my respect for you."

"You mean, you're through, finished . . . you'd like me to go?"  
She shook her head wearily.

"There's no need to be melodramatic. I suppose you are sincere in saying that you acted for the best according to your own lights. The trouble is, Micky—her voice softened a little—"your lights and mine are so different, and I can't quite see how they are ever going to blend."

Micky paced silently up and down the room. She knew that he was suffering acutely, but for once she had no urge to comfort him. She loved him, yes. She would always love him; but a love without the foundation of respect was a poor, flimsy edifice likely to topple down at any moment. She dreaded bedtime. Micky, who had been watching her intently, jerked at her. "I think I know how you're feeling, dear; maybe I'd better sleep in here to-night."

And, without waiting for her answer, he went to fetch spare blankets and dropped them in a bundle in the middle of the floor.

"Better this way," he said, and let down the end of the settee.

Vera knew that he was hoping she would stop him. He was wanting so badly for her to forgive him and take him in with her.

But all she said was:

"Just as you like, Micky."

She went to her room without kissing him good night. She thought she heard him call to her just before she put out her light, but she didn't answer.

**V**ERA couldn't sleep. She hadn't slept for three nights. Not since Micky had first carried his bed-clothes into the living-room.

Outwardly they were good friends. On the first morning he had got up and brought her tea to her. He had knocked first on the door, though.

He had hesitated a minute behind her chair before going to business, but he hadn't kissed her good-bye. She had held her face so that it was almost impossible. And in the evening, when he came home, he had read his paper until dinner-time and had discussed the news with her just for all the world as if she were some stranger to whom he had to be polite.

But you could tell from the haggard look in his eyes, those tell-tale, brownish-purple smudges which lay beneath them, that Micky was suffering also.

For herself, Vera believed that her feelings were frozen never to thaw again. It hurt her that Micky should be unhappy too, but she minded for him in a detached, impersonal way, as though he were a film actor whose story she was following on the screen, and which had nothing to do with her.

She got up and slipped into a dressing-gown. She saw that it was ten past two. She tiptoed into the adjoining room. Not that there was any need to be so quiet, she told herself, nothing woke Micky once he was asleep.

"Vera—Vera!" His call, breaking the inky-black silence, had an eerie quality, as though it were the ghost of Micky calling to her from another world.

She moved, in the darkness, towards the settee.

"I thought," she said steadily, "you would be asleep."

Micky raised himself to a sitting position, hugging his hunched knees.

"I haven't slept for three nights. I don't think I shall ever sleep again."

There was a harshness in his voice, and Vera heard herself saying:

"It's the same with me."

"I love you," said Micky. "I don't blame you for anything. I just wish I could stop loving you now that you've stopp'd loving me."

"But I haven't—I haven't." She drew him into her arms. His head lay comfortably against her shoulder. "I was shocked, disappointed—I couldn't understand, Micky—It was just that."

"And you do now?" He was fondling her shoulders.

"I don't know," Vera spoke in clipped tones. "You've behaved pretty rottenly, but I only know I love you—that I've got to go on loving you until I die."

"That," said Micky, "is the way I feel about you."

He was holding her so closely, so closely that she could hardly breathe, but the frozen feeling had gone from her soul.

Micky lay awake long after Vera had fallen asleep. What had possessed him, he bothered now, to have started that affair with Christine Lane? He loved Vera. Even when his infatuation for the young heiress had been at its height, he hadn't stopped loving Vera for a single second.

Now now he had made things worse by lying, for the woman who had lent him money was neither old nor ugly, but a glittering white and gold blonde.

At first Micky had been exhilarated by her slick artificiality. It had amused him, the clever way she had gone about making him fall for her.

"I've some pictures I'd like you to see, Mr. Brand . . . if you could come round to my flat some afternoon . . ."

Of course, Micky had gone, making himself believe the visit was solely in the interests of his firm.

Christine's pictures were fascinating old French prints, but Micky had found their owner even more fascinating. He marvelled at the way she managed to get him to stay to dinner. He never knew to this day how it happened that he had discovered himself holding her in his arms after the meal.

And now he was worried that things had gone so far with Christine. He didn't dare to break with her, because he owed her thirty-odd pounds. He had promised to take her to cocktails to-morrow evening; he didn't want to, and knew he hadn't the courage to get out of it. Christine Lane was a good customer at the antique shop; Micky couldn't be sure in what way she would set about injuring him. But there wasn't a hope she'd let him off scot-free.

Well, he'd got himself into this jam and he'd have to get out of it the best way he could. The first thing was to pay Christine back her money. He prayed Vera wouldn't want to discuss the miserable business any further.

He hated lying to her, but it was kinder that way. Only he'd been clumsy; he never thought she would have cut up so badly about his borrowing from a rich old woman customer.

Vera, however, launched bravely upon the subject while he ate his breakfast next morning.

"Micky darling—I don't like post-mortems

and after this once we aren't going to talk about it again—but how are you going to pay back that money?"

Micky stared hard at his egg and bacon. He wished to heaven he knew the right answer to that question. He mumbled:

"I'll manage, sweet."

"But how?"

Micky thought quickly, then he broke into a teasing laugh:

"Will it put your mind at rest if I promise to see the old lady to-day and arrange to give her five pounds a month?"

Vera smiled coldly.

"That sounds fine to me, Micky."

"Then it's taken care of."

"It's my birthday next month," she reminded him brightly. "I can always count on five pounds from Daddy. You can have that towards it, Micky."

He got up and kissed her on the forehead.

"Sweet of you," he thanked her, "but I'd rather see to this matter all on my own."

She didn't press her offer. It was fairer to Micky to arrange this horrid business on his own if he felt that way.

**A**NOTHER month slipped by. Vera believed that she and Micky were at last on the right road for marital happiness. They were keeping out of debt, thanks to her clever management. Micky still liked his work, he told her. He was getting on well. She hadn't the heart to reprimand him for his extravagance, when, on the morning of her birthday, he produced an expensive brilliant clasp and confessed:

"Darling, I did swear to be firm and only to buy you flowers—but I saw this in a shop window and fell."

It was a lovely ornament. Vera needed new shoes and gloves, and had hinted as much to Micky throughout the week. Still, there was her father's cheque, accompanied by a loving message, in the envelope beside her plate.

"I'm going to have an orgy of shopping," she laughed gaily. "If you are good there shall be a surprise for you when you get home."

Micky blushed.

"I hate to ask you," he mumbled, "but you did say you wouldn't be needing that money, Vera—I only want to borrow it, of course. Just for a week."

Vera's face was like a cold white mask. She endorsed the cheque and handed it to him without saying a word.

"You're cross," Micky jumped to his feet, scared and contrite about the eyes. If only she knew how he hated taking her money; if only he dared confess to her all about Christine, who was becoming more difficult every day.

She expected him to take her to lunch to-day. He loathed it that it was going to cost him the best part of Vera's birthday present.

But what could he do? Christine had him trapped, and she wouldn't let him out until she so pleased.

During the next few weeks he behaved strangely. He was moody, off his food. Hardly a day went by that he didn't bring her home flowers or sweets. It was difficult to get the full housekeeping allowance out of him, and the tradesmen's books were sliding out of hand again.

He assured her he was doing splendidly. She hadn't a thing to worry about.

"Only, darling, don't cramp me for a few shillings," begged Micky on the evening when Christine had cost him a pound in cocktails and taxis.



She wouldn't leave him alone, and he dared not make the break himself.

Shadows were starting to leave stains under Vera's eyes these days. She didn't go home as often as she used, because Mary Dale would keep fuming about her small appetite.

Then Jock was another reason why Vera stayed away from home. He was never there, of course, at luncheon, but naturally Mary talked about him. Jock was doing so well. Two promotions he'd had in six months.

"He's making five hundred a year now, so Don tells me," triumphed Mary, who sometimes forgot Jock wasn't just as much her son as the other boy.

She was in a particularly depressed frame of mind when her mother rang her up one morning.

"Your Daddy's given me a pound to spend; I thought you and I might meet up in the West End somewhere for tea," Mary Dale announced jubilantly.

VERA would have liked to have refused the treat. She was in no mood for going out, even with her mother. The weekly books had come in. They were higher than usual. She had approached Micky at breakfast as to what they might expect in the way of commission, and he had snapped at her:

"Can't we leave money alone even at egg-and-bacon-time?"

(Vera wasn't to know that he had decided, during a sleepless night, to have it out with Christine this evening.)

Vera didn't reply to his protest. But when he bent over to kiss her good-bye she held her lips rigid and unresponsive.

Half an hour later her mother telephoned wanting her to make whoopee on her unexpected pound. Vera couldn't disappoint her, and so tried to sound excited, and arranged to meet her in town at four-thirty.

She enjoyed herself more than she had expected. Mary, in a completely reckless mood, insisted that they should go to tea at one of those smart places where the band played and people danced. It was a long time since Vera had been to such a restaurant, though, in the days before her marriage, she and Lallie had frequently treated themselves to tea out on Saturday afternoons, and once or twice Jock had been in a festive mood and had taken her to the dancings.

"A pity Micky couldn't get off and join us," said Mary, helping herself to a very squeaky cream bun.

"Oh, but it's fun, just you and I," protested Vera.

Her mother regarded her with a cloud of anxiety in her eyes.

"I don't want to press for confidences, dear," she started, "but lately I've been worrying whether everything was well and as it should be between you and Micky? It's such a long time since he's been to see us."

"He's been awfully busy, Mother," Vera hedged, but her eyes were guilty. For weeks she had been trying to get Micky over to see the family, but he made such a fuss and insisted that her father and brother hated the sight of him and that he found it equally difficult to be civil to them.

Mary changed the subject and drew her daughter's attention to a couple who were doing some exhibition dancing. She knew better than to try to persuade Vera into confidences when she wasn't in the mood.

They lingered over their ices until it was nearly six o'clock.

"Goodness!" ejaculated Mary. "I'll have

to hurry, or I shan't be back in time for the mince."

London felt hot and airless as they stepped out into the street, the first heat-wave of the year full upon them. Vera was wearing the black suit which had been part of her trousseau because she had considered it the least shabby thing she had. They made their way up Regent Street, hurrying for Mary's sake. Vera had all the time in the world on her hands. Micky had warned her he was stock-taking, and wouldn't be home until after ten.

Vera was musing disconsolately about the lonely evening which lay ahead of her, when she felt her mother tug sharply at her arm.

"Vera, wait a minute, let that car pass." Mary dragged her daughter back on to the pavement and pointed to a conspicuous white-and-silver sports car bowling across the side turning where they were standing. Vera regarded it indifferently until it passed right in front of them. Then she put her hand to her mouth to stifle a cry. For inside that car, looking for all the world as though he owned it, sat Micky. And beside him an expensively-dressed girl with heavily made-up lips and eyes and silver-gold curls. She was staring sideways at Micky with amused possessiveness.

"Mummy—Mummy, look—look!"

Vera realised that her voice had risen to a shrill scream. Mary seemed a very long way away, and the pavement was rising up in a most peculiar fashion.

"Mummy!" Vera, calling to her mother by her childhood's pet name, swayed heavily against her, then fell in a dead faint at Mary's feet.

When she regained consciousness she found that she was lying flat on her back in a small room which smelt faintly of disinfectants. Her eyes fluttered to Mary, who was kneeling beside her, holding smelling-salts to her nose.

"Now keep quiet, love," she commanded gently. "There's nothing to worry about. You just fainted. It's this hot weather. As soon as you feel better Mummy will take you home in a cab."

Two tears trickled down Vera's aching cheeks. There was another woman in this little room besides Mary, but she couldn't help herself.

"Darling, darling," Mary was urging, "crying isn't going to help you, you know. Try to relax, and we'll have you home and popped into bed in no time, and I'll stay with you until Micky gets in."

And Vera sobbed weakly:

"I don't want to go back there. Not ever. I want to come with you, Mother—and I never, never want to see Micky again."

Mary motioned the other woman to leave her alone with Vera, who, after her outburst, began to sob in a despairing, exhausted manner. They had carried her into a chemist's shop after her faint, and the woman, who was now moving towards the door in answer to Mary's signals, was one of the assistants.

Mary waited until some vestige of color returned to Vera's cheeks and lips before reprimanding her gently.

"Surely you're not going to run away from Micky like that without giving him a hearing? I bet that girl is just a client."

Vera's blue eyes hardened.

"I've given him hearings before about that particular woman," she said in a stony voice. "Only, he told me she was old and ugly. You might as well know, Micky got into a mess over money, and borrowed thirty pounds. I dragged it from him that he got it from a woman, so there you are."

"But, my darling," urged Mary, "aren't

you jumping to conclusions? If Micky told you she was old . . ."

"He also told me he would be late at the shop to-night. If you knew all I do about Micky's lies . . . And I always find them out in the end."

Vera passed her hand wearily across her brow. Suddenly it seemed a waste of time to argue about Micky's misdoings with her mother, who was so stoutly on Micky's side.

"If you don't want me at home . . ." she started unhappily.

"Nonsense," parried Mary. "Of course we want you. But I'm not going to stand by, silent, and see you smash up the lives of two people until you have given the matter a good think. Have a talk with Micky this evening."

"He'll only lie to me," muttered Vera under her breath.

But she knew that Micky and Mary between them had won. She shrank from going back to him—and knew she had to. That keen sense of maternity which lay always in her heart quickened.

She stumbled to her feet and jammed on her hat, which was lying on a chair.

"I expect you're right—I'd better go home." She gave her mother a twisted smile.

"Shall I come with you? I can telephone your father at his office that I'm going to be late."

"I'd rather see it through alone, Mother, but thanks a lot just the same."

Mary didn't press. Her heart ached for Vera in what she imagined to be the girl's first disillusionment.

Luckily she had enough money left to send Vera home in a taxi. She was thankful to see that the girl's cheeks had regained their usual color; she believed it was the heat more than anything else which had caused her to faint.

"I'll telephone you in the morning, Vera," she said lightly.

"All right, Mother. Sorry I spoiled your lovely afternoon for both of us."

They kissed, and Vera curled herself into a corner of the taxi, watching Mary wending her way through the crowd to the nearest Tube station.

MICKY saw Vera and her mother standing on the edge of the kerb, but he hadn't worried terribly. It would be easy enough to explain how a client had asked him to drive her home. Vera would take that; if she had all the sense he believed of her, she'd be glad that he was looking after his job so well.

He and Christine had been drinking cocktails at a newly opened cocktail-lounge in Piccadilly. Gradually he plucked up courage to tell her that this was the end of their friendship.

Then she had asked him to drive her home. She made no scene and Micky felt vastly relieved.

She lived at the other side of the Park in a block of luxury flats.

"Coming up, Micky?" she had asked when they arrived, and he stood, looking a bit sheepish, beside the car waiting for her to alight.

He went, taking his cue from her and behaving as though this wasn't the end of their friendship.

Christine's flat was on the ground floor, and he followed her through her narrow hall into the white-and-cream drawing-room. He was wondering what she would say if he asked to kiss her just once more—"To thank you for everything, my darling"—when a man rose from one of the deep-seated. He was tall and slim, with



dark hair fitting to his well-shaped head like a satin cap.

"What a time you've been, my poppet," he complained in a lazy drawl, and took Christine into his arms just as though they had been alone in the room.

Christine kissed him on the ear and made the introductions.

"Val, this is a great friend of mine, Micky Brand; Micky, be sweet to Val, who is just back from New York, and he'll mix you the sort of cocktail which makes you think of heaven."

Micky wouldn't stay for the drink, Christine didn't press him.

He was glad to be through with the affair; he kept telling himself that.

But there was something about Christine, the elegant glamor of her, her sophisticated background, the white-and-cerise drawing-room, the super-white-and-silver sports car sitting her so well, which held Micky against his will. He had enjoyed going to fashionable cocktail-bars and having other men turn their heads and look at him in frank envy because it was his privilege to buy Christine her Americanos.

He couldn't pretend he was looking forward to the monotony of sloping straight home every evening and making a treat out of taking Vera to the movies once a week.

He loved her; he hadn't exaggerated when he told Christine he was crazy about her; but sometimes he wished that she wouldn't be quite so serious about everything—always worrying that sweet head of hers over those inevitabilities like the gas bill and the rent. Christine made a man feel good about his extravagances. She had so much money herself that she didn't stop to worry how you were placed, and took it for granted you could afford to give her whatever she asked.

But Micky didn't feel so good when he recalled he still owed her thirty pounds. Some day he must pay that back. In bits. He wouldn't even own to himself that he looked forward to being able to call Christine on the telephone.

"My dear, I've saved up something to towards my debt with you; shall I send it, or would you like me to bring it?"

He called in at a public-house on his way home, bracing himself with yet another whisky-and-soda to meet Vera. He loved that girl, but—oh, well, he shrank from the scene she would make before he got her to believe Christine was only a client.

He found her sitting limply in an arm-chair when he got in. The table wasn't laid for a meal, and he remembered he had told her not to expect him until late. (This morning he hadn't dreamed he would be free of Christine so soon, and already regretted a little that he had made the break so final.)

"Hallo!" he called cheerily, and went over to kiss Vera's pale lips. She turned her head quickly so that his caress landed on her cheek instead of her mouth.

She asked: "Are you hungry? I didn't expect you so soon."

"No, I had a bite on the way down," lied Micky, struggling to remain patient and resenting Vera's pallor and that mournful expression in her cast-down eyes.

He jerked at her: "I suppose you are thinking all kinds of morbid things because you happened to see me riding in another girl's car?"

She made a careless gesture with her shoulder, and waited for his explanation. "That lady," averred Micky, "is a client of my firm. She asked me to drive her home."

Vera's lips tightened into a thin smile. "I thought as much."

"You don't believe me?"

She raised her eyes and looked him straight in the face.

"I suppose I've got to."

"You'd be a fool if you didn't—it happens to be the truth."

He came closer, saying tenderly:

"I'm a rotten husband to you, Vera, but I care terribly."

His arms were about her shoulders. She neither resented nor accepted his gesture of affection. It was as though he wasn't there at all, when she made the bold plunge.

"Was that girl the old hag of a client you borrowed money from, Micky?"

He wondered at the shrewdness of her guess, and didn't think it worth while lying to her.

"Vera, I want you to try to understand."

He sat down on the arm of her chair. She said:

"I'm trying to—awfully hard."

"Then try to believe that two people—a man and a girl—can be good pals without there being anything more to it. It is that way with Christine Lane and myself." Micky brightened, applauding himself for having discovered this nearly truthful way of explaining Christine to Vera. "She came to the shop, Vera, and we sort of cottoned on to each other; she's interested in old prints, and that's my long suit. She found out I was in a jam about money."

"You mean you told her," corrected Vera softly.

"Well, what of it?" Micky began to get impatient again. Couldn't Vera see he was doing his best to put things right? "I told her I was fussed about money; she offered to lend me some just as a man friend might have done; there's the story of the crime."

His laugh was brittle and on the defensive.

A long silence followed. Micky waited for Vera to break it.

At last Vera uncurling herself and wandered about the room, rearranging a flower and pushing a chair into place.

"I think," she said, "I'll go to bed. I fainted this afternoon... it was the heat."

In a flash Micky was at her side, clasping her hand violently, white and anxious.

"My sweet, why didn't you tell me before?—when did it happen?—who looked after you? Vera, the brute I am—are you still feeling bad?—what can I do for you?"

She smiled faintly.

"Nothing. I'm all right now."

"Why you don't leave me I can't think," said Micky mournfully.

"I can't think, either."

**D**ESPITE Vera's gloomy forebodings, it did seem that Micky had meant what he said when he promised to behave himself. There was a persistent calm about him the weeks following his break with Christine. He was less demonstrative and hardly ever brought home flowers, but he tossed his pay envelope intact into her lap every Friday when he got home, and his commission-cheque at the end of the quarter. He made do on what she allowed him for personal expenses.

Actually, Micky Brand, for the first time in his life, was feeling ashamed of himself. He was sufficiently honest to admit how badly he had treated Vera ever since they were married.

Vera didn't tell him she was happier these days than she had been since they came back from their honeymoon.

She didn't know whether he had paid back anything of his debt to Christine Lane, and refused to let it worry her. If rich girls were fools enough to lend Micky money

it was their affair as to whether they got it back again.

Spring slid graciously by, and she was planning how they might manage a week at some seaside place when Micky's holiday fell due in August. To Mary she confessed:

"You were so right not letting me throw an act that day when we saw Micky with the blonde; as you said, she was only a client."

She was going home every week again, because she wasn't frightened any more of any questions which might be asked of her. She and Micky were happy and almost out of debt; he had a good job; Dad and Don couldn't hold a thing against him.

Then one evening he came home later than usual, and, because lately he had been so punctual for his meals, she began to worry that something had happened to him. As he bent down to kiss her, she noticed in the dim evening light how pale he was and that his eyes were worried. He kissed her with a kind of hungry passion. She got up to go and see to his meal, which was keeping hot in the oven. But Micky held her back.

"Don't worry about food, Vera," he begged.

She looked at him in tender concern.

"You're not ill, are you, Micky?"

He shook his head.

"Just not hungry."

She sensed something was seriously wrong, and braced herself to face it.

Micky flung himself into an easy chair. It was a gesture of extreme weariness. Her compassion burnt for him, a steady flame. She was so sorry to have Micky looking hurt and unhappy that she forgot to be anxious.

"What's the big worry, darling? Share it out," she coaxed, stroking his frowning brow with light, cool fingers.

But no relief came to Micky's eyes. His voice was shaky and scared when at last he spoke.

"My dear, you're brave, otherwise I wouldn't have dared to come home to you this evening. I've had news, Vera, try not to hold it too much against me." His unsteady hand sought in the breast pocket of his jacket. He drew out a folded slip of paper and handed it to her. It was a cheque. "Can you read it?" asked Micky with a bitter laugh.

She could. Only too plainly. It was a cheque for a month's salary. She knew an urge to run away and hide herself from Micky and this new disaster he had brought upon them.

"Was it the sack, or did you give notice?" she asked in a tone which sounded as though it were packed in ice.

Micky had the courage to tell her the truth.

"A little of both. I had a row with the chief about some Cellini medals. He said they were genuine, I said they were fakes—and I know I'm right." Insisted Micky earnestly, as though the matter were of extreme significance. "We both lost our tempers. And he, being the boss, had the whip-hand. He told me either to apologise or to go round to the accountant and collect my cheque. You wouldn't have expected me to apologise when I knew I was in the right, would you, Vera?" he pleaded.

"No, I wouldn't have expected that—of you."

He flinched as though she had dealt him a physical blow.

"You're mad with me."

She shook her head.

"Frightened is the word."



"I'll get myself another job long before we're through that cheque. You'll admit I've never been out of work on you for long."

That was true enough, but how could you make sure his luck would hold?

She said stiffly: "Let's hope you will." He caught one of her listless hands and held it tightly.

"Don't lose faith in me, Vera."

"You make that difficult sometimes. . ."

Automatically she stroked his hair. He prayed it meant that she still cared and that she wasn't doing it from force of habit.

She left his side and went over to the mantelpiece, standing with her back to him. She said:

"You'll be hungry. I'll dish up your dinner."

He ate to please her, but every mouthful nearly choked him. Vera played about with hers, pretending she had eaten too many of her mother's rock-cakes for tea.

He followed her into the kitchenette when she went to wash up. It was as though he couldn't bear her out of his sight. He kept repeating, she wasn't to worry; a good salesman need never be out of a job for long, averred Micky confidently.

But Vera sensed that for some reason Micky was pretty rattled this time.

THE young Brands were down to their last five-pound note. It was nearly six weeks since Micky had lost his job, and there wasn't even a sign of another one.

They had been forced to tell Vera's family, who were sympathetic but unconvinced that it hadn't been Micky's fault this time.

Mary did all she could to help. She never came to see Vera these days without bringing a nice meat pie or a cake or some fruit in her old-fashioned shopping-bag.

"It's just rotting at home, darling. Be a friend and finish it up for me," Mary would urge.

Charity!

It brought a flush of color to Vera's cheeks. She was so sensitive about their poverty as to even resent her mother's help. If it hadn't been for hurting Mary's feelings she would have refused these gifts, she told Micky one evening.

Micky thought that foolish, and said as much.

He was in a hopeful mood when he got up one morning. He had had an inspiration during the night, he told her mysteriously. There was a man he should have seen long ago. In pictures . . . old masters.

"He'll give me a job and like it," enthused Micky, with his mouth full of bacon.

Vera hated having to dishearten him.

"Darling, wasn't that the man you were so rude to when he came to Flixtons' about a country house?"

Yes, yes, of course. Micky blandly cursed his rotten memory and thanked Vera affably for reminding him.

"The fool I should have looked when I got there," laughed Micky.

Still, there were lots of other people he hadn't tried. He would start off by studying the "Appointments Vacant" column in the newspapers in the public library.

"If you could let me have some sandwiches, I'll go straight on to places and not bother to come back for lunch," he finished.

She was glad when he had gone. Her own optimism had sunk to zero point since she had opened the morning mail, which was a bunch of petty accounts rendered and a final notice from the gas company. If only—if only something would turn up before the dreaded rent day! But miracles like

that only happened in novels and in movie-stories.

She went about her household tasks in a dazed nightmare over that rent.

For weeks Vera had known, deep in her heart, that it would end up this way. There was nothing for it but for her to present herself at her old office and plead for a job. Yet each time the thought of it flashed to her mind she had tried to push it into the background. She must give Micky a little longer . . . let Micky prove that he could continue to support his wife.

And now, two months and three weeks after he lost his job, she was back at her old office waiting to plead to be taken back.

Still, she argued, while she waited for her ex-boss Lionel Faire to see her, this was better than the humiliation of owing tradespeople money.

It had come to that. There was less than thirty shillings in the flat; Micky had half a crown. She had had to go to her father for their rent.

Tom Dale had been very kind about it, assuring her he could well afford to help her over this difficult patch, but there was a sad "I-told-you-so" atmosphere about him.

And she had known, too, that he really couldn't afford to give her that cheque with the extra five pounds over and above the rent.

"Just to cheer you up, my dear."

Micky had taken this generosity airily for granted.

"Darling, darling Vera," Micky had begged, "don't be so dramatic about it. After all, we aren't the first young couple who have had to go to parents for temporary help. I'll pay the old boy back with interest, as soon as I've landed a job."

Vera had merely laughed. Harshly, and with no mirth in it. And her eyes had looked like jewels, hard and glittering. The idea of Micky paying back. You couldn't help laughing.

It was the same day, however, that she had definitely made up her mind to get work herself.

"MR. FAIRE will see you now, Mrs. Brand."

A young girl, whom Vera had never seen before, summoned her to the presence of the junior partner.

"Ah, Miss Dale—I should say Mrs. Brand." Faire rose from his swivel-chair, holding out his hand. "Do sit down and tell me what I can do for you."

Vera felt herself flush crimson. It was obvious that Mr. Faire imagined she had come to consult him professionally.

"I'm afraid I've got in under false pretences," she faltered with a shy, charming smile. "As a matter of fact, I need a job again, Mr. Faire. . . I was wondering if you know of anything which might do . . ."

"A job?"

Lionel Faire raised a sandy, bushy eyebrow.

"My husband has had a run of bad luck. I need work." (She hated having to give Micky away, but she knew Lionel Faire well enough to realise she wouldn't stand a chance unless she emphasised she wasn't just a "pin-money" girl.)

He rubbed his hands gently together. Vera knew this to be a sign that he was pleased about something, and her courage soared.

Then he told her:

"My present secretary is leaving at the

end of the week to get married. If you would care for your old job, Miss Dale . . ."

Would she care for it! In her relief she forgot how loth she was to come back to an office. Three pounds ten a week Lionel Faire used to pay her. With no rent to worry about for three months, they could just manage, and put a tiny bit by towards repaying Daddy.

"I'll start on Monday," she heard herself saying; and Lionel Faire was thanking her in his usual courteous way.

"That would be very kind of you, Miss Dale. I'll be glad to have you back, and so, I'm sure, will everyone else."

Micky was home when Vera got back to the flat. He was lying on the settee staring up at the ceiling.

"I'm making a mental catalogue of my business assets," he told her gravely. "I can sell anything, I have charm, I know how to dress, and how to smoke a cigar without spoiling it half-way through. You could almost call me an expert on fifteenth-century Italian paintings and French prints; now tell me, my beloved, why is it no one wishes to avail themselves of my talents and my knowledge?"

"I haven't the faintest idea." Vera flung her hat upon the nearest chair. "Have you had tea, Micky?"

He looked aggrieved. "No, nor lunch. I was praying you'd come home soon to feed me."

"But you had half a crown this morning," she reminded him sharply.

Really, she thought, he might have put the kettle on instead of lying there dreaming about himself.

Micky swung one leg over the other. There were angry flashes in his eyes now.

"I spent that vast fortune on buying a man drinks. I thought he had a job up his sleeve."

Vera didn't answer. Dared not. She had heard this tale so often before. She never argued with Micky about this sort of expenditure. But she believed, as did her father and Jock, that no man ever bought himself a job or a reliable bit of business in a public-house.

"I've got a job," she told him suddenly—"with my old firm. By a miracle, Lionel Faire's secretary is leaving and he wants me back. It's no good your getting angry about it, Micky. We've got to live, and this seems the only way."

"But why," asked Micky in surprise, "should I be angry, my sweet? On the contrary, I'm so proud of you! So grateful. Of course, I'm going to miss having you about the place during the day, but I'll manage."

Vera pulled herself away from him. She knew a sudden, almost uncontrollable urge to hit him full in his beautiful, smiling face.

IT'S working out better than I thought," Vera was admitting to Jock across the luncheon table. "If you knew the relief it is being able to pay one's way, Jock . . ."

It was nearly a month since she had come back to be Lionel Faire's secretary. At first she had hated and resented it, just as she had feared she would. The bondage of the regular hours, the strap-hanging, and meals at cheap cafes.

Then gradually she settled down, and began wondering what she had done with herself during those long lonely hours at Peddlestone Place.

"Long before the next quarter day comes round Micky will have found work—I feel it in my bones," she confided in Jock, who knew now all about the nightmare of the



rent and those little boxes for gas and electric-light money.

He was glad she was gaining confidence again. Jock himself believed that Micky Brand had genuinely been out of luck. He might shilly-shally with his jobs, but he was a good worker all the time he was interested.

Vera was kept working late that evening, and it was after seven before she got home. Micky was at the door to meet her, resplendent in a new suit.

"Micky!" Her blue eyes were focused upon him, bright with mingled anger and panic. "Micky, now tell me—where did you get that? And I want the truth."

She knew that he couldn't have gone to his usual tailor, because that was the one debt she hadn't yet been able to tackle.

Micky stood aside politely to let her pass. "You shall have the truth," he promised her soothingly, "but not here, on the doorstep."

They went into the living-room. Vera flung herself into the nearest chair, but Micky remained standing.

"I've got a job or so nearly as not to matter," he started. "It's with some house-agents. Do you remember, I told you I had to buy a chap drinks that day you landed your job? Well, those bitters have borne fruit."

He laughed boyishly, strutting up and down the room with his hands sunk deep in his trousers pockets.

"About that new suit," Vera reminded him grimly. "We'll talk about the job later. Where did you get the money, Micky?"

"The suit is part and parcel of the job. I wish you'd let me finish," complained Micky indignantly. "I have an appointment with the general manager of these house-agents at ten to-morrow morning. Now, as a business woman yourself, Vera darling, you will agree that one doesn't stand a chance unless one is well turned out, and you'll admit you can see your face in my only dark suit."

"You could have worn your tweeds," her voice was like an icicle.

Micky sighed.

"You women may be pretty smart in business, but you've still to learn a few things about the way a man should dress to go after a job."

Vera sprang out of her chair. She caught hold of Micky and shook him roughly by the shoulders. Her eyes were like leaping blue fires, her face deathly white.

"Will you stop stalling and tell me where you got that suit, Micky?" She spoke in a low voice between clenched teeth.

"Really, Vera"—Micky freed himself from her clutch—"there's no need to behave like one demented. Well, never mind—rave and scream and tear your hair out. I borrowed the two pounds you had tucked away in your jewel-case. You said you were saving it for your father, so there was no hurry. I paid the stores in the High Street two pounds down."

Vera stood so still that she might have been a marble statue.

She didn't believe one word about this interview in the morning. Micky was lying to her because he had wanted a new suit; because it simply wasn't in him to know there was money in the house without having to rush out and spend it. She upbraided herself for a fool for having ever told him about it. She ought to have known, after living with Micky all this time, that his ideas of honesty were just nil.

"I'm through!" she rasped. "I've forgiven you throwing up jobs and getting sacked from others; I've gone without things and

liked doing it, so that you should live like a little prince; I believed your silly story about that girl you were cavorting about with being a client. I believed it because I loved you so much that I didn't dare not to. But one thing I won't stand for is open theft. You've stolen my money, and that, Micky Brand, is the end."

She stalked over to the chair where she had put her hat. She picked it up and jammed it on her head.

"So you're leaving me?" said Micky in a lifeless voice.

"You've guessed right for the first time."

He made no attempt to detain her as she passed through the door.

Micky flopped into a huddle on the settee. He didn't really believe Vera had left him for good. In half an hour at most she would come back, repentant of the harsh words she had flung at him, understanding how he had to have this suit.

He hadn't lied when he told her about the appointment for the morning. Style & Style were among the most important firms of house agents and had branches in the country. Micky's friend had assured him there were several vacancies going, and that the job was as good as in his pocket.

And here was Vera begrudging him a couple of miserable pounds for him to make himself respectable for the interview.

His resentment against her increased as he recalled all the other accusations she had hurled at him.

Two and then three hours passed, and she hadn't returned. It was getting on for ten o'clock. Micky no longer believed she was coming back. He told himself he didn't mind one way or the other, and went on recalling all he had known of Christine Lane.

At ten o'clock he got up from the settee and went over to the telephone. He dialled Christine's number. She answered it herself.

"Hullo—who's calling?"

"You'll have forgotten my existence, but I can't forget you," said Micky.

"Micky Brand..."

The way she said his name, making a caress of it, turned his blood to fire.

"I've quarrelled with Val—for good," she told him next.

"And I," retorted Micky, "have quarrelled with my wife—for good also." (He believed that then.)

He heard Christine's laughter, which seemed to have the quality of metal.

"If you still remember your way to this flat, why not come around and talk our troubles over?" she suggested.

And Micky enthused:

"What a darling you are! I'll be with you in less than half an hour; but there won't be time to tell you anything except how I've missed you."

VERA was crying in an exhausted fashion, huddled in the corner of the well-worn settee in her mother's living-room. Her face was buried in the crook of her arm, and now and again Mary smoothed the ruffled, red-gold hair and pleaded soothingly:

"There, there, sweetheart, haven't you done with your crying yet?"

An hour ago Vera had arrived, pale, with wide, feverish eyes, and a mouth set and tight.

"I've come home," she said in a voice which sounded like emery-paper. Rough and harsh. Then, her head held high,

her pointed chin jutting, she'd marched into the living-room. And all at once she had started to cry, with long, angry sobs seeming to shake the very life out of her.

Mary hadn't had to ask what the trouble was.

Now that the tempest of Vera's weeping was abating, she was waiting for the girl to tell her story. She knew that the best thing for her was to let her cry until there weren't any tears left.

At last Vera raised her head, pushing a limp red curl out of her eyes.

"I'm not going back to Micky, I can't..." Her voice trailed off into a dry, quivering sob.

Mary continued to stroke her hair.

"Sleep on it," she advised. "It's so easy to make these decisions in a hurry and regret them for the rest of one's life. What's Micky's crime this time? Don't tell me unless you want to."

"I do want..." Vera sat bolt upright. "You'll all have to know sooner or later... you and Daddy, and Don and Jock. I'm not defending Micky any longer, and I don't care who knows that he runs around with other girls, and can't keep himself in a job—and now steals my money..."

Mary's placid, kindly face puckered. It looked as though she too were going to burst into tears.

"Micky certainly seems to have been naughty," she admitted.

"It's good to be home, Mother," sighed Vera wearily—"you don't know how good. You and I were wrong about Micky, and the others were right... he's the kind of man who makes you love him until your heart breaks, but no girl could ever hope to be happy with him."

Mary drew the bedclothes up to her daughter's chin.

"We'll talk it out to-morrow, darling."

"To-morrow, Mother..." Vera's swollen eyelids flickered.

"I'll look in before I go to bed, but in case you're asleep, do I call you the same time as I used to, Vera?"

"Please, Mother darling."

Vera spoke with closed eyes.

Don came in soon after Mary went downstairs. He had had to work late, and there hadn't been time to get to the flat, so he and Jock had had a meal out and each had gone home directly afterwards. Mary explained his sister's presence in the house briefly.

"Vera has had a hard week at the office, and wanted a real rest, so she came home. Micky is going to be out until late. You might tell Father when he gets in. It's nothing to worry about. She's just dead tired. I've got to go out myself, Don, but I shan't be very long."

She bustled away without giving Don time to ask questions.

A quarter of an hour later she was on her way to Peddlestone Place.

"You!" cried Micky, when he opened the door to her. "I thought it was Vera."

(He had come out of the bedroom, having given his unruly hair a last brush before starting off for Christine's flat.)

"Vera," pronounced Mary, "is stopping with us for the night. I want to talk to you, Micky."

"I'd simply love to talk to you," said Micky fervently, and he asked as soon as they were inside the flat: "How do I stand with her? Tell me the truth—I'll take it, Mary."



"The truth," replied Mary, settling herself on the chair which Vera had vacated earlier in the evening—"the truth is, Micky, my boy, that you'll have to get a better grip on yourself, or you'll lose that wife of yours."

Her eyes, which were so like Vera's, were gentle. She had meant to be severe with Micky.

But she couldn't.

Not while she watched that beautiful, wicked face, which was shadowed with genuine shame and anxiety. All her flowing maternity went out to him.

Micky was fidgeting miserably with his tie.

"It's no good telling you I worship her," he jerked. "You wouldn't believe it any more than she does. And why should you? There was a defensive appeal in his eyes. "I'm extravagant, and I don't give her anything like what she ought to have. I chucked up what appeared to be a grand job and lost myself the next one, and now poor Vera goes out to work to keep us both, so why should anyone believe that I worship Vera? I suppose she's told you how I borrowed her savings to-day—she thinks from vanity. Why should she believe that I have got a most important appointment to-morrow? What good is it going to do me if I get the finest job going if Vera isn't with me to share the fun of it?"

His handsome head fell forward into his hands. He was getting every bit of drama out of the situation and setting himself where the spotlight fell full upon him. But he was sincere at the moment; everything else had gone from his mind except the horror of having treated Vera so badly.

Then, through the swirling mists of his emotions, came Mary's Irish voice, sweet and calm like a clearing drift of breeze.

"Micky, pull yourself together," she urged. "Listen to me."

He took her hand and held it against his cheek.

"If there's anything I can do . . . I'll do anything to prove to her that I care. I was thinking of taking back this suit, but I'm afraid they wouldn't give the money back, as I've worn it . . ."

"Taking the suit back wouldn't help," she told Micky, "justifying it might."

"You mean, Mary—" a flicker of light leaped to Micky's eyes—"you mean, get myself that job?"

Mary nodded.

"That's the general idea, sonnie."

"But I don't believe she'd come back to me even then," said Micky, looking crest-fallen again. He had a sudden urge to tell this kind, understanding woman all about Christine and knew it wouldn't be fair.

"It helps so much to think you're on my side," he said lamely.

"But I'm not," protested Mary with heat. "You've treated Vera very badly, and I'm extremely cross with you. I only came to warn you to behave yourself before it's too late."

Micky went with her to the door.

"What do I do when I've got the job?" he asked, as if it were a foregone conclusion that the interview next morning would be successful.

Mary ordered him: "When you've got it—and not before, mind—you telephone Vera at her office and tell her about it."

"She can count on that message coming through before she goes to her lunch," promised Micky jubilantly.

VERA was at the office as punctually as usual next morning. Her youth and a good night's rest had stood

her in good stead, so that not even Lallie noticed traces of the storm which had raged within her the previous evening.

Vera didn't tell her about it. There was no need yet. She had made her plans, but it wasn't necessary to hand them round yet. She was going to stay at home until Micky gave her grounds for divorce, then she would start all over again and marry Jock.

She had worked it all out with Mary Dale at breakfast this morning.

"Darling, let it be just as it was before—my paying you my pound a week and getting back my latch-key until Jock and I start up our new home . . ."

She had merely tossed her red head when her mother suggested:

"But supposing Micky refuses to let himself be divorced?"

Her eyes were bright and hard while she insisted:

"It's the very least he can do for me—even Micky will see that."

But Mary had wrung the promise from her not to see or telephone Jock during the day.

"It wouldn't be quite fair to anybody," Mary put it, feeling a traitor for not warning her that Micky might ring her up.

It wasn't until late in the afternoon the telephone bell shrilled at her side and Micky was asking urgently:

"Can I speak to Mrs. Brand, please?"

She told him in a cold, even voice:

"This is Vera, Micky."

She had to steel herself against him. Not the charm of him—that had ceased to work—but against her own compassion. Deserving Micky was like deserting a child. She wished she had left some money behind her.

"Vera, that job . . ." Micky was talking excitedly. "I've got it; it's a good job—seven pounds a week and commission same as before."

He stopped then, waiting for her to say something.

Vera was trembling so violently that she could hardly hold the microphone.

The buzzer on her desk called her to Mr. Faire's room, and she said hurriedly to Micky:

"I'm pleased for you about the job. Will you meet me outside the office at six? We've got to talk."

"At six," repeated Micky in a docile voice.

"Oh, Vera, my dear—"

She hung up before he had time to finish his sentence.

She saw him hovering in the entrance of the building punctually at six. She still had to get her outdoor clothes on, and it was nearly ten past before she joined him.

She said in that same cold, even voice:

"Halloo, Micky," and side-stepped him quickly when he made as though to take her arm while they crossed the road.

"D'you remember," he reminded her, "all those other times when I used to come and call for you here? Vera, it was fun, wasn't it? Darling, I do pray you aren't going to be cross with me for very much longer."

His dark eyes sought hers anxiously, watching for some small indication from them that he was forgiven.

But Vera looked straight ahead of her. Head in the air; refusing to remember anything about him except that he had paid a deposit on the smart blue suit he was wearing with money stolen from her jewel-case.

"I suppose," he ventured, "we ought to have some tea or something—unless you would rather come straight home?"

"Tea—there's a cafe just round here," said Vera quickly. "I've got some money." She was furious with him for taking it for granted like this that she was coming back to him.

"I've got money, too," retorted Micky proudly. "Five shillings."

That increased her indignation against him. Already Micky must have been borrowing on the strength of the new job.

"I'll pay for our tea," she told him frigidly, and slipped half-a-crown into his hand.

Micky took it without protest. If she liked to be stand-offish and proud like this, why should he tell her he had pawned his overcoat in order to be able to buy her tea? When they arrived at the cafe he chose a secluded table and ordered tea and toast and cakes.

"And now," he said when the waitress had brought his order, "where do we start, my darling Vera? It sounds and looks as if you are still very, very cross with me."

Vera shook her head. Despite herself, her wrath was melting; she was more sad for them both than angry.

"Not cross exactly, Micky. Just weary of it all," she tried to explain. Then he saw her eyes were heavy with dark smudges under them. All she wanted, at the moment, was the security of her home, but he thought she was unhappy because they had quarrelled.

He asked, bringing that caress which had once thrilled her to his voice:

"Weary of us, Vera?"

"That's it, Micky?"

"You don't want me any more?"

HE was as calm as she was. They might have been discussing a film or an item of news in the papers.

"It's the feckless way we live," she faltered at last, "the day-to-day life you like, Micky. In a job this week, out the next; never being sure where the money for the rent is coming from. Perhaps I'm a coward, but I can't face up to that kind of thing. And you can't face up to the even, regular kind of life I want."

Later, she thought, she'd ask him about the divorce.

Let him get used to doing without her first. You mustn't be crueler than you need to Micky.

He waited so long without saying anything that she thought he couldn't have been listening to her. Then suddenly he challenged her.

"Supposing I said I could lead your life and like it? Supposing I told you I was through with overspending and changing jobs, Vera? Heaven knows I've deserved everything which has come to me, and more—but you know, dear, the last weeks haven't been terribly grand for me; having you away all day and feeling like a prisoner in one's own flat . . . getting scared about being out of work . . . that's the worst of all, darling."

She looked at him quickly. Micky wasn't speaking for effect, she was sure of that. It was possible that he had tired of buzzing around like a naughty little will-o'-the-wisp. Micky might have learned his lesson.

But was it too late?

But she didn't love him any more. She didn't. She didn't.

Micky had killed that part of her last night—or was it weeks ago?

She picked up her gloves and began pulling them on.

Micky asked:



"Have you finished? Are you going home?"  
She gave him a long, inscrutable look.  
"I'm coming home with you, Micky," she said.

"Bless you."  
He squeezed her hand under the table. She withdrew it, telling him with a curl to her voice:

"Mother will be pleased about this."  
"After you, I love your mother better than anyone in the world," averred Micky sincerely.

On the way home Vera asked:  
"Is there any food in the house, d'you know, Micky?"

"I saw some eggs and a bit of butter in the 'fridge' . . ."

He sounded vague, as though food were of small interest to him.

"I'll get some cutlets—you like cutlets, don't you, Micky?"  
She wanted to be good to him; it was no use coming together again if she couldn't put her heart into it. Micky said cutlets would be very nice, but weren't they rather expensive?

They got off the bus in the King's Road and she bought a tin of peas to go with the meat and some bread and cheese. She went straight to the kitchen when they entered the flat. It was as though she had been away ages and ages. Micky had washed up his breakfast-things, all except the frying-pan, which still bore the marks of the egg he must have fried.

While they ate she got him to tell her more about his job.

"House-agenting again, Micky; will you like that?"

He pushed out his chin.

"If I don't, I'm going to learn to pretty darn quickly."

It was like playing a game with a child, thought Vera. Still, she had to give him a chance.

**O**f course Micky didn't change. Vera supposed he was doing his best. But Micky's best was such a poor thing. He handed her his pay envelope like he used to, and felt rather grand about it, as though he were conferring a special favor upon her. When he brought her flowers he made extravagant speeches about their being cheap and how he had eaten bread and cheese for lunch so as to pay for them.

She stayed on at her job. Micky had wanted her to leave. They discussed it first that night he came to call for her at the office and she went home with him against her will.

"Thank goodness, there's no need for you to go out to work now," Micky had enthused; and Vera said she would think it over.

By the end of the week she decided she was going on working. She told herself it was because she didn't trust Micky any longer. Despite his good resolutions, you couldn't be certain that he would hold this new job. She wasn't going to risk another period of feeling ill with panic every time she changed half a crown.

It was difficult to read Micky these days. Except that he was drinking too often with a new friend, Leslie Frier, he was behaving quite well. He worked long hours and seemed to be doing good business. Then he gave up bringing her home flowers, and pecked her cheek carelessly night and morning. He called her "Vera" now without any caressive qualifications.

It occurred to her suddenly one day at the office that Micky had fallen out of love with her just as she had fallen out of love with him, and decided it was the very best

thing which could have happened to them. She had no further use for Micky's ardor, and it had hurt her in a quick, stinging way when, in the beginning, he had looked at her with sorrowing, bewildered eyes each time she evaded his embrace. But they were so far apart that she couldn't begin to explain. She held it in Micky's favor that he had never questioned her about her change of heart.

**V**ERA was grimly determined to play fair with Micky. At one time indifferent to his affection, she started missing his quick kisses. But she told herself it wasn't Micky she missed, but love itself.

And so she turned more and more to Jock; loosened up a bit with him; linked her arm through his when he took her back to the office and let him hold her hand longer than necessary when they said good-bye.

She found herself looking forward to the days when she and Jock were to lunch together, and the ones when she didn't see him seemed curiously colorless and unimportant.

She talked to Jock a lot about her work. Her job was meaning something to her now.

"I can understand how so many girls fall back on careers as the cure for a crushed heart," she told him once; and it was the nearest she had ever got to admitting her marriage wasn't a success.

Jock looked at her earnestly.

"It wouldn't work with you," he said firmly.

"It's already working . . ."

"If you feel that way . . ." He left the sentence unfinished and asked her what she would like for a sweet.

Jock was making big money now. They no longer went to the little cafe for lunch, but to a smart restaurant. When Vera was tired he made her drink Burgundy. There was no need, with Jock, to cast a surreptitious eye at the price-list before ordering your food.

Vera liked to believe that these things counted just as her job did.

Then one Saturday morning Jock telephoned her at the office.

"Vera, I've just landed a contract which the firm never expected in a hundred years; can you have lunch and celebrate?"

She congratulated him warmly and thanked him.

"Jock, your invitation has saved my reason; if there's one thing I don't want to do it's to go home and cook steak and onions. Do we meet same time and same place?"

"Same time," agreed Jock, "but emphatically not the same place. This contract is going to mean a hundred pounds in cold cash to me, apart from honor and glory; do you know the Laurels in Dover Street?"

The Laurels was a new French restaurant; all Vera knew of it was what she had read in the gossip column of her daily paper.

"I don't look nearly grand enough, but if you'll risk it, I will," she laughed.

She hung up on Jock and got through to Micky.

"Could you get some food out? I've been asked to lunch."

She was in a reckless mood, exhilarated by the treat ahead of her. Let Micky think what he liked. She couldn't be bothered to make up stories for him.

Micky said:

"That's O.K. by me. Will you be home to tea?"

"I haven't an idea yet, Micky, but if I'm going to be really late I'll ring you up at the flat if you should be there."

Less than five minutes before Vera rang up Christine had telephoned.

"You're a beast, but I like you, Micky Brand," Christine had started, "and I want to be taken to lunch; what about it?"

That was the first Micky had heard of her since he hadn't turned up at her flat.

He thought her a grand girl for taking it so well. He has been paid his commission cheque earlier in the morning. It came to three pounds more than he had expected.

Vera scorned his money and his attentions, and here was Christine, the girl he always thought of as a disturbing modern symphony in white and gold, and who could have all worth-while London at her feet, asking him to buy her lunch. He told her there was an explanation for everything and asked if she'd care to try the Laurels for lunch.

And he wasn't going to hurry home.

"Come to my flat and pick me up; I've a new cocktail to try out on you, Micky; it's guaranteed to help a man out with an excuse," Christine had said. He promised to be with her within the hour.

But none of this was Vera's business, he decided, when she telephoned to say she wouldn't be home either. Bet your sweet life she was lunching with that lodge of a Scotsman Jock. And—ranted Micky inwardly—she's welcome to him so long as she doesn't interfere with Christine and me.

Jock was at the Laurels five minutes before Vera, who arrived punctually at one. They stayed in the lounge drinking dry sherry.

"If you knew what this means to me," enthused Vera.

He gave her a quick, searching look. After three excellent sherries, and the whisky-and-soda his chief had stood him on his way here, he was less reserved than usual.

"You're having a pretty bad time, aren't you, Vera dear?"

She shrugged.

"You work too hard," persisted Jock.

He leaned forward to take her hand. It was limp and cold.

"If only it were my privilege to take care of you . . ."

She gave him a wan smile.

"It's your privilege to feed a hungry woman. Shall we go in?"

Jock had reserved his table. He ordered, regardless of expense, from the à la carte.

"And I think, a nice little bottle of bubbly, Vera; we'll see whether that will bring a bit of color into those white cheeks."

It did. It also loosened her tongue. While she ate a delicious sole drenched in rich lobster sauce she let out:

"Jock, I'd like to tell you about Micky and me."

"I'd be glad to hear."

She tried to be honest, not putting too much of the blame on her husband.

"He means well, he's faithful to me; I suppose that should count for something with a good-looking, spoiled young man like Micky."

She stopped abruptly. Jock was looking at her so oddly, as though he wanted to spare her something.

"Vera, my darling, get a hold on yourself."

She couldn't understand his agitation at first. Not until her eyes followed his in the direction of the entrance, and she saw Micky and that fair girl in whose car he



had driven coming from the cocktail-bar into the restaurant.

Jock urged her again:

"Take a hold on yourself, Vera—don't let him see it matters."

It shouldn't have done, but it did.

Micky and that girl!

Jock seemed to have moved a long way away from her, but she had no difficulty in watching Micky's eyes—the eyes of a lover focused upon another woman.

Then she heard herself warn Jock, in a voice which also seemed to be coming from a long distance:

"Jock, I don't feel well; I'm dizzy . . . I believe I'm going to faint . . ."

In the swirling mists she saw him leap to his feet; she felt his arms round her . . . The next thing she knew, she was lying on a sofa in a small room and Jock and a middle-aged man were bending over her.

She said weakly: "I'm all right. Sorry. Jock—I ought to have warned you this happened to me once before . . . it's the heat . . ."

And the other man was questioning her before Jock had time to say anything.

"So you're subject to fainting-fits, Mrs. Brand?"

Vera denied this.

"I only did it once before—as I told Jock—it was the heat."

The man held something to her lips.

"Drink this down and try to rest," he said. "You'll be quite cosy here. This is the manager's office."

She saw him motion Jock to the door and then follow him. She managed to beckon Jock back.

"Did Micky see?" she gasped.

"No, dear. I got you out too quickly."

She sighed deeply with relief. Not for anything in the world would she have had Micky, in his unbearable conceit, think that she had fainted because of seeing him with that girl. It was just that her nerves were all shot to pieces so that the slightest emotional disturbance knocked her out. But you'd never get Micky to believe that.

She asked Jock next:

"Who was that man with you?"

"A doctor, darling," said Jock. "Now be a good girl and try to sleep, as he told you."

Vera smiled faintly and closed her eyes. She fell asleep immediately, and Jock was sitting patiently beside her when she woke up.

"Well, feeling better?" he asked Vera.

Vera moved slightly, and the dizziness came down upon her like a thick fog, but she assured him:

"Much better, thanks."

She waited a moment, then tried to sit up, but Jock pushed her gently back on the pillows.

"Take it easy for a bit longer, Vera dear," he urged.

There was something about the tone of his voice which disturbed her. She caught sight of a travelling-clock on the manager's desk. It said five o'clock.

"That can't be right?" She pointed a shaky finger to the glass dial.

Jock consulted his wrist-watch.

"It is, Vera."

"I must have been asleep for hours."

Jock laughed uneasily.

"Quite a long time. It also took a long time to get you from that faint." Jock drew his chair closer to the couch. He took Vera's hands and held them loosely in his. "My dear," he spoke very tenderly, "I expect you know for yourself that you're not an awfully fit girl just now."

Vera felt a fresh swirl of giddiness coming on, but she fought valiantly against it.

"I'm a bit tired . . . that's all. It's the time of the year. Don't fuss about me just because I did a faint on you," she urged with a touch of impatience.

"Vera, dear," Jock was pleading with her. "Please be sensible and don't try to put up a fight against nature, because she always gives the knock-out in the end. You're run down and nervous, Vera—that's what the doctor told me—and there's just a tiny spot of weakness about the heart. But you haven't got a thing to worry about if you take things easily for a while—very easily," he emphasised.

And Vera asked, her voice shrill with panic:

"Does that mean I mustn't work?"

"Only for three months."

She turned deadly white, and there was a purple line to her lips.

"But, Jock, I can't possibly stay away for so long; Mr. Faire is terribly kind, but he couldn't keep my job open all that time."

Jock was still holding her hands.

"Money worrying you?" he asked. "Remember, I've got plenty."

Vera shook her head. Then tears gushed from her eyes.

"I couldn't take it," she began to sob hysterically. "I don't want any money except what I make for myself. I'm not ill, Jock . . . that doctor is all wrong; I'll be grand to-morrow morning."

Jock put his arm round her shoulder.

"Vera, you've got to play fair with your parents and with me. Have you forgotten the promise you made me to let me in if you were ever in a jam?"

Vera continued to cry weakly.

"You don't understand," she gasped.

"You mean about you and Micky Brand?" Jock's tone was metallic. "You're through with your husband now."

Vera nodded.

"Who wouldn't be after what I saw out there?" She pointed to the door. "But I can't throw myself on Mother and Daddy again . . . and I can't let you give me money, Jock."

He held her gently in his great arms.

"Not if I told you there's nothing I want so much as to look after you . . . in sickness and in health? You know I worship you, Vera . . ."

She nodded again.

"And haven't you grown to care a little for me?" urged Jock.

Vera's smile was almost happy. At this moment she felt that there was no one in the world she cared for so much as Jock, who was showing her the road to escape from Micky.

"I'm terribly fond of you," she murmured.

Vera had lapsed again into semi-consciousness during the drive back to Golder's Green. She had a queer sensation in her heart. It wasn't exactly a pain, but as though someone were trying to pull it out of place.

Jock carried her into the house as easily as if she'd been a baby in arms. He told Mary soberly:

"Vera is ill . . . she needs looking after . . . I think she ought to go to bed at once."

And he'd marched through the hall and upstairs with her and laid her on her old bed.

He went, leaving Vera to Mary.

The latter turned to her daughter. To her dismay she found the girl sobbing in a quiet, despairing way; tears were trickling down her pale, drawn cheeks.

"Darling, tell me what it's all about."

Mary strove to sound more cheerful than she felt.

"I fainted again," gasped Vera, "and a doctor Jock called in says I'm not to work for three months."

Mary smoothed the crumpled pillows.

"I'll get word to Micky," she said brightly.

Vera's wet eyes were bright and hard like blue jewels.

"Don't do that, Mother. You see, I am going to leave Micky. Jock loves me; he wants to look after me."

Then, in the same gasping dry tone she told her mother how she had seen Micky and "that blonde" lunching together at the Laurels.

Subconsciously she expected Mary to fold her in her arms, to assure her that she was acting wisely. If you were fit and strong you couldn't rely on Micky. What would happen to you, then, if you were ill? And now that he was going about with another girl . . .

Yet all Mary had to say was that Vera didn't know what she was talking about, and that she was to go to sleep and not worry her silly little head about anything except getting well.

Vera raised her tear-drenched face. Hope flickered in her despairing eyes.

"YOU'LL tell Micky. Mother, you're keeping me here?"

"Why, of course. And Micky must please himself as to whether he has a shakedown in the dining-room or stays in his own home and housekeeps for himself."

Mary hovered in and out of the room until Vera had fallen into a deep sleep, then, because they hadn't a telephone in the house, she slipped into a coat and went up the road to the telephone booth and rang Micky.

He was at the flat, and called to her excitedly:

"Mary, I am glad you telephoned. Vera isn't home, and I know she's mad with me, which is such a pity, because I've wonderful news for her."

"Wonderful news, have you?" Mary repeated. She couldn't help chuckling at Micky's complete one-mindedness. Then she warned him: "I fancy the only news Vera wants to hear from you, Micky, just now, is why you were lunching with another girl."

"I might ask the same question: what was Vera doing with that Scotsman?" Micky's voice was sullen with suspicion.

Mary thought quickly. At any moment the telephone operator might interrupt to say that her three minutes were up. She had to talk to Micky, and didn't like to go to Peedlestone Place for fear Vera might need her.

There was nothing for it but to have Micky over to the house. Luckily Tom was visiting a sick colleague and wouldn't be home until late; neither would Don, who was with a man from his office.

Micky accepted her invitation with alacrity.

"I'll come right away, Mary."

He arrived by taxi half an hour later, melodramatically hatless and demanding breathlessly:

"Where's Vera, Mary? Make her see me; I swear I can put everything right."

Mary led him into the sitting-room.

"Vera's in bed, Micky; she fainted again."

"So that was why she suddenly disappeared from the restaurant? One minute she was there, and the next she'd vanished; I thought it was because of Christine and me." Micky ruffled his already untidy hair distractedly.

"Vera's pretty bad; worse than she knows."



herself." Mary informed him, and proceeded to pass on what Jock had told her.

Micky looked acutely miserable. Then suddenly he grasped Mary's hands.

"Let me tell you things," he pleaded, "about Christine—that girl Vera saw me with—and me."

"I'd rather you didn't, Micky."

Mary withdrew her hands gently. "I want to talk to you about Vera's illness. I think it better that she should remain here for a while."

"Without my seeing her?"

Micky's voice was shrill. He was scared, so scared of losing Vera. But without Vera his life was crooked and incomplete.

Then he remembered the wonderful news he had for her, and which was going to put everything right between them again.

A few minutes after his return to his flat, after leaving Christine at her aunt's house in Berkeley Square, his chief had telephoned. There was a vacancy at the Ickleton-on-Sea office, a sub-managership. It carried a pound a week more than Micky's present salary. Only, he had to make up his mind quickly; the firm couldn't give him longer than the week-end in which to think it over.

All this he told Mary in tumbling words. Ickleton-on-Sea was an up and coming little place, and awfully healthy. Vera would get fit again there in no time.

"And I'd take such care of her, if she'd let me," said Micky, and meant it.

"She isn't well enough to be moved," parried Mary firmly.

Micky made a helpless gesture with his hands.

"Mary, what's to be done? Shall I throw over this job? It's a grand chance, but if Vera can't come with me..."

He flung himself into a chair and cupped his chin disconsolately in his hands.

Mary offered up a silent prayer of thanks. Things were working out a great deal better than she had hoped.

"You must go, of course, Micky," she said. "It's too good a chance to be missed. Leave Vera with me for a week or two until you have settled down and she is strong enough to come and look after you."

"You think that's best for her?"

His eyes brightened. Mary patted his hunched shoulders.

"I'm sure of it."

There was a hurt, crushed note in his voice when he gave in finally.

"She'll be happier with you, Mary. D'you think I might see her for a moment?"

"Better not, Micky. She's asleep."

"Give her my love, Mary, lots and lots of it, and tell her that the white Rolls I'm always promising her isn't so far away as she thinks."

Mary promised to deliver the message, and went out into the kitchen to get him some supper. But she hustled him back to Peddlestone Place as soon as he had finished.

It was several weeks before Vera was allowed to get up. Mary called in their own doctor the next day, and he confirmed the verdict of the man Jock had sent for at the Laurels.

"Severe mental strain affecting the heart, Mrs. Dale, but there isn't a thing to worry about so long as she's a sensible girl and rests..."

She waited a week before telling Vera of Micky's new job. All this time the former hadn't mentioned her husband's name, but every now and then a tightened look came into her eyes which revealed to

her mother that she was starting to think about Micky; working up all her hurt and wrath as her strength returned.

When she heard of his new job she shrugged her shoulders and tried to look indifferent.

"So long as it keeps him out of my way... I'm through with Micky, Mother. I hope you told him so."

"At the end of his first week away he sent Mary three pounds."

"To buy her things; of course, you'll let me have doctors' bills and so forth," he wrote.

Mary kept the money without telling Vera about it.

Jock continued to visit her almost every day. On the way he would rehearse all the tender things he was going to say to her, but as soon as he entered her room they refused to be spoken and he found himself making stilted inquiries.

"How are you feeling to-day, dear?"

And:

"You look better, Vera; you're putting some flesh on those poor little bones."

She was conscious of his pity and didn't want it. She wished he would start talking about Micky, but he never did. No one did. Not even Mary. It was as though Micky had been dead a long time, and quite forgotten.

Vera assured herself she was glad it was that way.

She had to forget Micky, too. The allure of him; all the humiliations he had heaped upon her.

Meanwhile, she still had no inclination to do anything but lie in bed. After the first weeks, the doctor began urging her:

"Now that your heart is behaving itself, you've got to get a grip on yourself, young lady—fight with us instead of against us."

She worried at giving her mother so much extra work, but for her own part she wouldn't have minded how long they had kept her in bed.

Then one morning Mary brought her a letter.

"From Micky, Vera."

Vera picked up the envelope listlessly. The blood rushed to her head; she felt weak and faint.

With trembling fingers she tore open the envelope. Micky started off in a gay vein. He was doing splendidly and trying not to be extravagant. Ickleton-on-Sea was a fine place, only small, but there was a very smart hotel.

"I'm stopping there and being fêted by the local big-wigs (bragged Micky). They tell me all sorts of smart people come to stay in the summer, so you'll have a grand time..."

It wasn't until the end of the letter that he gave it away how much he was missing her, how scared he was.

"Vera darling—darling; don't hold one little sin against me; when I see you I'll be able to prove to you how little that miserable lunch meant; you must take my word, meantime, that it's over between me and Christine Lane, and that I'm thinking of you and loving you and working for you and only you..."

"That's a nice letter," commented Mary, handing it back.

"If you knew Micky as well as I do, Mother, you would see how little all his fine words and promises count."

Vera's mouth was sullen, her eyes heavy and resentful.

But Micky's letter had done this much

for her—it created in her the urge to get well.

VERA was sitting in the comfortable, shabby living-room; sunshine was filtering in golden mists through the window; there was a big basket of socks to be darned at her side. It was a month since she had come home, and now that she was so much better Mary encouraged her in small household tasks like looking after the family mending, and dusting, and arranging the flowers.

They gave up talking about Micky, who continued to write as though Vera were coming to him the moment she was well enough.

To Jock she confided, one evening, her blue eyes flashing sparks of impatient anger:

"It's no use discussing my affairs with Mother. She has always adored Micky. She's a darling, but she's terribly prejudiced when she has taken a person to her heart. Let her go on thinking everything will come right between us, Jock, until I have seen Micky and got his consent to have the divorce."

Jock agreed that this was the soundest plan.

"Darling, are you quite sure of yourself... are you sure you want to get rid of your husband?" begged Jock.

She was—so certain, certain sure.

"I want peace, Jock," she told him—"the lovely, peaceful life you are going to give me. I'm not made to be able to live with a volcano."

He had kissed her when he went, for the first time since she had announced she was going to marry the good-for-nothing Micky Brand.

Her lips were warm and tender. A blush, delicate in hue as the petal of a wild rose, came to her cheeks. She looked beautiful, but still Jock couldn't believe that the beauty of her belonged to him.

He held her in his arms; her red head lay against his shoulder.

Next morning another letter arrived from Micky. There was an impatience underlying its gay tenderness. Wouldn't Vera please write him a line to say what her plans were.

Vera wrote a stilted note. She was much better, and she hoped to see him soon—to discuss things, Micky.

By return of post she received his frenzied reply written on a sheet torn off a memo pad.

"Darling, darling (Micky had scrawled), your letter is cold like a little lump of ice. I've read it over and over again and I can't find a bit of you in it. You can't still be cross with me. Besides, it isn't a peevish letter, it's just an icicle letter. Wire me that you love me and I'll come up and find out for myself what has gone wrong. Your eyes will tell me even though your lips won't speak."

Vera had read this note over again during the course of the day. Why, she was asking herself now in exasperation, couldn't Micky leave her alone? Forcing upon her his flamboyant, untrustworthy love when she had convinced herself that she no longer needed it.

She would have to write to Micky. Three times that afternoon she made the attempt, and each one was hurtled into the waste-paper basket.

She would have to see him, that was all. She shuddered at the thought of the meeting, thrilling and at the same time repulsed.



Then suddenly she made up her mind to stop shilly-shallying and to get it over as soon as possible.

She wired to Micky:

"Coming down to-morrow. Want a long talk with you.—Vera."

A BOY brought Vera's wire to Micky at the only hotel in Ickleton-on-Sea, where he'd been staying in a princely manner since his arrival in the town. He was in the lounge, drinking and talking to a thick-set man with short, bushy, grizzled hair, who smoked endless cigars and spoke with a strong American accent.

"Now, see here, boy," he was saying while Micky slit open the orange envelope, "you haven't a thing to be scared about; as I told you yesterday, the tests are even better than I expected; sign on the dotted line and we'll catch the next boat to Hollywood."

"We don't know if I can act," replied Micky, reading at the same time Vera's message.

The American, who was one of the leading figures in the film world, guffawed.

"If that's your only worry, big boy, scratch it right off the list; we'll teach you all there is to know about acting; what else do you think we pay our directors the salaries of kings for?"

Micky smiled absent-mindedly. Of course he was going to sign on the dotted line and go to Hollywood, but he was going on the best possible terms, and he knew he wouldn't get these by making it too easy for this Gus Greystone.

It was an incredible piece of luck that Gus Greystone, who had come over to England in search of stars, either made or to be made, should have remembered an old friend who had once lived at Ickleton-on-Sea and decided to visit him.

He hadn't found his friend, who had left the neighborhood, but he had found Micky Brand.

Not quite knowing how to get about looking for people in a small English seaside town, he had dropped into the house-agents' office, which was right next to the station.

Micky had come forward to look after him, summing him up as the kind of man who might be looking for an expensive furnished house for the summer.

Gus had caught his breath sharply. If ever he had seen a "film face"—well, here it was. Those dark eyes—the kind of eyes which sent women, from sixteen to sixty, goofy with thrill; he was the right height, too; slimly built, just as they liked 'em now that the "tough guy" type was losing popularity.

Gus had taken a quick hold on himself. He hadn't heard this young man speak, and he'd learned from bitter experience that a Cockney or north-country accent was one of the things that even those miracle workers, his highly paid directors, couldn't correct.

Then Micky put him back in heaven again by inquiring in that beautiful, low-pitched drawl of his:

"Is there anything I can do for you, sir?"

Gus thought of Herbert Marshall, and knew he hadn't a thing to worry about except getting the young man to sign on the dotted line of one of those blank contracts he always carried about with him.

He had invited the bewildered Micky:

"Is there some place where you and I could have a quiet talk, and a little high-ball?"

Micky, doubting his visitor's sanity, and with a mood of adventure upon him, took

the great man to the saloon bar of the pub opposite.

An hour later the two men were having lunch together at the hotel.

Micky went back to the office after lunch while Gus scoured the neighborhood to find if there was any film unit near where a test could be made. In the end he wired his people at the London office to make the necessary arrangements and dropped in on Micky to find out what day would suit him.

Micky wouldn't go until the following Sunday.

"This is all in the air," he protested gravely. "Meanwhile I don't want to lose a safe bread-and-butter job; Sunday is my only free day."

He had been tempted to go out to see Vera after the tests had been made, and then thought it would be more dramatic to tell her of this marvellous thing which had happened to them when it was fait accompli. If the tests didn't come out right there would be no need to mention anything about it.

Gus heard from the London office the same evening. The following day he went up to judge for himself that the London people hadn't been unduly optimistic. After having the tests run off, and hearing Micky's voice, he grumbled at the staff for lack of enthusiasm.

"Here I've discovered the young film star of the year for you—a Colman and Donat and Marshall rolled into one, with just a bit of Chevalier's snappiness, and you report a very satisfactory test. Gosh!—haven't you fellows any enthusiasm or imagination?" Gus had raved.

Micky had only to look at his face when he came blustering into the lounge of the hotel last night to know that his ticket to Hollywood was as good as in his pocket.

But he stalled. He wanted good terms. He tried to remember all the snags you read about in the papers about English people getting out to Hollywood and then finding they were forgotten almost before the printer's ink on the news page announcing their arrival had dried.

One by one, Gus, an old hand at signing up artists overrode his objections.

"Trust me, boy. I don't let down my 'finds.' Take a chance—you won't regret it," pressed the American. But Micky's hesitation rang so true that he mentally put up his salary by twenty pounds a week.

Micky refused to commit himself last night. He had taken the contract to his room and studied it until his head ached.

And he hadn't signed the contract even now. Gus had hardly left his side all day. Micky had gone to the office as usual, and every time he looked up he saw the film man's ruddy face grinning at him.

And now, at the end of the day, when even Gus' long-tried patience was wearing a little thin, Vera's wire had arrived out of the blue.

She was coming to Ickleton to-morrow.

Micky gave Gus his most charming smile; his brow furrowed slightly, increasing his attraction, when he apologized:

"I'm going to leave you to your own devices this evening, Mr. Greystone; I've got a foul headache, and I want to feel on top of the world when my wife gets here to-morrow. I'm going to bed now, and shall have a bit of dinner sent up to my room."

He went, still smiling blandly and with the unsigned contract safely in his pocket.

Vera was the only person to alight from the 12.10 train next day; Micky was the only person waiting on the platform. It

was the only fast train down, and he'd been sure she'd catch it.

She was startled to see him; nervous, and annoyed with him for taking her unawares. He came hurrying forward with that glad, boyish smile on his lips, laughter in his dark eyes.

But these things meant nothing to her any more.

She realised with relief that Micky had lost his power over her. As she saw him now, he was nothing but a good-looking, vain, and rather tiresome young man, full of himself, as usual, instead of asking after her.

"Darling, darling," enthused the excited Micky, "I've such wonderful news for you; you wouldn't guess, not if I gave you a million guesses."

She raised her eyebrows slightly.

Wonderful news.

"You're looking more lovely than ever," said Micky as they passed through the barrier. He noticed she had taken a return ticket, and just held himself back from insisting that she should throw the unused half away.

He must remember to go gently with Vera, who was behaving as though she were still wild with him.

She ignored his compliment and asked in a matter-of-fact tone:

"Can we go somewhere quiet and talk?"

"I'd like to take you to my hotel, but I'm afraid Gus will be there, so would you mind a cafe, darling?" he inquired politely aloud, pushing his dreams into the background and hoping it wouldn't take very long to get Vera back into a good temper.

Vera said carelessly she didn't mind where they went, and asked in an equally casual voice:

"Who might Gus be?"

"Ah," teased Micky, "he's all part and parcel of the grand news I've got for you. . . . In here, darling." He guided her through the door of a pretty little teashop half-way down the High Street. "You can get quite a decent light lunch."

"I'm not hungry, thanks, Micky . . . if we could have some coffee . . ."

The place was empty, and Micky chose a table in a corner.

A ND now, aren't you bursting with curiosity darling?" he wanted to know. "Lord alive, Vera, I was glad to get your wire, I can tell you."

Vera sighed impatiently. Wasn't this like Micky to behave as though they had parted as the best of friends!

"Micky," she reminded him, "we've got to talk seriously."

He frowned.

"Already? Mayn't I tell you just once more that you're the most beautiful girl in the world and that I adore you?"

"Micky, please!" Vera's voice was terse, sharp with command, and quite impersonal. "Have you forgotten? Things aren't the same as they were."

Micky's face was as cold and hard as granite.

She said, after a tiny pause:

"I am going to marry the man I was with as soon as you make it possible. That's what I wanted to see you about . . . I want you to give me a divorce, Micky."

Although she was so raw and angry with him, she admired the way he took her request. There was no suggestion of heroics about him; he didn't even look outraged any more.

"If you feel that way, my dear . . ." said Micky with a faint shrug.

She put out her hand impulsively and



touched his. He withdrew it, saying sharply:

"Don't do that, there's a good girl. So you want a divorce so that you can marry Jock Peters?"

"That's the way my happiness lies, Micky."

He shrugged his shoulders again. His eyes were sceptical. Then he asked in a challenging voice:

"What would you say if I were to tell you I'm going to Hollywood? An American film merchant seems determined that he can make me a star. I've a contract in my pocket . . . look for yourself."

He fished it out of his pocket and laid it on the table beside her.

Vera glanced through the bulky document. A lot of what was typed there wasn't clear to her, but she read that Micky was to be paid fifty pounds a week for the first year regardless of what work he did, and after that two hundred a week for every picture, and that there should be a minimum of eight months' work for him; after that his salary was to be doubled for the next year.

"But however did you get yourself into this?" she asked, mystified and more impressed than she wished Micky to know. He told her briefly what had happened. "You haven't signed it," she remarked next.

"It's waiting for your O.K.," said Micky. "Mrs. Brand, come off your high and mighty perch and tell me, does the idea of Hollywood appeal to you—and if so, how soon could you be ready to sail? My friend Gus Greystone has a bit of a hustle on him and doesn't seem inclined to leave the country without me."

She would have laughed if she hadn't been so close to tears. Then she heard herself telling him, emphasizing every word: "Cut me out, Micky. I'm not coming; we're through."

"You mean—you still want to marry the Scotch fellow?"

"YOUR having a film contract wouldn't make any difference."

Micky beckoned a waitress and called for the bill. When he had paid, he asked Vera in a detached voice:

"You've made up your mind, then? You don't want to come to Hollywood with me? You don't want us to go on being married any more?"

"That's it, Micky."

If he had pleaded she might, even at this late hour, have given in. He was Micky; her senses answered the call of his good looks; all that was maternal in her woke up to be on Micky's side. But now Micky was looking relieved, as though he was as glad as she that everything was over.

He consulted his watch.

"There's a train for London in a quarter of an hour. I'm afraid it's a slow one, but you don't have to change."

"I don't mind . . . I'll catch it if I hurry, won't I?"

She went out of the shop, not daring to look round at Micky, whom she left standing on the pavement.

She wasn't really surprised at being so moved; instinctively, she had known all along what agony this meeting with Micky would be, although she had tried to make light of it. She didn't love him any more, but she cared terribly that all they had hoped to find in each other had vanished into thin air.

Micky Brand himself, the potential film

star, meant nothing in her life, but the memory of what he had once been to her would cling, sweet and bitter, until death.

WITHIN a week of having seen Micky, Vera received a hotel bill from him as evidence for a divorce. He told her the name of the solicitors who were acting for him, and he was sailing for California at the end of the month—in ten days' time.

Next day she called on Lionel Faire at the office, and found, to her joy, that he had only engaged a temporary secretary who was anxious to leave as soon as possible to get married, and that she, Vera, could come back as soon as she liked.

She started work again the following Monday. She liked it better than sitting at home finding herself jobs all the time. Besides, there was Lallie to talk to. She was tired out when she got home, but slept better than she had done for weeks.

On the Friday evening, at the end of her first week back, Jock was waiting outside for her.

He said:

"I've seen your solicitors, darling. There's something you've got to know and which you won't like much. Let's go some place and get a drink . . ."

He took her to a small lounge in the neighborhood, and while she sipped a cocktail he broke it to her that Christine Lane was cited as the co-respondent in the divorce.

"That," said Vera, in an even tone, "is the girl with the sports car—the one who once lent Micky thirty pounds."

"So I thought. That's why I'm telling you instead of leaving it to Mr. Browne. It shouldn't have hurt, but it did. But it also proved how right she had been in remaining firm when Micky had tried to lure her to go to Hollywood with him."

"I hear Christine Lane sails for New York on the same day that Micky sails for California," added Jock, looking extremely unhappy.

Vera gulped down her drink. It stung her throat, but stopped her trembling.

"As if they matter, Jock . . ."

He loved and respected her for bluffing, and was more than ever convinced she still cared for her husband.

Within a few weeks of his arrival in Hollywood bits about Micky's name began to appear in the film gossip of the papers. He was Hollywood's new 'find' . . . a triumph for the Chrystal Film Company, and he was calling himself Michael Brand. His first story had been bought for him; it was a novel by an Englishman selling fast in America as well; Micky's co-star was the nineteen-year-old Ginnie Greene, just now at the height of popularity.

Vera and Mary never spoke of Micky these days. When with the early ten the latter brought letters from Vera's solicitors, she made no more comment than if they'd been circulars.

By a strange irony of fate, Vera's divorce came up the same day that Michael Brand's premiere was to be given at one of the leading cinemas.

She let a week pass before going to see Micky's film. Then, after the first reel, she knew all at once she couldn't marry Jock. Micky's eyes, that smile which started in them before reaching his lips; Micky's nonchalant way of shrugging a shoulder and looking wicked; the drawl to his voice when he wanted to make something sound like a caress, even though he spoke casual, flippant words . . . it was because of these things,

brought across the ocean to her on rolls of celluloid, that she couldn't face marriage with anyone else.

She would never see Micky again; she was still glad to be free of him, and the tempestuous, uncertain life you led with him; but no one should ever take his place. She telephoned Jock at his office next morning.

"Can we hunch? It's rather urgent."

He told her he'd call for her at one.

It was hateful having to hurt Jock all over again. Having taken so much from him and now leaving him flat. It sounded pretty mean. Would he understand if she tried to explain?

"It was Micky's picture . . . seeing Micky. I don't think I love him, but I can't marry anyone else."

Jock didn't question her as to why she had wanted to see him specially until they had reached the coffee stage, then he asked, focusing her with kindly, understanding eyes:

"What's the trouble, Vera, dear?"

It was even more difficult than she had imagined, telling him.

"Jock, we can't get married, after all: that Micky, he's still in my blood; I can't escape him. I saw his film last night; it brought everything back; I don't want Micky any more, but he holds me in some queer way, and I can't break loose."

Jock was smiling quietly. You would almost have thought that he welcomed what Vera was telling him. He said:

"I always suspected it was that way, Vera, dear; but it's nice of you to be so honest."

Her small hand reached out to his.

"I'm so sorry."

He looked at her, still smiling in that serene manner.

"You needn't be sorry for me, Vera; I'm rather glad you've decided we're not to be married."

She could tell he was speaking the truth, and not just putting on a brave act so as to make her feel better.

"You mean—you don't love me?—you were only going to marry me because you were sorry for me?"

He stroked her hand.

"Hardly that, dear. Try to understand, Vera . . . I loved you once in a way I don't ever expect to love a girl again." His tone was gentle and appealing. "I had a pretty ghastly time when you chose Micky Brand instead of me. I went on having a bad time after you were married. Then suddenly it eased up. It's so difficult to explain—his brow furrowed—but I began looking on you as someone infinitely dear to me who had died. And in her place stepped another Vera, Micky Brand's wife and my friend."

His fingers tightened round hers and she returned their pressure.

"I understand, Jock . . . you've been fine to me all along the line . . . I shan't forget . . ."

They left the restaurant soon afterwards, and Vera recounted to Lallie what had happened as soon as she got back to the office.

IN due course Vera obtained her decree nisi. She tried to make it a day of rejoicing, taking home a bottle of wine for dinner and dancing with a cushion during the evening when the dance-music came on. Her family did their best to back her up; Mary, seeing the sort of mood she was in, made special pancakes for supper; Tom drew a note from his case and gave it her, saying:



"Buy yourself what you want, Vera dear," Jock hadn't come in. He had been to the law courts that morning with her and took her to lunch. He reminded her:

"Everything is all right; within six months you'll be a completely free woman again." Six months later she heard from her solicitors that the decree had been made absolute; they had obtained a third of Micky's income as alimony, but she knew she would starve before touching a penny of it.

This evening she didn't take home wine for supper; in fact, she let a week go by before informing her family that she was now free for ever of Micky. She wouldn't have told them then only a picture of Micky appeared in one of the daily papers. It announced his forthcoming marriage with Christine Lane, a beautiful young heiress. Her picture was also in the paper; a girl with a Miriam Hopkins sort of smile and triumphant eyes.

"He didn't wait long," commented Don across the breakfast-table, and Vera jerked at him:

"Can you give any reason for a delay?" She was hurt about Micky's marriage, with her heart raw with pain. Logically she was glad to be rid of him but never a day passed that she didn't miss him.

It was a few weeks after this that Jock began going around with a girl from his office. She was a red-head, with fetching green eyes and a big smile.

Don told Vera about it.

"Jock has found a little friend; how much do you mind?" She replied heatedly:

"Why, I'm glad, of course, so long as she's a nice person and will make him happy."

"Jock," said Don solemnly, "appears to be susceptible to red-heads; take your own." He telephoned her one day at the office.

"Can you lunch to-day, Vera?" They met at a restaurant between their offices. He was even more attentive than usual, remembering her fondness for roast chicken and ice-cream.

"And," Jock finished giving his order, "we want a nice bottle of champagne."

**S**HE hadn't to ask him what they were celebrating, but she didn't say anything about the champagne. Jock should have the fun of breaking the news.

He did so while they were eating their hors d'oeuvres.

"Vera, there's a girl . . ."

Her smile was a trifle wan.

"So Don told me."

"She's sweet."

Vera said:

"You deserve it."

He looked relieved.

"I was scared you'd be hurt . . ."

She raised an eyebrow.

"Jock, I'm not so ungenerous as that; tell me about her."

She thought it dear and loyal and rather wistful the way Jock had fallen for this other girl who had red hair. She was only twenty-two, an orphan living in lodgings; terribly hard up.

"But she doesn't whine, Vera. I had to drag it from her that she never has more than an egg or a tin of baked beans for her supper; she only earns thirty shillings a week, you know."

Vera sipped her champagne. She asked:

"When is the wedding, Jock?"

He turned a fiery red.

"That was what I wanted to talk to you about. Vera, there isn't any point in my hanging around, especially with Esme in the position she is . . ."

"You can get a special licence in three days, Jock."

"I know, but the home . . ."

"See about that later; your Esme will have more time to look around and decide where she wants to live when she's left the office."

Jock drained his glass; he continued to blush, and said:

"I'd like to think of you two as friends; I've told her so much about you, Vera."

Vera's smile was twisted.

"Why not bring her down to supper next Sunday, Jock? We'll see that Don is in, and we'll get some bridge, if Esme plays."

Vera set herself out, the following Sunday, to make everything as pleasant as possible for the visitor. There were fresh flowers in all the vases; she persuaded Mary to bake her special meat pasties, and mixed the salad herself.

But when the time drew near for Jock to arrive with the girl he loved, she felt a heavy depression stealing over her. The failure she had made of her own married life stood out in bright colors on her mind.

Esme looked even younger than her twenty-two years. She was pale, with a small, peaked, pointed face and pathetic puppy-dog eyes. The bridge of her nose, like Vera's, was powdered with freckles.

She was shyly grateful to the Dales for inviting her.

"Jock promised me I should see a real home again," she beamed at Mary, who piled her plate with a second helping of pasty.

Vera, scrutinising her silently, decided she was a sweet little thing, but somehow she didn't seem important enough for Jock.

"You'll all come to the wedding, won't you, Vera?" Jock was pleading. "It'll only be a very quiet affair, and Esme has no relations; I thought a luncheon at the Ritz after the ceremony, and then Esme and I will fly to Paris."

"It sounds lovely, Jock."

She tried to sound enthusiastic, and couldn't stop thinking of her own unhappy marriage. She had worn white because Micky had been so keen about it, and carried a little prayer-book so as to satisfy another of his queer whims. But she had had to buy him his wedding-suit, and the family had stumped up for the reception; a modest affair after Jock's suggestion of luncheons at the Ritz.

On the surface it was a merry evening, but Vera was conscious of Mary's eyes watching her anxiously. She knew how disappointed Don had been when he discovered his sister wasn't going to marry his best friend. She thought: It looks as though I'm going to be the Jonah at all the parties.

It wasn't until Jock and Esme had gone, and Tom and Don had retired to bed, that Mary jerked at Vera, looking acutely distressed:

"Micky is coming home; it's in the paper this morning; did you see it, darling?"

Vera hadn't. She said, holding her head high:

"That's nothing to do with me."

But a queer pain tugged at her heart. Already she set herself against the allure of him; vowed she wouldn't see him, even if he asked her to. Not that he'd bother, Micky was one to forget so quickly, and he wasn't a curious person; he wouldn't care what she was doing; he had his Christine now, or perhaps some other girl. In Hollywood it was so much easier to get a divorce, and she couldn't imagine Micky sticking to any one woman for long.

"Micky wrote to me," Mary announced next. "I suppose I ought to have told you, Vera, but I didn't know how you'd take it. He asks if he can see us all again."

Vera stiffened.

"You must please yourself, Mother, but I certainly don't want to see him."

"Well, I do. Micky is a nice boy."

Mary smiled placidly.

"A nice boy perhaps, but as a husband . . ."

She went upstairs to her room, trying to hold back her anger. The cheek of Micky, writing to Mary! What right had he to try to force himself back into a family which had no further use for him?

**J**OCK and Esme were married the following Saturday morning. Only the Dales and Jock's sister were invited, and the latter had to hurry back to her children, who were down with measles, before lunch.

Jock did them well. There was a table reserved at the Ritz, decorated with Esme's favorite flowers, wine-red carnations. The menu was already arranged by Jock and the maître d'hôtel; orange-blossom floated in the finger-bowls.

Vera was enjoying herself more than she had hoped to. Not once did it occur to her that this might have been her party, and that she could have been the one to be flying to Paris on a honeymoon.

They had to hurry over coffee so that Esme and Jock would get away in good time, and the restaurant was still full when the party rose to go. Vera was walking a little behind the others, looking around her with her usual interest in people, and her eyes fell upon a solitary man sitting at a table tucked away in a corner. A man with dark eyes and a mop of unruly black hair.

She put her hand to her mouth quickly to hold back the cry which came to her throat.

Micky!

He looked up as though she had called his name aloud. His expression changed from one of deep melancholy to boyish excitement. She saw him jump to his feet, and shook her head, hurrying to catch up the others.

He beckoned.

And she went over to him—despising herself so fiercely for her weakness, and knowing in that short moment that she would always go to Micky if he called to her.

"Micky! . . ."

"Vera! . . ."

He held out his hand; she slipped her own into it. He then withdrew it quickly from his clasp.

"You at the Ritz," said Micky. "Have you come into lots of money, my sweet?"

Her anger leaped like flames within her. Wasn't that just like Micky to be surprised that anyone but himself could afford grand places. And what right had he to address her as "my sweet," Vera wanted to know.

She told him coldly:

"I'm at a wedding-luncheon."

Micky's radiant face darkened.

"You're married, of course, to Jock Peters."

"No, I'm not. As a matter of fact, this is Jock's wedding-party." She moved away.

"I must go to them. . . ."

"You'll come back, though, Vera?" Micky's tone was urgent, like that of a lonely child.

She said, against her will:

"I'll come back, Micky."

The rest remained a blur. She joined the



others in time to see Jock and Eme get into their car; she remembered vaguely kissing them both and standing on the steps of the Ritz waving until the car had lost itself in the flood of traffic. She remembered turning to Mary and pulling her aside.

"Micky's in there, Mother; I've promised to go back."

Mary nodded understandingly.

"I know, darling. I saw him. Run along; I'll see to your father and Don."

And then Vera was sitting at Micky's table; he was ordering coffee and liqueurs and telling her over and over again how nice it was to see her.

"Say you're pleased to see me, Vera."

She narrowed her eyes.

"But I'm not."

She was wishing she hadn't come back to him, wishing she had had the strength to ignore his first arrogant summons.

"You're more beautiful than ever," Micky was regarding her intently. "Believe it or not, I've remembered how lovely you are all the time . . . I've missed you."

She quirked her lips into a derisive smile.

He started to tell her about his work.

"I love it, Vera," he said simply; and to her surprise he didn't brag about his success. There was a new humility in Micky as he tried to explain to her his anxieties. He didn't want to be just a matinee idol; he had come to England to work in a picture, and was going to take nearly half what they paid him in Hollywood because the part offered him appealed.

When she teased him:

"You can't open a movie magazine without seeing your silly face staring from one of the pages," he shrugged his shoulders and muttered:

"That part isn't important."

He had a house in Beverley Hills, he told her, a couple of cars. But he didn't mention Christine, and Vera couldn't bring herself to it. It was odd, but it seemed as though Micky didn't care terribly about his possessions, about being rich; it was his work which counted with him. After trying so many different things, and flinging himself hazily out of one job and into another, he had at last found his real career.

The restaurant was emptying. Micky signed his bill and turned to Vera.

"Shall we go up to my suite—we've so much to say to each other?"

"I wonder," she reflected aloud, trying not to let her voice sound bitter, "what your wife would have to say to that—coming in and finding her predecessor alone in your room with you?"

SHE was surprised she could be so flippant; surprised that, when it came to it, she could talk quite naturally about Christine.

Micky's face went grim.

"She can't say a thing . . . she's dead."

"Micky, I'm sorry . . ."

Vera spoke with swift compassion. She was so stirred at Micky's real grief that she forgot to be hurt that he should feel so deeply the death of that other woman.

His sensitive fingers played on the table.

"There isn't a soul in the world I could talk to about Christine except you, Vera," he said.

"Then tell me, Micky . . . if it helps . . ."

His face was so white that she thought he was going to faint; little beads of perspiration moistened his upper lip.

"She died coming over; they buried her at sea; it was pneumonia; the ship's doctor

said she must have had it on her when she came on board at New York. But she was so gay, so brave; she never even told me she was ill . . ."

Vera asked gently:

"Did you love her very much, Micky?"

A foolish question, when you only had to look at his stricken face for the answer.

"Love," said Micky—"It's an odd word. Christine and I quarrelled like cat and dog; she never worshipped me and spoiled me in the way you used to, Vera." (Vera flinched.)

"In fact, she was very cruel to me. She'd go off for days, and I wouldn't know where she was; she flirted outrageously with other men, and nearly drove me mad with jealousy . . . but I couldn't leave her; somehow I was always sure in my own mind that she would never leave me, then suddenly she did." He covered his agonised eyes with his hand for a minute.

"She said, just before she died: 'Sorry, Micky, but this time I can't help it.' . . . Those were the last words she spoke."

Vera touched his hand under the table.

"It's bad for you, Micky."

His laugh was harsh and without mirth.

"At Hollywood, among our friends, they'll say I'm lucky to be rid of her."

"Just as everyone said how lucky I was to be rid of you," said Vera without thinking.

Micky looked at her quickly.

"And what did you say? Were you glad?"

She thought a moment.

"Yes, Micky. We could never have made a go of it."

"I suppose not. I wasn't good enough for you; I needed a shrew like Christine."

That hurt. She was through with Micky, and only lingering with him now because he was unhappy; she shouldn't have minded in that fiercely possessive way when he spoke of his need of another woman. She and Micky were old friends. That was all. Or enemies who had decided to call a truce.

She asked him:

"Have you been in England long?"

"Only since last night. Since when I've insulted every newspaper man who has badgered me for details of Christine's death."

There was hysteria in his voice, a wildness about his eyes which frightened Vera. She gripped his hand tightly.

"Micky, take a hold on yourself, let's go to your room."

He looked at her angrily, as though he resented her trying to manage him.

"You're right," he said. "I'll go and lie down."

She followed him to the lift, but he appeared to have forgotten he had asked her before to go up with him.

"Nice to have seen you, Vera—we must meet again; where can I get you—same office and telephone number?"

She nodded, too upset to trust herself to speak.

"Then I'll telephone you."

He held out his hand, but she pretended not to see it.

"If there's anything I can do, Micky . . ."

"I'll let you know."

She waited until the lift had carried him out of sight, and then walked to the entrance of the hotel, and along to the Green Park.

The family had been home some time when she got back.

Her father greeted her with a hint of criticism in his voice.

"So you've been seeing that scoundrel of a husband of yours, Vera."

She told them about Christine's death, and how Micky was all cut to pieces about it. No, she assured them, she wasn't going to fool around with Micky Brand. As likely as not they wouldn't meet again.

Micky didn't telephone, nor did he write. Days, and then weeks, passed, and she didn't hear from him except through the papers, where she learned he had started on a film for the Garnwell Film Co.

She liked to think she was pleased he had kept out of her life. She and Micky had nothing in common any longer, not even their love. But she looked forward to the day when she should read of his return to Hollywood. It was unnerving to walk about London never being certain that one mightn't run into him.

Then one wet evening she found him waiting for her outside the office. In the half-light she saw that he looked thinner, and that there were dark hollows under his eyes as though he weren't sleeping.

He approached her, diffident and wearing a wan smile; in the past she had seen Micky looking just like this when he was about to make some confession, and didn't feel too sure how she was going to take it.

And he asked her just as he used to:

"Are you still mad with me, Vera?"

"Why should I be?"

IT was suddenly

horrible to be standing so close to Micky without having the right to touch his hand and beg of him: "What have you done this time?"

His smile widened.

"I didn't telephone you."

"I never expected you to."

"I left it so long that I didn't dare."

Micky excused himself.

"And now you've plucked up courage all at once to come and meet me?"

Her lips were slightly contemptuous. She felt curiously in command of the situation.

Micky said sadly:

"Because I needed you so much; I've needed you for weeks and weeks. Could we have dinner some place? I've a lot to tell you."

A lump rose to her throat, because all this was so like the old Micky. She consented.

"All right, Micky, I'll dine with you; but I'll have to telephone Don to tell Mother I'll be late."

"That's easy." Some of the gloom had gone from his features. "Will you say who you're with?"

Her lips tightened.

"It isn't necessary."

"Meaning you're ashamed . . ."

He sounded ruffled.

She shrugged her shoulders.

"Well, there isn't anything terribly laudable in what I'm doing."

"Nor is it a crime. Where would you like to go, Vera? I don't want to swank, but money is no object."

She told him indifferently:

"Anywhere you say will suit me; you'll know all the smart places better than I do."

Micky considered a moment.

"There's rather a nice little place in Jermyn Street, where they make marvellous hot lobster. Are you still fond of lobster, Vera?" he inquired solicitously.

"I adore it."

"Well, then . . ."

He hailed a passing taxi. Neither of them spoke a word during the drive to the restaurant. Micky sat hunched in a corner with his eyes closed. Vera, scrutinising him more closely, thought he looked really



ill. When later he took out his cigarette-case his hand trembled so violently that he could scarcely light a cigarette.

At the restaurant he ordered a cock-tail for her, and brandy for himself.

After the second one she asked tactfully: "What about that lobster, Micky? I'm ravenous."

Micky grinned.

He got up and led the way through to the restaurant. The head waiter, recognising him, found them a secluded table. Micky ordered lobster for Vera and a grilled sole for himself.

He talked, in jerky nervous sentences, about his work while they ate. He had a splendid part, and he had heard from his company in Hollywood that they were willing to double his salary and to give him the last word in the choice of future film stories if he would sign a new contract.

"WHAT have you decided, Micky?" asked Vera. "Shall you go back?"

He regarded her with tense dark eyes.

"Only on one condition."

"That being . . . ?"

"That you come with me," said Micky slowly, still holding her with his eyes.

Vera laughed. It sounded a little shrill.

"You must be mad."

"You mean I was mad until about three hours ago, when I suddenly plucked up courage to come to your office?"

Vera thought he must have had several brandies before meeting her, and that he was drunk now and didn't know what he was saying. Micky seemed to guess her thought, because he assured her:

"I'm stone-cold sober, Vera dear. I shan't go to Hollywood unless you come too . . . as my wife."

Then he was saying, in that low voice of his which made every word he uttered sound like a caress:

"Vera, I need you so much."

But he didn't, she told herself quickly. Micky needed Christine, and because she was dead he had turned to her, his first wife, the one who hadn't had the pluck to stand up to him; Micky wanted to be petted and flattered and consoled a hundred times a day for having lost Christine.

All at once jealousy rose within her, a thick red fog. Christine whom Micky had loved . . . he had given her something of himself which he had never given to Vera. If she were crazy enough now to say she'd go to Hollywood with him, the ghost of Christine must be for ever alive and real in their lives.

"It's like this," Micky was pleading. "If you desert me I shall drink myself to death within a year."

Vera's lips curled.

"It isn't awfully complimentary to be held up as an alternative to a brandy-bottle."

Micky tapped the table impatiently.

"In the old days, when I lied to you, it made you angry; now that I'm being truthful, you're still angry. I don't know what to do."

"Take a grip on yourself and forget about me," she advised sternly.

Micky sighed.

He asked her unexpectedly: "Why didn't you marry the Scotch bloke after all?"

"Because I didn't love him," she replied without hesitation.

Micky's drooping lips widened into a triumphant smile.

"Which means you still love me; you

despise me and you're mad with me, Vera, but you still love me."

She knew that to be true. She still loved this Micky Brand. Looking back, she saw she had never stopped loving him. No matter what he did to her, it would go on, this fire in her heart which was her love for Micky.

He reached for her hand across the table. "Say you'll come, Vera darling."

The physical contact brought the blood pounding to her temples. Her lips hungered with a new eagerness for his. A waiter removed their plates and offered sweets. Vera said in a funny whispering voice that she only wanted coffee.

"Vera, be human," Micky was imploring her.

"I'm trying to be wise," she said.

"No one has been quite the same to me as you, Vera; you're so sweet. I haven't pretended Christine wasn't my whole life"—a nervous shudder passed through him—"but there's something in me which belongs to you."

She was seized with an odd sense of resignation. She had always known, hadn't she, that there was no escape for her from Micky Brand? She had watched over him when he was sick, gone hungry so that Micky mightn't want for anything, worked eight hours a day so that Micky might laze at home in idleness and then steal her money to buy himself new clothes. He had lied to her, over little things and over that one big one—his affair with Christine Lane.

And now he expected her to comfort him because Christine had died.

And all the while her logic told her she wasn't going to give way to Micky, her heart cried: Don't be silly; you're as good as on the way to Hollywood with him.

"Vera, I'll try so hard this time if you'll give me another chance," Micky was saying.

There was triumph and a latent sadness in her smile.

"You win, Micky," she said. "When do we sail?"

MICKY was giving his last interviews to the English newspaper men on board s.s. Aurora, bound for New York. Already the camera men had taken a number of photographs, both of Micky and of Vera. She was standing a little way from him now, her eyes focused upon him in teasing love.

Micky enjoyed his publicity, though he pretended not to. Three times he had changed his mind as to which suit he should wear; they'd spent over an hour yesterday buying him a hat.

Two days ago they had made their vows before a registrar. Micky had thought it a great joke, remarrying his first wife.

"This time," he had told her on the way back to their hotel, "it's for ever and ever."

"For ever and ever," Vera had repeated.

She would never be able to leave Micky again. When she thought of all the trouble she was going to have with him she was scared. But she was happier than she had been since she came back that day from Ickleton-on-Sea with Micky's promise to provide her with evidence for the divorce.

Don and her father had thought her crazy, but Mary, who had always been on Micky's side, kissed her daughter, praising her.

"I'm so glad you've come to your senses at last, child; I've always told you, haven't I, that men like Micky never let go?"

It was a month since Vera had dined with Micky and promised to come back to him.

During that time he had been so busy on his film, she had hardly seen him.

"The voyage back is going to be our honeymoon, sweet," Micky had said.

That made her laugh now, with all the passengers mobbing him as soon as the reporters left him. He was generous with that smile, wicked and withal so gallant and so tender, which had made him his fortune. He appeared to know everyone; he was calling girls by their Christian names, slapping men on the back.

He beckoned to Vera.

"Child, come and meet people."

She loved him for the pride in his voice as he introduced her.

"This is my wife; she's going to be the loveliest girl in Hollywood."

Vera knew she was looking her best. Micky had given her money for clothes; she'd been to the best hairdresser in London to have her red curls set in the latest fashion. On her engagement finger she wore an emerald which had cost several hundred pounds.

Micky could afford these things now. Not only was he one of the highest-paid actors in Hollywood, but he had inherited Christine's vast fortune.

Vera didn't see him alone for the rest of the day. She didn't mind. She knew where she stood with Micky now; he wouldn't be able to hurt her any more as he had in the old days, because she was quietly resigned to it.

She heard him fix up to play bridge after dinner, but he drew her aside when they went up on deck before the game started.

He put his arm round her, and pointed to the sea and then to the moon, a tiny crescent above them.

"The sea and the moon, and you and I, Vera."

Her smile was radiant. She quoted:

"Maybe I'm crazy, maybe I know, but I can't help loving that man o' mine."

He held her more closely.

"I've a confession to make," he whispered. In the old days she would have been frightened, and shown it. But now, a wiser young woman, she told him calmly:

"Well, get it off your chest, my love."

Micky giggled.

"I tricked you into marrying me again. I wasn't drinking myself to death—that was just a brain-wave. My darling Vera, I played on your compassion—it seemed the only way to get you back."

She laughed.

"It served its purpose."

"The moment I saw you at the Ritz I knew I had to have you."

She didn't ask him about Christine; she wasn't either curious or jealous any more. Micky had come back to her the same dazzling, unreliable Micky. Nothing else seemed of the slightest importance.

She raised her head so that her lips were on a level with his.

"Micky, I believe I'm falling in love with you again," she said.

"You've never been out of love with me," commented Micky. He kissed her fiercely, her lips and then her shining hair. "And now, my darling," he said, "I must go and play bridge."

He hurried away, leaving her staring at the sea and the moonlight.

THE END.

(All characters in this novel are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.)

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